Collier's

SEPTEMBER 21, 1946
TEN CENTS

BATTLE of the BEDSIDE

Paid your doctor yet?

by Albert Q. Maisel

1946 FOOTBALL FORECAST

Lou Little
Dick Dunkel

Sept 21
1946

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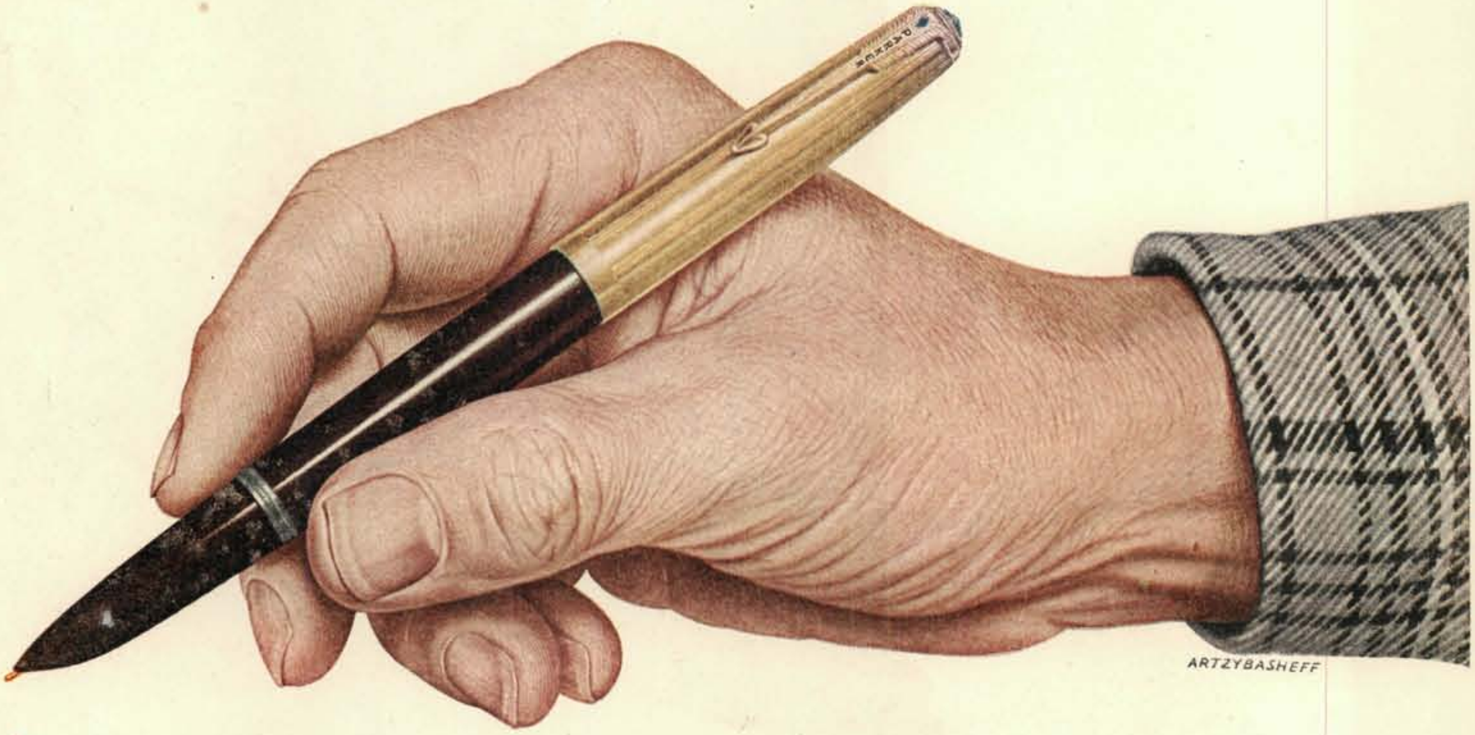
"51"...the world's most wanted pen



"Writes dry with wet ink!"

Parker "51"

TRULY remarkable is the preference for Parker 51's. Recently, American pen dealers, by a margin of 3.37 to 1, named Parker the most-wanted pen. More-wanted than all other leading makes combined. And today, even though more Parker 51's than ever before are reaching dealers, there are approximately 10 new orders for every one of these fine writing instruments we are able to ship.

Just to hold the "51" is to feel its *rightness*. Here is a pen made to true precision standards—not just hurried out.

No side-filling lever mars its sleek lines. The 51's filler is hidden safely within the barrel of gleaming hand-finished lucite. The sturdy tubular point—hooded against air, dirt and damage—starts instantly. Your every stroke has a satin smoothness. For the tip is a ball of micro-polished, wear-resistant Osmiridium—fused to 14K gold.

All this and magic, too! For only the Parker "51" is designed for satisfactory use with remarkable Parker "51" Ink that *dries as you write*. (Of course, the "51" can also be used with ordinary ink, if you so desire.)

See the Parker "51" today. Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. $12.50; $15.00. Pencils, $5.00; $7.50. Sets, $17.50 to $80.00. Parker Vacumatic Pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada.

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Bright about his business . . .

Dumb about his Dandruff!

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't Ignore Nature's Warning! It may be the Infectious Type!

Funny, isn't it, that the man who overlooks nothing when it comes to getting ahead in business, and who gets upset about the slightest rattle in his motor, is often the same bird who pooh-poohs that telltale shower of flakes and scales on his coat shoulder?

The first thing he knows he may be in for a mean and troublesome case of infectious dandruff . . . *and can it be mean and troublesome!*

Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!

Don't scorn Nature's warnings! Persistent flakes and scales and itching often indicate the presence of infectious dandruff. Get started at once with Listerine Antiseptic and fingertip massage . . . the easy, delightful home treatment that has helped so many. It tackles an infectious problem as infections should be tackled—with antiseptic action.

Make it a part of your regular shampoo and, if you do not see rapid improvement, follow the treatment twice a day, or oftener. The same treatment, used twice a day in clinical tests, brought complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, symptoms of dandruff to 76% of dandruff sufferers within 30 days.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic gives scalp and hair a cool, antiseptic bath which kills millions of germs, including the stubborn "bottle bacillus".

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You realize, of course, that Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been America's standby for oral hygiene for more than 60 years.

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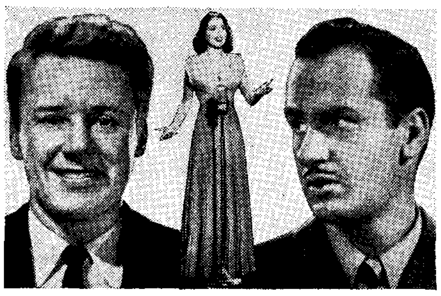
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

and **MASSAGE**

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
"NO LEAVE, NO LOVE"
STARRING
VAN JOHNSON
with
KEENAN WYNN • PAT KIRKWOOD
XAVIER CUGAT AND HIS ORCHESTRA • GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
and
EDWARD ARNOLD • MARIE WILSON • LEON AMES
Original Screen Play by
Charles Martin and Leslie Kardos
Directed by . . . . . CHARLES MARTIN
Produced by . . . . . JOE PASTERNAK



The pleasant task of choosing *The* Picture of the Month, is not without its problems. Sometimes three or four pictures are eligible. We pace the floor and puff away at our pipe and ponder. But not this month! M-G-M has made life beautiful, serene and simple. We saw "No Leave, No Love" and reveled in it from beginning to end. Not even the wispiest shadow of a doubt. Not the slightest question. It is definitely the P. of the M.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has the master's hand with musical romances. "No Leave, No Love" is marked by sparkling comedy, marvelous music, a gay story, and a great cast. Handsome, happy-go-lucky Van Johnson and witty, fast-talking Keenan Wynn continue the give-and-take that made M-G-M's "Easy To Wed" so easy to take!

Pat Kirkwood is a very fetching singer. Edward Arnold, Marie Wilson, Leon Ames, to mention a few, help the plot to roll along as smoothly as a nylon over a kneecap.

As for music, we'll just state that *both* Xavier Cugat and his orchestra and Guy Lombardo and his orchestra are in the picture, and play such hit tunes as "Love On A Greyhound Bus" and "All The Time". It all adds up to fabulous entertainment.

When Van lets Keenan arrange one or two minor deals for him, the upshot is little short of cataclysmic. Scheming Keenan, in the wink of an eye, has Van starred on a network program, established in a royal suite with a millionaire and a beautiful countess. Then, Van falls in love. Perhaps that contradicts the title . . . but "No Leave, No Love" really has a plentitude of romance! With Van, how could it be otherwise?

Director Charles Martin, and that Michelangelo of Musical Producers Joe Pasternak, have done themselves proud with "No Leave, No Love". To all those at M-G-M who have contributed to the making of this spectacular hit we offer our special "E for Excellence" with three clusters of orchids.

This is the year of "The Yearling", for shortly the wonderful novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings will be brought to the screen by M-G-M. Truly an event, it features the greatest performances by Gregory Peck and Jane Wyman, and the new youngster, Claude Jarman, Jr.

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 21, 1946

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JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*					MACLENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

this week

FICTION

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An appreciation of art is small consolation to the disillusioned.

STRANGER THAN TRUTH By VERA CASPARY 14
The Serial Story. The second of five parts.

THE WORM THAT EATS ITS TAIL By JOE COOGAN 17
Meet Joe Weejo—unsung hero of the neighborhood kids.

THE HUNTER'S BRIDE By WINIFRED HALSTED 18
Opposites attract, so the saying goes, but Sally didn't have time to worry about that.

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A valiant nurse held the key which admitted life and released murder.

UP WENT McGINTY By L. L. FOREMAN 43
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1946 FOOTBALL FORECAST By LOU LITTLE 20
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1946 RATING OF THE TEAMS By DICK DUNKEL 21
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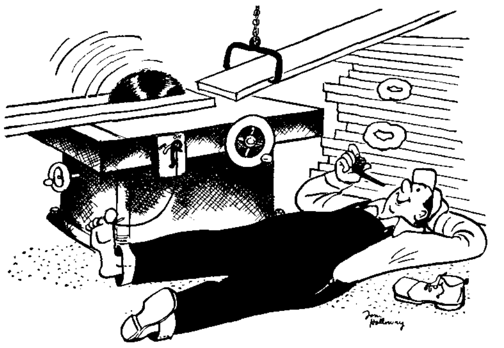
COVER By *MICHAEL*

any week

IN THE San Francisco Examiner, Mr. George Tolin of that city discovered an appeal of an industrialist for "vertical and horizontal mill hands" and at once wrote to us demanding that we do something unspecified about it before it was too late. We were practically horizontal when the letter arrived, having been all but floored by a letter from Mr. Louis B. Shoeltzer of Lynn, Massachusetts. He uses up seven sheets of valuable paper setting forth what would happen to the world "if the United States was as broke as the rest of the world and couldn't lend billions to Britain, France, Italy and maybe Russia and the rest." In such dire extremity, Mr. Shoeltzer wants to bet "there would doubtless be a revolution and the United States would go Republican."



BUT if we had time we'd apply for a job as horizontal mill hand. We think we could learn mill handing in a few days and are certain that we could give most horizontal ones cards and spades and beat them at horizontaling. We know this although we've never had much practice, being constantly chasing from one place to another at somebody's bidding. Given a chance we bet we could out-horizontal Mr. Tid Sorenson of Laramie, Wyoming. Mr. Sorenson's employer, Mr. Elwood Faithe, reports that Mr. Sorenson was questioned by the police about a murder. Mr. Sorenson denied all knowledge thereof saying that he was asleep—horizontally—at the time. He called upon Mr. Faithe for corroboration. Mr. Faithe told the cops that Mr. Sorenson was not only asleep at the time but had been asleep ever since he had hired him in June, 1944, and doubtless still would be were it not for police interference.

AND while we weren't looking—probably trying to get a little sleep—somebody nominated, in this magazine, cream of tomato as the Soup of America. And now the Ham Bone Bean Soup Guild of America, James N. Leahy of Canton, Ohio, president, has denounced us in resolutions and has demanded a retraction. Personally we are unfriendly to soup in all forms although gladly granting the right of others to wallow in the stuff which, we understand, millions do. Once we tried sea gull soup with crushed boysenberries as served by Commodore Entwhistle of Pass Christian, Mississippi, but we didn't care for it much. Mr. Leahy *(Continued on page* 105*)*

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OR

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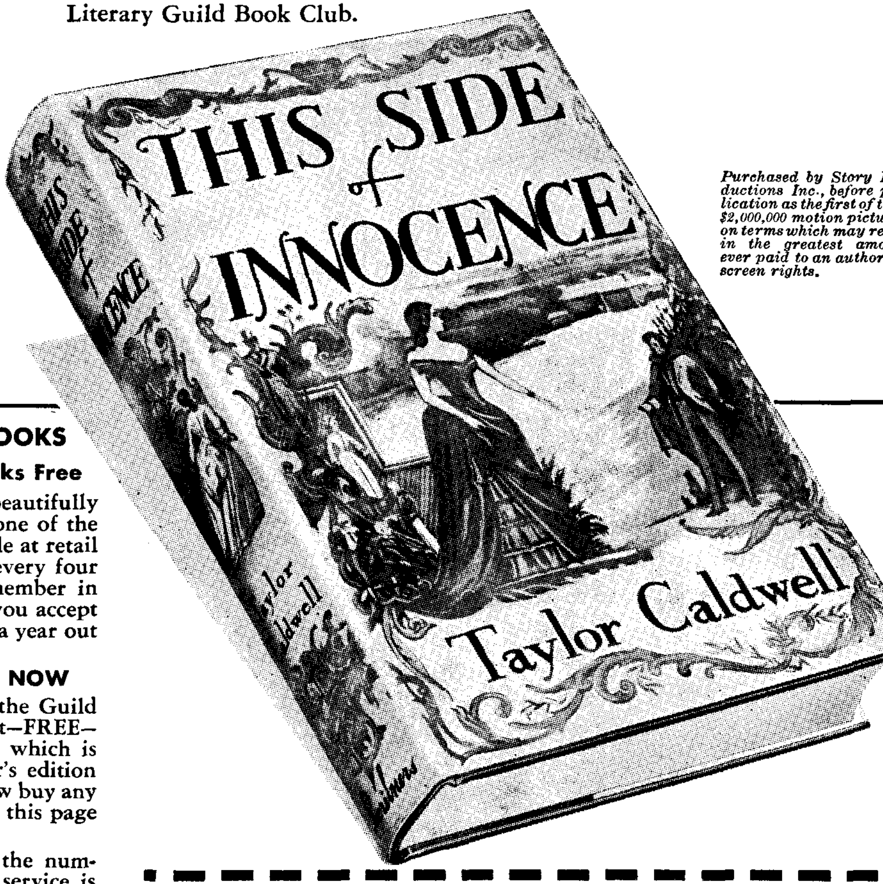

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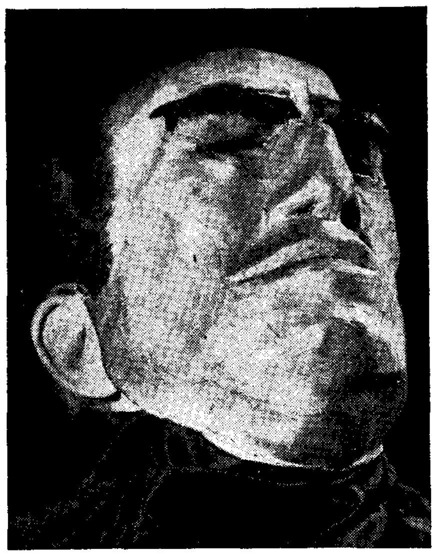
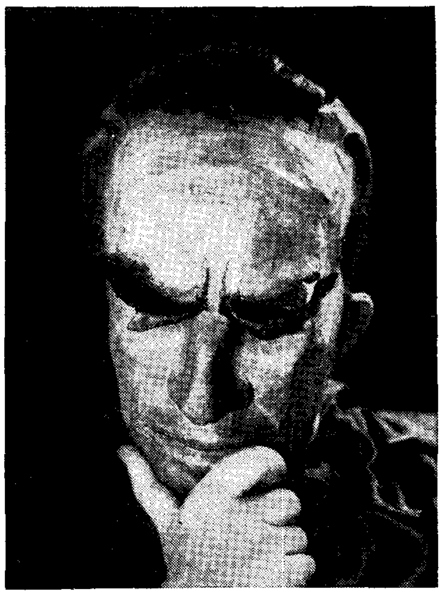




ALLAN GOULD

Most masks in action create the impression that they undergo changes in expression. This illusion is explained by the fact that facial expressions are largely dependent on the movement and position of the neck and head. As seen in the mask pictured (above and to the right), the expression is proud and arrogant when the chin is up, but worried and meditative when the chin is down.

Besides the special gloves that are worn in such sports as boxing, handball and baseball, gloves are now available that are especially designed for bicycling, fishing, horseback riding, golfing, hunting and even bowling.

The highest priced and most inactive stock on the New York Stock Exchange today is Coca-Cola International, an issue of 175,043 shares which sold for $137 a share when first listed in April, 1926. Recently, bids as high as $1,290 have been made, compared with $550 for the next highest stock, but no shares are for sale. In fact, no sales of this stock have taken place since February, 1942.—*By Don Carle Gillette, New York City.*

The use of walkie-talkies and similar two-way radio sets by the general public is prohibited without a license and no licenses will be available until the Citizens Radiocommunication Service, which will issue them, begins to function at some future date. Even then, surplus Army walkie-talkies will be useless because they do not operate on the 460-470 megacycle band reserved for the CRS. As such sets can cause serious interference with aviation, police and other short-wave communications, persons found using them are liable to a fine of $10,000 or two years' imprisonment or both.—*By Rita Mansfield, San Francisco, Calif.*

One of the most amazing mysteries resulting from the war is the location of a group of valuable treasures belonging to the Museum of the History of Science at Oxford, England. In December, 1939, the curator, fearing they might be destroyed by bombs, stored them in some place of safety. When he died suddenly four months later, his successor discovered that he had left no written or verbal record of their secret whereabouts. Although the Museum has since investigated scores of clues, no trace of the treasures has been found.

Although the educational value of public zoological gardens has been recognized for centuries, only 115 such parks are maintained today in 26 of the 60-odd important countries. Of these zoos, which contain some 100,000 animals of 15,000 species, Africa has 4, Asia 7, Australasia 5, Europe 48, South America 6 and North America 45, of which 40 are in the United States.

During the war, aircraft of the U.S. Navy were able to sink a number of U-boats, too deeply submerged to be seen from the air, through the use of two ingenious devices. One was a magnetic detector, suspended on a long cable beneath the plane, that signaled when it was directly over a submarine. But as it dragged and the plane had thus passed the spot before a bomb could be dropped, a new type of missile had to be developed. This "retrobomb" had a rocket propellant in its head which, when the bomb was released, not only counteracted its forward momentum but drove it backward so that it fell over the target.

By 1948, a new Tacoma Narrows Bridge will be built over Puget Sound, replacing the one that, four months after its completion in 1940, was destroyed by wind. The new span, the first to have its design based on wind-tunnel tests of a model, will have shock absorbers at numerous points as well as air slots in the floor which will enable it to withstand a wind nearly three times as strong as that which caused the former structure to crash.

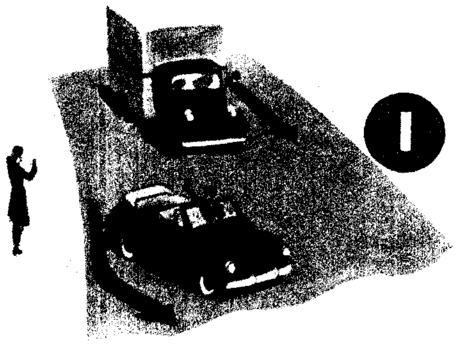
The seal of the President of the United States, unlike the 17 other federal seals, is not employed to confirm, ratify or authenticate documents, its only official use being to seal the flaps of envelopes that carry Presidential messages and other papers to Congress.

A small device for typewriters, now available, counts the number of words written, not the spaces or lines . . . This fall, about eight women's colleges with 9,000 students plan to enroll approximately 1,500 young men.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

SUPPOSE YOU WERE A TRAFFIC COP
which drivers would you ticket?

Police departments all over the nation are doing everything they can to promote safe driving and prevent accidents. If you were a policeman, to which of the drivers illustrated would you be likely to hand a summons? Here's a hint—in the ten pictures there are eight flagrant violations of law and common sense. (If you can't spot all eight in a minute or two we suggest you send for the free booklet, "Professional Driving," offered at the bottom of this page.)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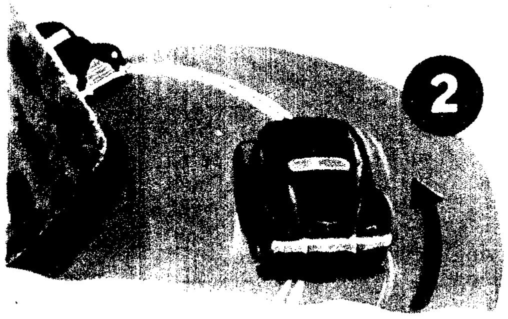
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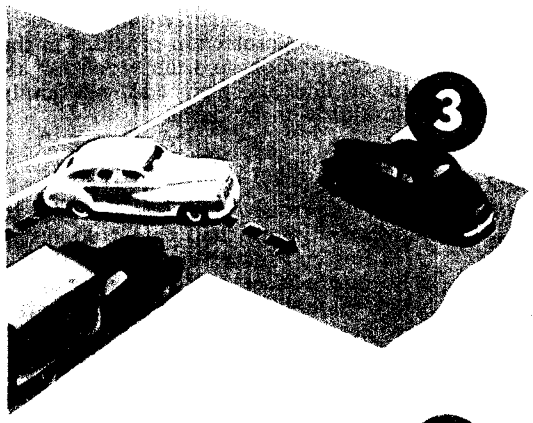
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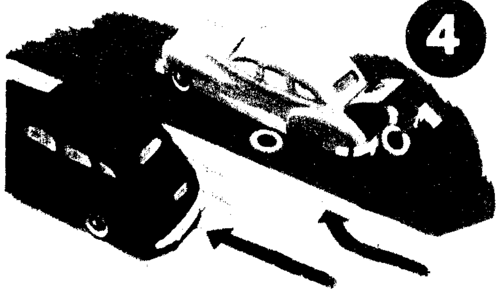
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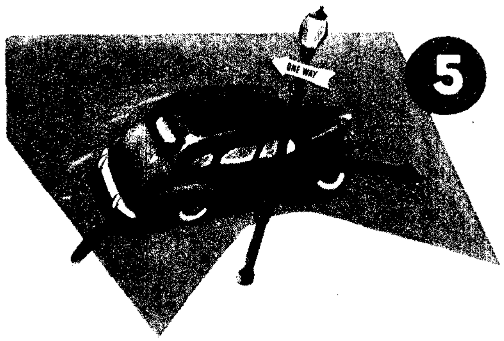
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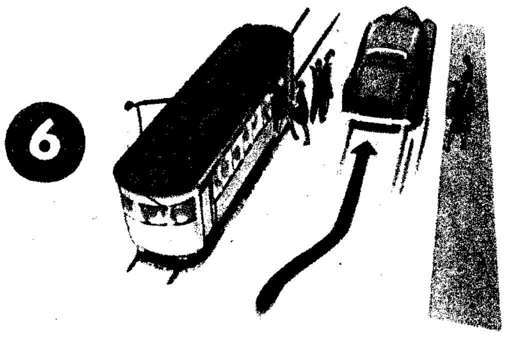
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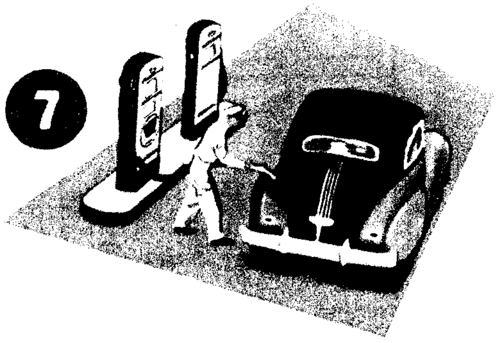
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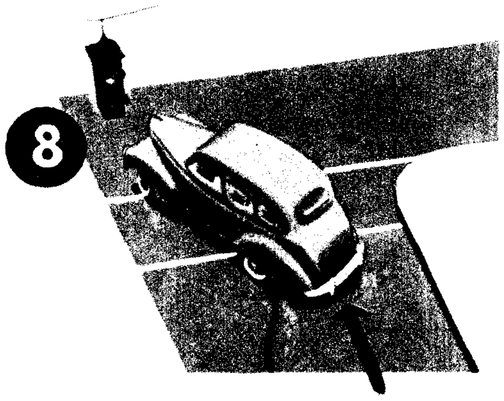
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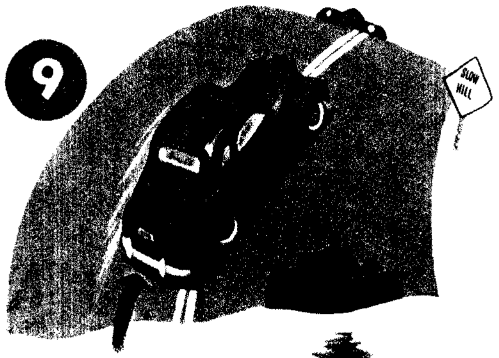
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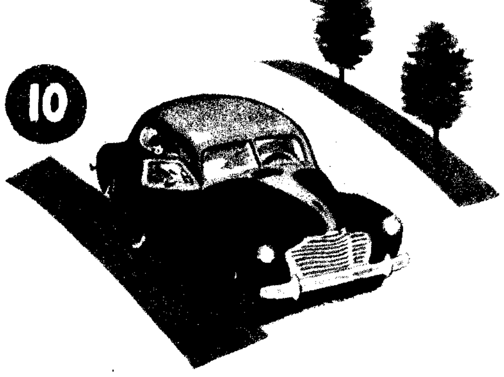
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Here's what "the law" would do:

① He gets a ticket—for pulling away from the curb without giving a hand signal.

② Tell it to the judge, mister. Cutting over the center line to the inside of a curve is dangerous business.

③ Another ticket—for the driver of the sedan who is making an improper turn. He's making a right turn from the middle of the road, cutting off the truck.

④ Nothing wrong here. The chap who's been unlucky enough to have a flat tire has pulled off the road—and out of the way—to change it. That's a smart thing to do on a busy road or parkway.

⑤ Pull over, mister! That's a one-way street, and you're going the wrong way.

⑥ Guilty! He gets a ticket for passing a trolley that's discharging passengers.

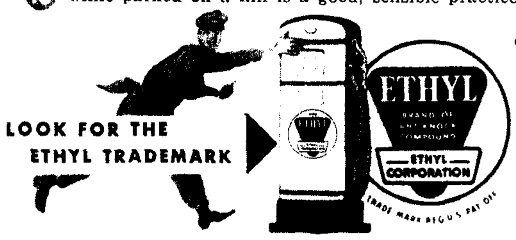
⑦ If you catch this one, you've really got sharp eyes. There's nothing wrong with this driver filling up at the Ethyl pump (note the emblem). In fact, high quality gasoline in a properly tuned engine makes for a more responsive—therefore a safer—car. *But there's no license plate on the car,* and that's good for a summons the minute he pulls onto the public highway.

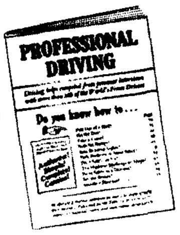
⑧ Ticket this driver for stopping on the cross walk! What's more, that skid mark from only one wheel indicates he's probably driving with defective brakes.

⑨ Passing on a hill—a dangerous practice that earns the driver of the coupe a summons.

⑩ Nothing wrong here. In fact, turning the wheels into the curb while parked on a hill is a good, sensible practice.

FREE 72-PAGE BOOK. "PROFESSIONAL DRIVING" is packed with information of value to car-owners. Written and illustrated by experts. Typical chapter headings: "How to Control a Skid," "Driving Needn't be Tiring," "Driving Tips for City Traffic." Offered free to all car owners by ETHYL.





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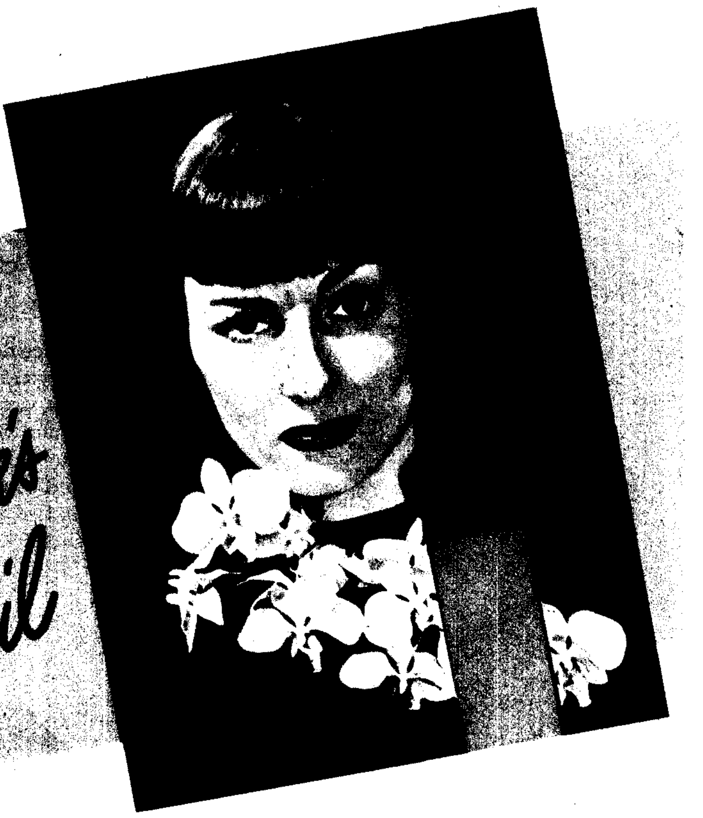
The Week's Mail



DEAR EDITOR: With reference to the cover (see above) of August 10th. . . . Hubba! Hubba! MISS TOBY STEIN
Brooklyn, New York.

DEAR EDITOR: What is Collier's trying to do, scare little children? I'm speaking about your cover of August 10th. Surely if you are that hard up for a pretty girl, please come out to Indiana and pick the first girl you meet on any street in any town. ROBERT W. SHAW
Bloomington, Ind.

P.S. The flowers are pretty.

DEAR EDITOR: The girl on your cover of August 10th is anything but beautiful. Also she looks like a meany and when I look at her I am reminded of a funeral.
W. B. SCHAEFFER
Portland, Ore.

DEAR EDITOR: Your cover girl (August 10th issue) should not pose for close-ups. Her eyelids are not matched; her eyelashes are matted together; her mouth is sad, almost cruel; her eyes are hard; her eyebrows don't balance each other. You picked the wrong girl.
CAPT. WILLIAM PAUL BABCOCK
Nyack, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR: I have before me a copy of Collier's for August 10th. Your cover is wonderful. JOHN J. MEYERFELD
New York City.

The model, Arline Cruz, was chosen with deliberation. We had become bored with the perfection of the ubiquitous cover girl's beauty. Therefore we chose a model whose face is asymmetric instead of symmetric.

DEAR EDITOR: In your August 10th issue Mr. Davenport, in a rather bromidic harangue, takes it upon himself to attack the Russian people. I am not a Communist. However, I must state: Russia desires peace. She knows it will take centuries upon centuries to make this, our country, a haven for Communism.
KNUTE FABIAN TURNQUIST
Oakridge, Ore.

DEAR EDITOR: While I enjoyed your recent serial, Slug It Slay!, I did wonder how they ever got out a paper, since everyone but the office boy was forever running out to get a drink. Maybe that sort of thing, in many places, is the cause of the delay and confusion to be found on every hand these days.
MRS. BESS MAY
Monterey Park, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: I subscribe to five great magazines and my applause for the best cartoons goes to Collier's. They make an excellent prescription for any ailment.
MARY MOKROVICH
Youngstown, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: You are to be commended for your editorial policy on the racial issues. We should all remember that the Negro is a citizen and, as such, entitled to the protection provided in the U.S. Constitution, and the benefits it affords. Collier's, I might add, is a family institution with my family.
A. C. ORR, JR.
Savannah, Ga.

DEAR EDITOR: Tsk, tsk, and worse, to you for printing that patent sophistry titled Boston's Incredible Curley. It is as deliberate a piece of deviousness as we have seen, although cleverly written. To most Beanies Curley is not so incredible. But Joe Dinneen—there is an incredible Bostonian. M. P. BARACK
Boston, Mass.

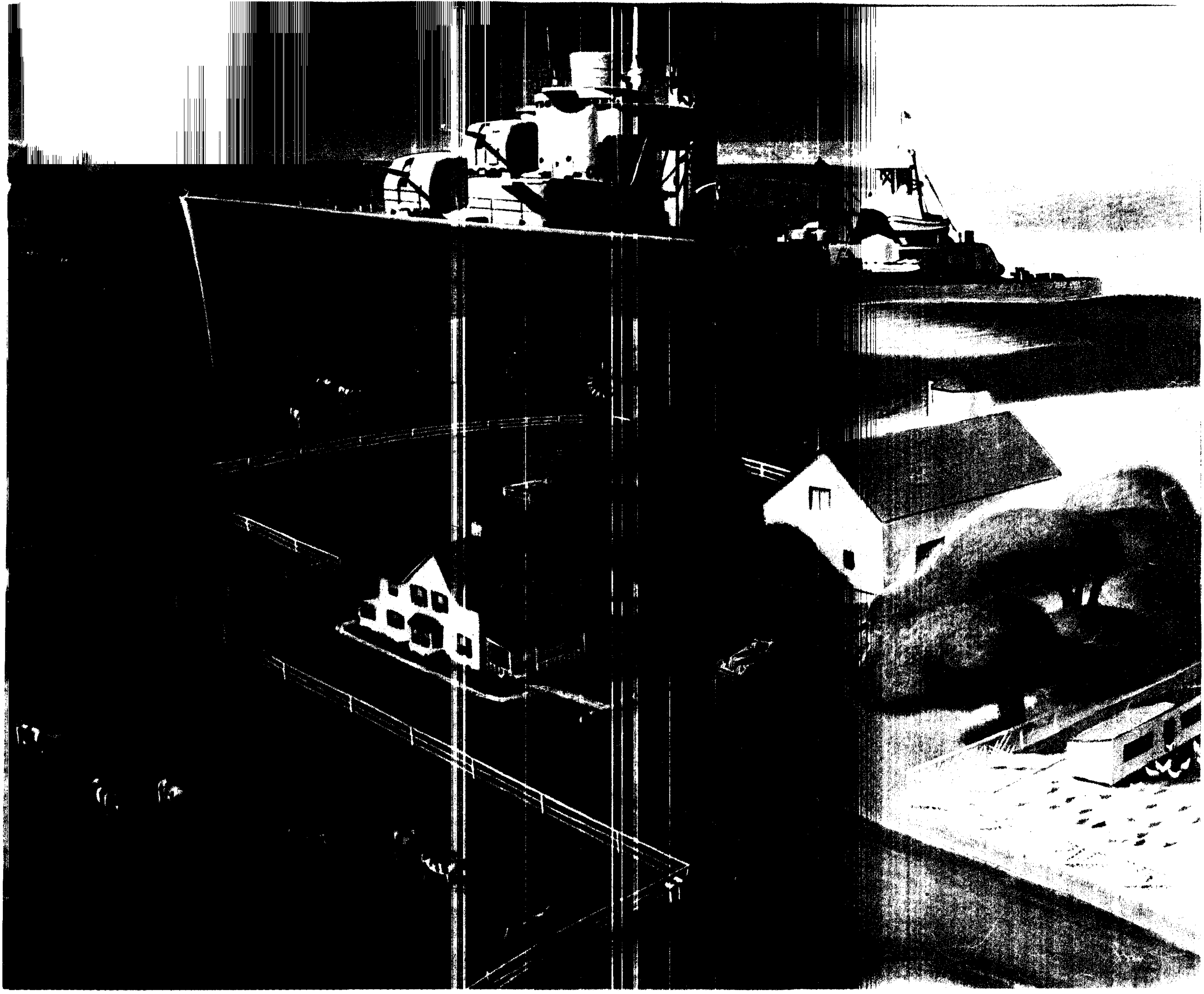
DEAR EDITOR: Read Ruth S. Gift's tirade on OPA. She must own her own home, for here in K. C. people in hotels, rooming houses and apartments are receiving eviction notices because they are unable to pay 20 to 30 per cent more on rents. MRS. ANNA SUITER
Kansas City, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR: In your issue of August 3d, Mr. Wes Listerer says that Texas and the Oklahoma Aggies will be the football teams to beat in the Southwest. It is doubtful if Texas will win a single game. The best team in Texas will be the Texas Aggies. PAUL WELLS
Class of '49, Texas A and M
Houston, Tex.

DEAR EDITOR: The story by Lieutenant Colonel Merrill De Longe in the August 10th Collier's entitled Biggest Bomber was both timely and informative. But in the captions under the two pictures you used you say that the B-36 "is to be adapted for commercial use" (which is not correct) and that the Convair B-36 will have 9-foot tires on the dual-nose wheel, which is likewise incorrect. Nose wheels, so far, have never been as large as the main landing gear.
F. X. RUSSELL
Fort Worth, Tex.

Right. The caption writer has been suspended for two weeks—by the thumbs.

(Continued on page 105)



The Ship's in the Meadow

● **On the farm today is a potent reminder of men's struggle at sea . . .**

In the souped-up turbines of our hard-driven fighting ships was a new oil containing a secret ingredient. Shell Turbo Oil—meeting a wartime crisis—conquered the "black rust" that had developed from too much heat, oxidation and inevitable moisture.

The Shell Research which fathered the secret ingredient—the anti-rust factor in Turbo Oil—has now brought to the farmer a weapon against one of his deadliest enemies . . . RUST. Shell's rust preventive for the farm, sprayed or brushed on the farmer's expensive equipment, gives it months of protection—in the tool shed, or even in "outdoor storage."

The anti-rust factor welds itself to the metal surface, forming a protective coating that is virtually part of the metal itself. So the proving ground of naval action has been extended . . . "the ship's in the meadow."

This Shell rust preventive for farm use, available in gallon cans, is easy and economical to use. Just clean off the dirt, and spray or brush on all unpainted surfaces, or where the paint is wearing thin.

Besides the farm rust preventive, Shell rust preventives for other uses are now at work—all of them stemming from the original research on Shell Turbo Oil. These Shell Ensis products rustproof steel plates as they come from the steel mills . . . or pistons and other parts in shipment from manufacturer to installer . . . or machine parts and instruments between operations in the process of manufacture . . . or essential defense equipment as it is stored away against future need.

Out of leadership in Research . . . a remarkable new Shell Gasoline. Just as Shell's rust preventive for the farm is a Shell Research "original," Shell Research now brings you a new, finer gasoline for your car. Your motor will prove to you, with your first tankful, that the new Shell gasoline is *4 ways better.*

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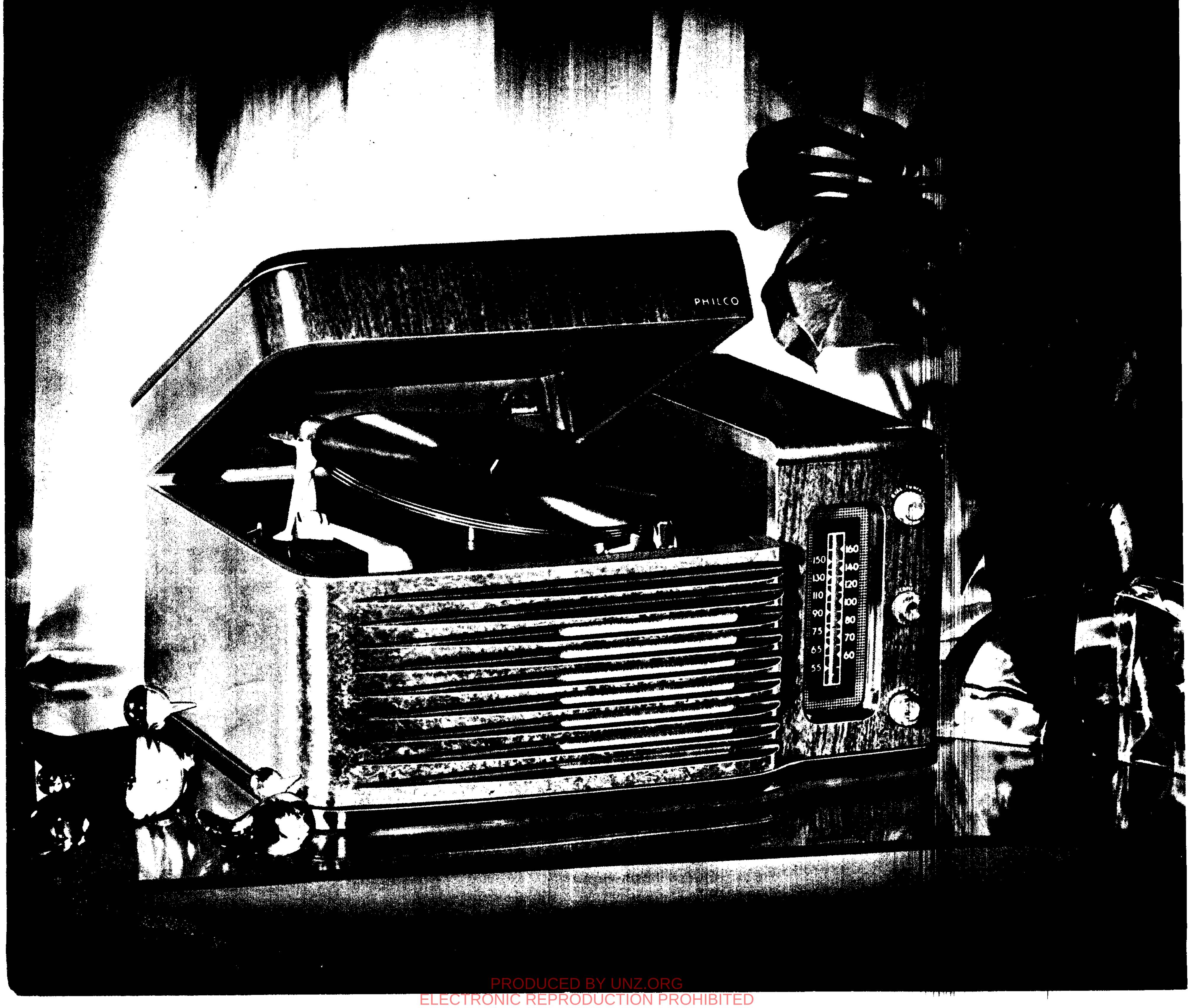
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RENO
THE BIGG LI LE CITY IN TH
BINGO
TAXI
HOTEL RIVERSIDE
JEWELRY

BLACKJACK OVER NEVADA

The threat of crooked gamblers, greedy tax collectors and indignant villagers is menacing Nevada's gambling industry, which nets twenty million dollars a year

BY CAMERON SHIPP

NICHOLAS DANDALOS, who is considerably better known as Nick the Greek, America's gaudiest gambling man, laid his cabbage on the front line of the crap table, made a few expert tosses, and dropped $50,000. He cashed a check, his credit being good for a reasonably fabulous sum anywhere honest gaming occurs, and lost $20,000 more before he yawned and said amiably that it didn't seem to be his night.

At the Frontier Club, Las Vegas, Nevada, this was regarded as routine by Guy McAfee, proprietor. If Nick had been hot, McAfee was prepared to pay him off in cash up to $200,000.

Two G.I.s on short leave had done the town a few nights before. They started with $15 and ran it up to $56,500 in a few hours' work at three roulette wheels. The boys held a shocked consultation when they realized the magnitude of their luck, got on a telephone fast and finally departed, dripping dollars, in an armored car dispatched by their colonel.

If all the customers in town had been as hot that night, they might have taken $2,000,000 out of Las Vegas. That is the average amount of cash the chief businessmen of the town, population 18,000, keep on hand for their customers. It is on tap 24 hours a day and can be had the easy way, with impeccable honesty practiced on both sides, by anyone lucky enough to draw the right cards, make the right passes, or guess the right numbers.

Big winnings and losses do not excite anyone in Las Vegas. They even out and take care of themselves in Nevada's $20,000,000-a-year gambling business, second only to mining as the largest industry in the state. The gamblers, the legislators, the Chambers of Commerce, and the church people are concerned with more important matters than the making or losing of individual fortunes.

The current prosperity, future and way of life of Nevada hinges on how the home-town boys are going to cope with their fantastic tax problem and with the big-time crooks whose ears are flapping to the flutter of the green on Reno and Las Vegas gambling tables. The flutter is now a crescendo roar. There was never anything like it in the United States. Old-timers and sophisticates who have been everywhere allege that Monte Carlo in its palmiest era was penny ante compared with Nevada's gambling splurge.

Las Vegas' main street is better lighted than a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer world première. Five blocks are lined solidly with gambling casinos, both sides of the street. They run all night, do about as much business at 8 A.M. as they do at midnight. You can have your choice of roulette, craps, twenty-one, faro, horse racing, elaborate varieties of bingo with $2,500 pots, and dollar slot machines. Stacks of silver dollars a foot high and fresh $100 bills are handled as casually as sandwiches.

It's the same at Reno, though not quite so fancy.

Hollywood people have for years been good customers of two of Nevada's nationally advertised, wholesale-rate commodities: the six-week divorce and the ten-minute marriage. But during the war years they were faced with transporta-

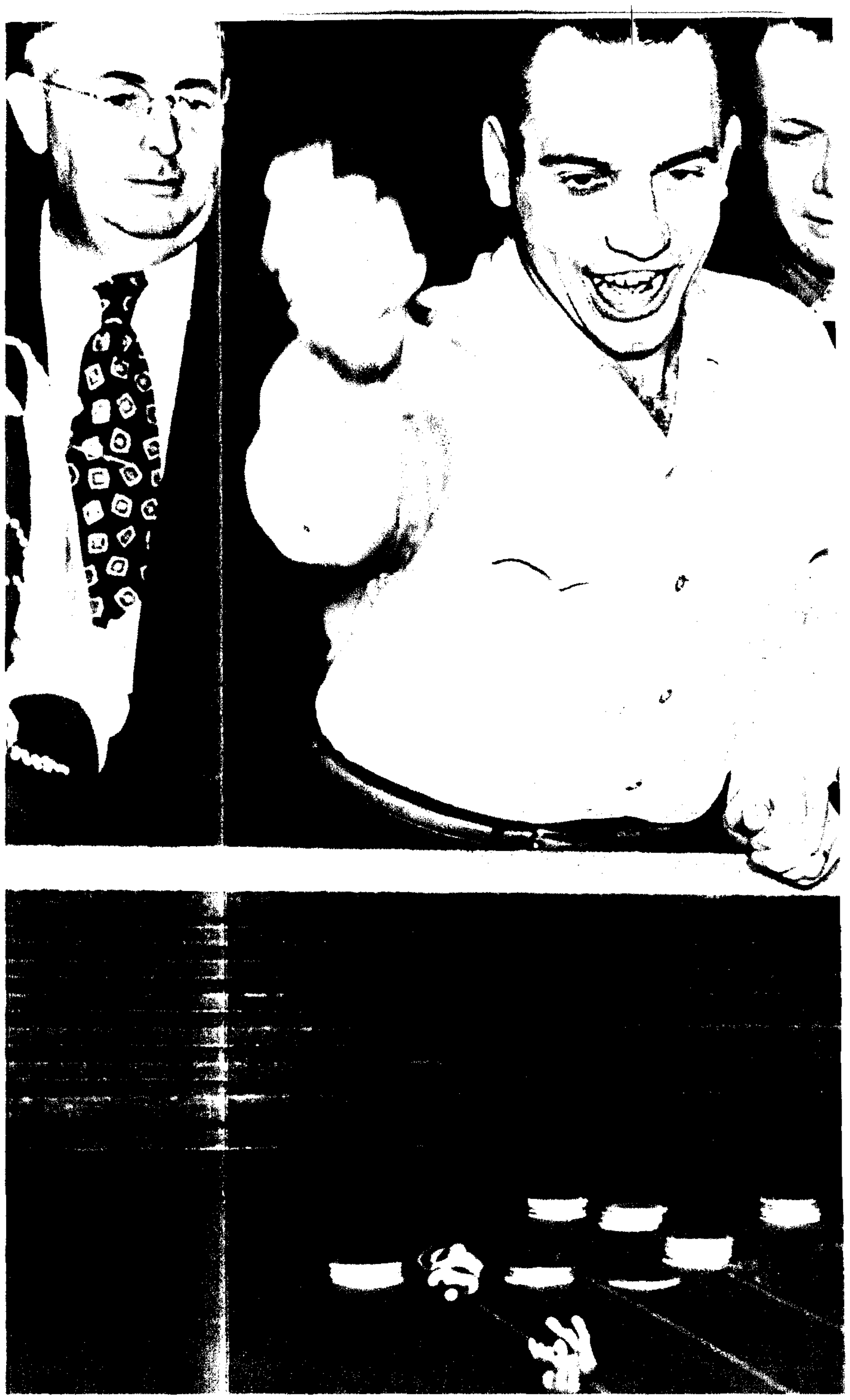
A blackjack game in progress at the 21 Club Casino in Las Vegas' swankiest hotel. Most operators are businessmen interested in keeping the crooks out

Hollywood people, customers of Nevada marriages and divorces, like to gamble, too. Here Actress Mary Beth Hughes hits the slot-machine jackpot

Gambling attracts all types—from vacationing schoolmarms to professional players. These ladies are fascinated with the roulette wheel. Scene: Tonopah

Some men feel that stud poker is a strictly masculine pastime. The distribution of chips at this Reno session (above) seems to indicate it's still a man's game. Loan shops are as important a part of the scene in Reno and Las Vegas as gambling houses. Note girl (below) removing a bracelet before entering shop

Jewelry LOANS
TURF CLUB
DANC



Most dice players are convinced that talking to the cubes makes them behave better. Thus the dice tables are noisiest of all gambling games. Percentages against rollers work out to about one and a half, but operators are able to make a profit. That's big business, and Nevada knows it

tion difficulties. Now there are 12 plane flights daily out of Los Angeles for Las Vegas, only an hour and a half by air, and the movie folk have a new pastime. They are always embarrassed by the ease with which they accumulate money and seek painless means to get rid of it. Lately they have found that dropping a few thousand at Las Vegas is a delightful way to pass a week end.

And not only picture people. An enormous percentage of the tourists lured to southern California by the Chambers of Commerce, the All Year Club and the national urge to go somewhere else visit Las Vegas. Boulder Dam, only a few miles from the town, draws 1,000,000 tourists a year. Most of them go by way of Las Vegas. Most of them, being far from home and parson, obey the impulse to try to get something for nothing, and most of them lose. A million and a half visitors are expected in 1946.

If this sort of thing is interesting to vacationing schoolmarms who squeal with ardor when their two-dollar bets double their money and who retire with their feelings hurt when they've dropped twenty, you may be very sure that it also interests the professional gentry. There are two kinds of professionals, honest and crooked. Many Nevadans look on their honest gamblers as good citizens and accord them the same respect they give storekeepers, lawyers, and morticians. They fear crooks as a fundamentalist fears brimstone.

Most Nevada businessmen will show symptoms of acute nausea at mention of the crooks. The subject is taboo. The purity of Nevada's gambling (and it is pure) is a holy thing.

Nevadans are touchy in this matter, naturally, because the threat to good gambling is a menace to everything they hold dear—their liberal laws, their freedom from the onerous taxes which harass citizens of less realistic states, and their nice incomes.

Without gambling they couldn't afford to make inheritance and income taxes unconstitutional. They don't have a sales tax, either. They have a property tax, very low, with very low assessed valuations. And they don't assess much property because 90 per cent of the real estate in their state is federally owned. Gambling, therefore, means bread and the very best butter.

With the exception of the metropolises of Reno, about 22,000, and Las Vegas, 18,000, most Nevadans are conservative countryfolk, and a lot of them are Mormons. Mormon or not, they are a churchgoing people. They tolerate gambling because they think it's a man's right to fool around with his money if

(Continued on page 37)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

The SUPERIOR MIND OF MEDORA MILES

BY JOSEPHINE PEARSON

Medora was all through with Freddy and his low-grade closed mind. Until Freddy opened his mouth and she could see the core and heart of hell itself

IT WAS a fine day for a ball game, but Medora Miles, who had a date to go to the Yankee Stadium, was not yet dressed. She was standing before her mirror, wearing a pair of pink panties, a small black hat and a mink scarf. "Miss Miles," she murmured rapturously, "you are a lovely creature and considering the superior quality of your mind how did you ever manage to be so good-looking?"

There was a slight scream and Medora whirled around to find her mother at the door. "Take off my new hat," wailed Mrs. Miles, "and my furs. And for heaven's sake get dressed. It's almost time for Freddy."

Mrs. Miles had just changed a ribbon on her typewriter and was inked to the elbows. She rubbed her hands on her slacks and sat down cross-legged on the bed to watch her daughter. "Well, beauty and brains," she said in a fond but badgering manner, "who gave you the elevated opinion of yourself? Freddy?"

"Freddy!" Medora hooked a brassière with the awkwardness of one who has not long needed such restraint. "Freddy's idea of a compliment is, 'Gee, you're cute.' "

"What do you expect at your age—epigrams?"

Medora consulted her mirror without false modesty. It seemed to her that a fair appraisal should make some mention of the grace of a suntanned body and the pretty features of a small, well-shaped face. "Gee, you're cute," was inadequate, but she was admitting it only to herself, not her sardonic mother. "Freddy Wheeler," she complained, "has the vocabulary of a moron."

"Time will enlarge it," prophesied Mrs. Miles. "In the meantime be flattered that you have a beau who takes you to the better ball games. Mrs. Wheeler told me the size of Freddy's allowance. He must spend every cent of it on you."

Medora squirmed into a light summer dress and backed up to her mother, then remembered her inky hands and reached for the buttons herself. "Mother," she asked somberly, "did it ever occur to you that maybe Freddy has only a second-rate mind?"

It was clear from her expression that Mrs. Miles had been innocent of such misgivings. But Freddy's mind had been worrying Medora a good deal lately. During the summer she had been taking a course called Appreciation of Art, which had opened her own mind to a rich new world. As she followed her teacher through the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum, three mornings a week, intensely appreciating the paintings, she often felt little chills creeping up her back, and tears that burned her eyes and made her sniffle. She had started the course at the insistence of Mrs. Miles, who could write detective stories only when her home was quiet, but she had soon waxed from a reluctant to an eager pupil. However, the ecstasy of exploring a new world had been mitigated by the fear that she was outgrowing Freddy Wheeler, who had flatly refused to take the course.

MEDORA stood by the window as she brushed her hair, looking pensively across the highway jammed with Saturday traffic. "Mother," she said, "do you think a girl could be happy if she married a boy who was intellectually not quite her equal?"

"Married!" exclaimed Mrs. Miles. "Do you and Freddy talk about getting married?"

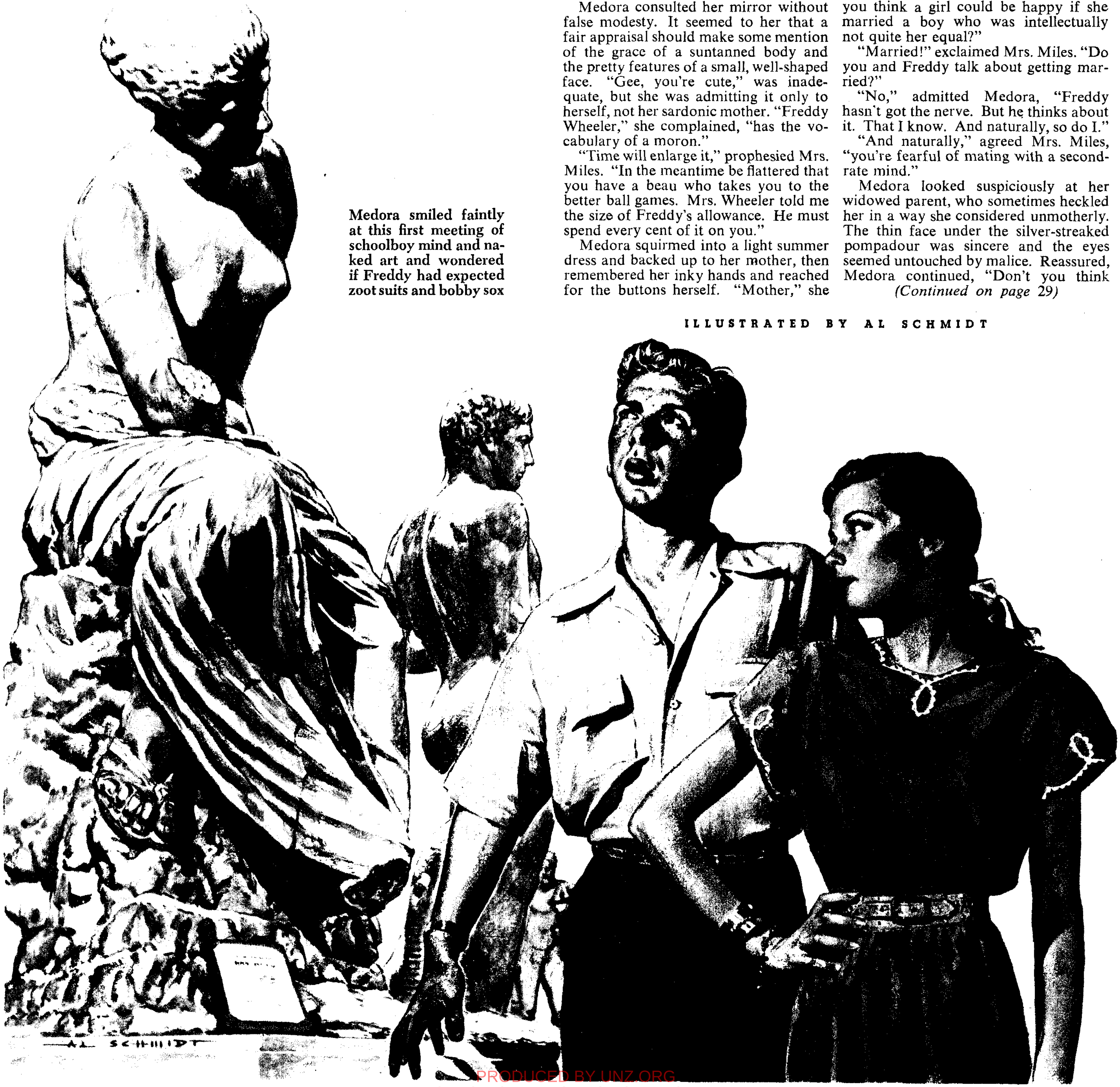
"No," admitted Medora, "Freddy hasn't got the nerve. But he thinks about it. That I know. And naturally, so do I."

"And naturally," agreed Mrs. Miles, "you're fearful of mating with a second-rate mind."

Medora looked suspiciously at her widowed parent, who sometimes heckled her in a way she considered unmotherly. The thin face under the silver-streaked pompadour was sincere and the eyes seemed untouched by malice. Reassured, Medora continued, "Don't you think

(Continued on page 29)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT



Medora smiled faintly at this first meeting of schoolboy mind and naked art and wondered if Freddy had expected zoot suits and bobby sox

STRANGER THAN TRUTH

BY VERA CASPARY

II

> **"Truth should not be hoarded like miser's gold but shared as freely as the warmth of the summer sun. But the only Truth that is yours to spend and share is the Truth About Yourself. The secrets of another person's life are his own, and while you may be aware of the harm he is doing himself and others by hoarding them, his secrets are no more yours to give away than his home, his money and his personal possessions."**
>
> **MY LIFE IS TRUTH**
> **Noble Barclay**

WHEN the history of this generation is written, there will appear high upon the roll call of contemporary immortals the name of Noble Barclay. I have had the singular honor of associating for seven years with this great man, five of which were spent in such close intimacy that I have often wondered if his wife knew him as well as I, his secretary.

Others have worshiped the genius of Noble Barclay. I constantly and consistently adored the human being. Not only had he formulated and originated a new creed for living, but he practiced what he preached to the final word. Cynics there are who doubt his sincerity, but I, who had better opportunity than any other to observe his smallest actions, have never seen him deviate from a rigid interpretation of his philosophy.

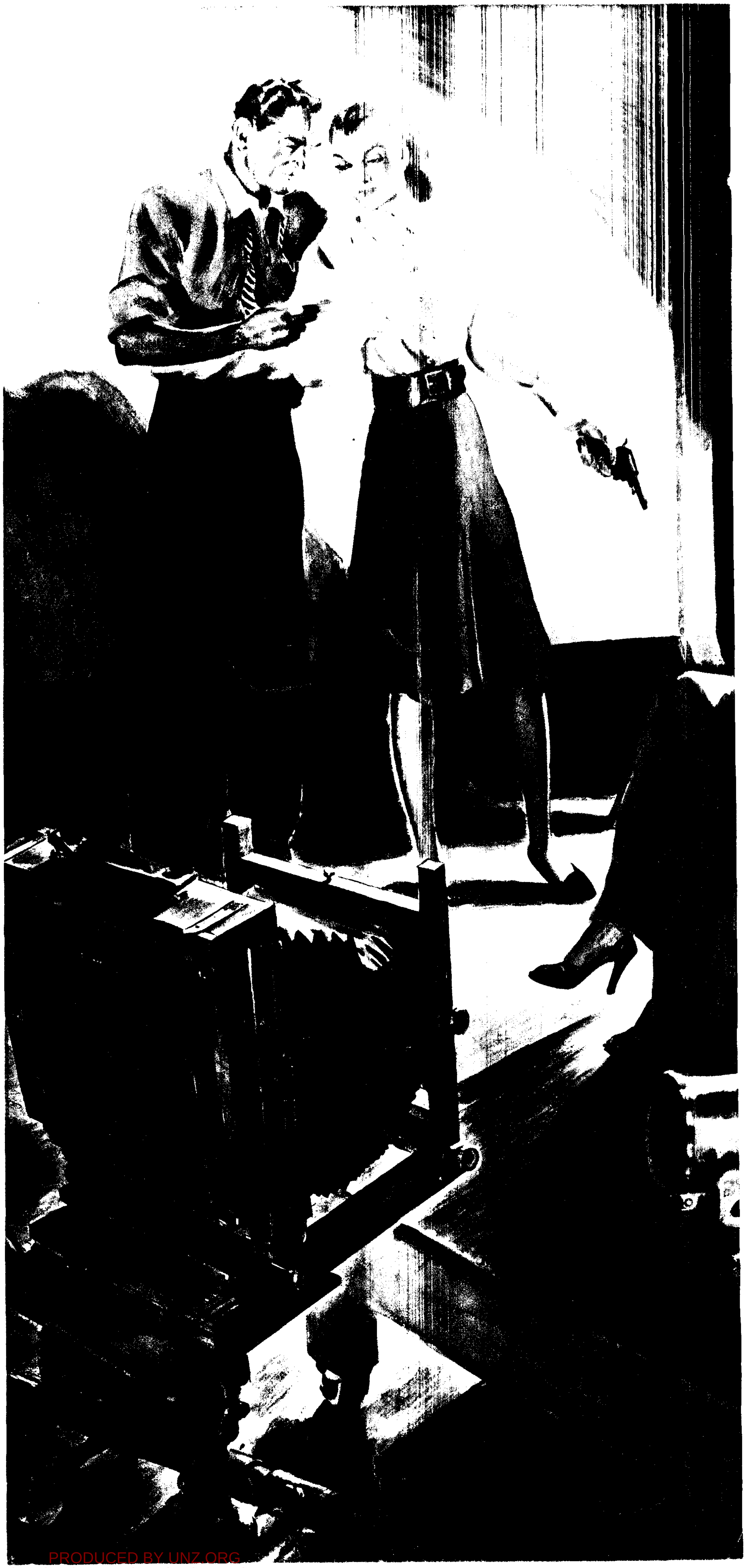
If Noble Barclay erred it was on the side of the angels. He was too scrupulous. He followed his beliefs with such conscientious devotion that the ignorant and the cynical misunderstood and misinterpreted the meaning of honest, straightforward action. It is the duty, therefore, as well as the privilege of one who shared his working day to reveal and interpret correctly a series of incidents which occurred in the offices of Truth Publications during the year 1945.

Let me first introduce myself, Grace Jacqueline Eccles, 47 years of age (in this, as in everything else, I am completely truthful), independent, self-sustaining, mentally and morally free. What a contrast to that Grace Eccles of a decade ago. Not only was I inhibited and narrow-minded, but also unemployed. The latter was not wholly my fault. Our country was in the midst of the so-called Depression. The business concern which had employed me for thirteen years had become bankrupt. Few positions were available and those were usually bestowed upon younger girls of obvious charms, who looked as if they would perform other than the conventional duties of a private secretary.

I was then living in the suburb of East Orange, New Jersey, with my married sister and her husband, but our relations were not always harmonious. Marriage had made my sister arrogant and she would applaud her husband with laughter when he tormented me with his cruel and inane teasing.

I do not profess to great physical beauty. And at this time when I was depressed, melancholy and unsure of myself, I was indeed a sorry-looking individual. I did not make the most of myself. Instead of drawing attention to my best features (many friends have told me my hands are a fit subject for a painter), I thought only of my deficiencies.

Even in these dark hours, however, my normally unselfish nature asserted itself. Unable to help myself, I tried to help others. There lived in our neighborhood a girl younger than myself and more unfortunate in that she was blind. According to stories whispered by scandalmongers she had none to blame but herself for this tragic fate. It was said that she had consorted with a married man whose vengeful wife waited one night



When she was summoned to her father's office, Eleanor still carried the gun she had been using for the posed photograph of a true confession of crime

until her husband and this girl came out of a speakeasy and dashed acid in the girl's face. As a result of shock and remorse, the girl went almost insane but she was saved by the tender nursing and devotion of her dear mother. Her eyesight, however, was lost. She was taken to see several world-famous specialists, but they shrugged their shoulders and shook their learned heads.

In addition to this tragedy, the girl also suffered the belief that her face was hideously scarred. This was untrue but no one could convince her. In her mind's eye this girl saw a countenance so distorted that none could look upon it without revulsion. As she had been extremely pretty and consequently a vain person, this cross was heavy.

I TRIED to bring some brightness into the life of this tragic creature and whenever I was not immersed in personal melancholy or seeking employment, I spent my time reading aloud to her. One day by a coincidence which some would call a minor accident but which I prefer to think of as a divine miracle a copy of My Life Is Truth came into my hands. I had picked it up by mistake, leaving the copy of a light novel by Kathleen Norris. When I arrived at the blind girl's house, perceiving my mistake, I remarked to her: "Here's some nutty book which I took by error from the Lending Library. Shall we read it and try to get a good laugh?"

How many times have I confessed that cynical speech to Mr. Barclay! And how indulgently he smiled, how generously he praised my frankness. But this is a digression.

I glanced over the Introduction. It was strong meat. At first I was dubious for it seemed that no mortal could suffer what Noble Barclay had gone through in the first 57 pages. What inspired me to go on reading was the reaction of my audience.

When I had come to the last sentence in the Introduction (just the Introduction, not even the philosophical portions) this girl said to me in a trembling voice: "Grace, it's absolutely true what people say about me. I have been lying to my dear mother and my good friends. I was fooling around, as they say, with Mr. L. Not only that but I tried to take him away from his wife. God help me, I never confessed this to a living soul but you, Grace, but I swear it's true. I feel much lighter now that I've said it, as if I'd cast off a heavy load." At the moment she could speak no more, but threw herself down upon the couch and cried like a baby.

Unfortunately her mother entered at this moment and we shut up like clams. Although her mother had been a devoted nurse, she had a harsh tongue and uncompromising nature and had never ceased abusing her daughter for immoral conduct. I left immediately, the precious book clutched tight in my hand.

While I was helping my sister wash the supper dishes our telephone rang. It was the blind girl. Her mother had gone to an Eastern Star meeting and she wanted to talk to me. I hurried to her at once, bringing Noble Barclay's immortal work. We did not read much, however, because I listened while she poured out her heart. She confessed everything about her relationship to Mr. L. from the first caress to her evil desire to get rid of his wife. At times her emotion was so great that I had to bring her blackberry cordial from the bathroom cabinet. But she was almost in an ecstasy and to make a long story short, she not only recovered her sight miraculously within twenty-four hours, but soon afterward married a prosperous automobile salesman, and is now living happily in Birmingham, Alabama.

My own miracle, while not so sensational, worked such a change in my sensitive and shrinking nature that timidity was transformed to self-confidence, foolish and desperate fears were overcome, and within a fortnight I found myself the incumbent of a part-time job.

The Story:

When JOHN ANSELL, editor of Truth and Crime, one of the Barclay magazines, tried to publish the story of an unsolved murder case, he ran into inexplicable opposition. ANSELL's story concerned one WARREN G. WILSON, a quiet, shadowy figure who was murdered in his hotel apartment. Police investigation had revealed that WILSON, born HOMER PECK, had been the founder of a defunct mail-order "success" course; that on the second day of each month he had come into mysterious possession of $2,000, and that he was occasionally seen with an unidentified young woman. E. E. MUNN, supervising editor of the BARCLAY Truth Publications, "killed" the story arbitrarily on orders from NOBLE BARCLAY, the fabulous publisher and author of My Life Is Truth. LOLA MANFRED, another BARCLAY editor, hinted cynically to ANSELL of dark secrets behind the scenes. That same day ELEANOR BARCLAY, the publisher's daughter, broke a date with ANSELL after some words with GRACE ECCLES, BARCLAY'S secretary. Smarting, ANSELL thought he saw a connection between his "killed" story and his broken date but when he tried to question GRACE, BARCLAY intervened. After dining alone, ANSELL went back to work. He drank some water from his office vacuum jug—and fell. When he came to in a hospital, he heard a voice say: "Looks like bichloride of mercury." The story continues in the words of GRACE ECCLES and, later, JOHN ANSELL.

All this happiness and good fortune was due to a single cause, my belief in Truth as expounded by Noble Barclay. Day and night I sought some way of expressing my gratitude. I tried my best to gain new disciples for my Master but my brother-in-law and sister jeered cynically at these great elemental facts. When I realized that I was a prophet without honor in my own home, I sought other ways of expressing my appreciation of Noble Barclay's greatness.

A second miracle brought me that opportunity. I happened to hear through an employment agency that there was a vacancy in the Stenographic Department of none other than Truth Publications. I applied at once for this position and when the Head of the Department heard that I was not only one of Mr. Barclay's followers but would be satisfied with $16.50 a week, I was hired on the spot.

For more than a year I was but a cog in the wheel of his vast enterprises. I saw Mr. Barclay only when he walked through the general office with a cheerful smile for us working there. His physical presence affected me like a draught from a cool mountain stream. As soon as he appeared among us, girls who had been lazy and lackadaisical became brisk and efficient.

But I was shocked to discover that many employees were not believers in his principles, and wondered why he did not insist upon belief as a prerequisite of employment. How narrow-minded of me and how much broader his policy, who would not make arbitrary rules for his help but who was willing to give all the same opportunity! The Head of the Department was such a cynic that I felt privately that she did not deserve the honor of that position which she managed to hold because she got maximum work out of the girls and found many excuses to dock those who were guilty of small infractions of the rules.

Once again I was the vessel of what others may call chance or coincidence, but which I prefer to think of as a small miracle. Why was I lucky enough to be sitting in the office eating a box lunch when Mr. Barclay suddenly was seized with the desire to dictate while his secretary was enjoying his noon meal at a restaurant?

Up to this moment I had not met Mr. Barclay personally. My knees shook and the pencils rattled together in my unsteady hands.

With his almost omnipotent glance he noticed my tremors. "You're not afraid of me?" he asked in the kindest voice in the world.

"I adore you," I replied humbly.

THIS rejoinder from a member of the cynical Stenographic Department must have startled him, but he was self-contained and with infinite patience and tolerance, he asked my name. That was not all I told him! Careless of his valuable time, selfishly concerned with my own emotions, I poured out the whole story of my conversion. Ringing a bell, he summoned several of his aides and asked me to repeat for them the story of my introduction to his philosophy and the incidental episode concerning my ex-blind friend. They asked her name and address, promising they would not embarrass her with publicity anent her previous affair and assuring me that they meant only to confirm my happy story.

A few months after this, destiny called me to the position which I have enjoyed for seven years. It was not long before I gained Mr. Barclay's confidence and was able to keep him informed daily as to the undercurrents in the office, the crude and impolitic remarks of the envious and cynical, and the true nature of those who pretended to admire their employer. With an increase in my responsibilities came several substantial raises in salary. Mr. Barclay is more than generous with those upon whose loyalty he can depend.

Let me add here that in his personal life as well, I found Mr. Barclay generous to a fault. Not only did he give to charities which

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

FIRETRAP U.S.A.

BY J. K. LAGEMANN

Every fifty minutes of the year an American perishes in a preventable fire. The annual loss is over two billion dollars. Failure to observe simple safeguards makes the United States the world's worst deathtrap

THE sky is a red haze. The air is heavy with smoke. You have been driving for days but the road ahead seems endless.

On both sides, as closely spaced as on a city street, are the ruins of homes, schools, hospitals, hotels and factories—all charred and gutted by fire. You can't drive a mile without seeing the victims, laid out in rows before some smoldering pile.

This is no preview of atomic war. It's the highway of destruction which fire is now cutting across the nation. You'll have to drive 2,400 hideous miles before you have passed the buildings damaged or destroyed by fire so far this year. The loss of productive wealth they represent is already greater than Britain suffered during her two worst years of incendiary bombing in 1940 and 1941.

The dead you pass along this highway of flame average about five to the mile—about half of them women and children. Don't look at them too closely as you near the end of the 1946 stretch. One of them might be somebody you know.

If this sounds like a nightmare, that's just what it is. In the midst of a housing crisis, we've been burning our homes almost as fast as we can build them. While production of essential peacetime goods lags, we're letting fire destroy vast quantities of the goods and machinery to produce them. At a time when half the world faces starvation, fire is devastating twice as much farm property as floods have damaged during any year of the past quarter century.

Our sacrifice of human life makes even less sense. A long time ago, when we were still a British colony, one small New England community burned 19 "witches" at the stake. It's been on our national conscience ever since. But in this enlightened age, we think nothing of killing off Americans in preventable fires at the rate of 11,000 a year, 30 a day, 1 every 50 minutes. Over a third of them are children under 14 years old.

The very mention of polio strikes terror in the heart of every parent. Each year, we contribute millions to help medicine look for some means of preventing or curing it. But the means of preventing death by fire are known and we don't take the trouble to practice them. Every year, we allow avoidable fires to kill 4 times more children than polio. For every child it kills, fire leaves 3 maimed or disfigured.

As a symbol of war's horror, we erect monuments to unknown soldiers. If we ever get around to erecting monuments to the unknown victims of the peacetime horror of fire, a likely candidate is a four-year-old girl who perished with scores of other victims in the circus fire at Hartford, Connecticut. Death came by suffocation, and fire had not touched her long blond curls or pretty features. Parent after parent looked at her, then turned away. Photographs are still on file at the Hartford coroner's office. The little girl who came to laugh at the clowns rests in an unnamed grave.

We've always been careless with fire. Before the war, our per capita loss was four to six times that of any European country. Partly, of course, that's because we were richer. Today, with more than ever of the world's wealth concentrated here in the United States, we're burning it up faster than ever before in our history.

Losses Continue to Climb

For 8 years now, with only a brief respite early in the war, our rate of burning has gone relentlessly up. Last year, throwing off all wartime restraints, we burned up nearly $500,000,000, the highest annual loss ever recorded by the National Board of Fire Underwriters. We were only getting warmed up.

Month by month, 1946's direct fire losses have run consistently 27 to 35 per cent higher than last—over $300,000,000 tossed to the flames in the first 6 months. That's more than the total loss for any single full year from 1933 to 1940. Adding the far greater indirect costs of crippled production, intensified shortages, wage stoppages and increased public expenses, our fire bill for 1946 will run well over $2,000,000,000.

"No nation is large enough or rich enough to bear indefinitely this exhausting drain on its productive resources," warns Frank A. Cristensen, president of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. "When fire strikes, not only is the value of the property lost but its productive capacity is gone forever. Simple self-protection demands that we put down fire as we would put down an enemy invading our shores."

It's not going to be easy.

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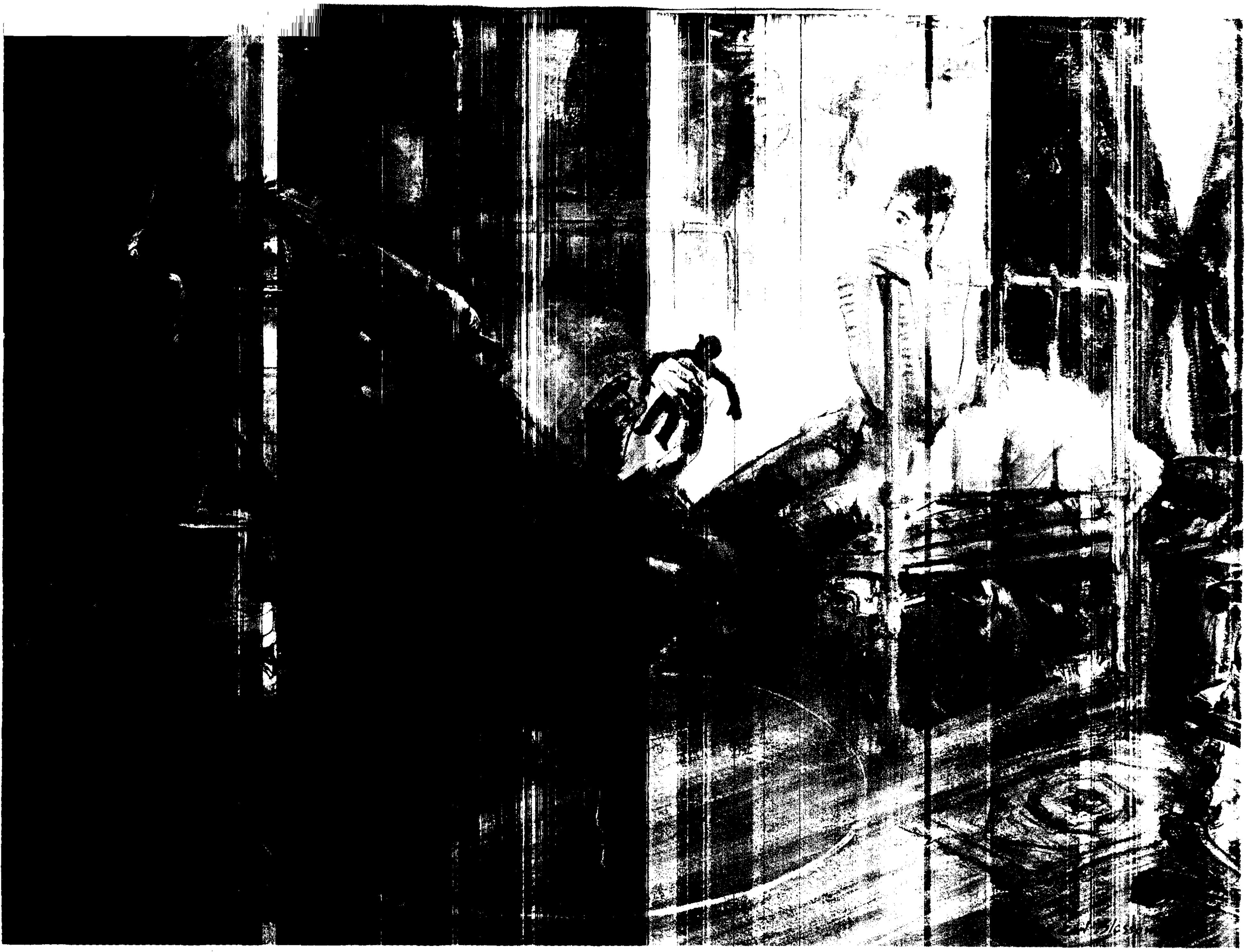
PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTE E. DENNING, JR.



I watched Weejo as he began sticking pins in the wax figurine. By the time he had finished, the wax [illegible] bristling with pins

THE WORM THAT EATS ITS TAIL

BY JOE COOGAN

Meet Joe Weejo—Master Chef, Lover Extraordinary (Ladies of Rank and/or Quality Only), and Practicing Wizard! The neighborhood kids believed him, and, after seeing what happened to Major McGowan, maybe you will, too

I WAS thirteen when I first met Joe Weejo, Master Chef and Sorcerer. Joe was a short-order cook in a Greek restaurant not far from our neighborhood, and perhaps his interest in witchcraft had started when his first mixture of household chemicals had undergone an oven transmutation into something rich and strange. Though, according to my mother, the something rich and strange, in Joe's case, usually turned out to be a rather lumpy cheesecake. But it wasn't Joe's mastery of the kitchen that first fascinated me and the other kids on Eighteenth Street.

The people on Eighteenth Street were neither rich nor poor, but poor enough to sit undershirted on the front steps without self-consciousness. On our block, the three-story-row houses were flanked by Temple University on the north and Julie Winters' male boarding-house on the southern end, and it was under this stone bushel that the light of Weejo's genius was temporarily hidden.

It was a typical Philadelphia summer afternoon, hot and muggy. Al Palmer, Harry Snyder, my kid brother and I were walking down the street after a baseball game, and Joe was sitting on the front steps. He was a short man with a figure like a partially deflated balloon, shriveled at the top and bulging slightly in the middle. He wore a pink silk undershirt, brown flannel pants, and a pair of high shiny yellow shoes. "Hey, kids," he shouted, "how'd the game go?" We told him that the game went pretty well.

"I used to be quite a ballplayer myself," said Joe, "before I became interested in the culinary art."

"The what?" said Al Palmer.

"Cooking," I said, feeling proud of my erudition.

"I'm not a cook," said Joe. "I'm a Master Chef, an artist. I've managed the best kitchens in the world. Watch out, son, don't scuff the shoes." He pointed to the shiny yellow leather. "These shoes cost me twenty dollars."

"You must make a lot of money," said Al Palmer.

"Earlier this summer, I made a thousand dollars a week at the Raymore Hotel in Atlantic City."

"If you made that much," said Harry "why are you living in this dump?"

"It's a long story," Joe said. "Do you want to hear it?" We weren't interested.

"What's it about?" I said.

"Women," Joe said. We were interested.

He leaned closer and whispered cautiously. "Whatever you do," he said, "don't tell anyone you know I live here. The world must never know that Weejo is in Philadelphia."

"Tell us about the women," said my brother. My brother is still like that.

"Well," he said, "I was sitting on the beach, two blocks from the Raymore, when I noticed a little boy clinging to the hand of a voluptuous woman."

"What's voluptuous?" asked Harry. Joe described the word graphically.

"I was wearing dark glasses," he said, "so the crowd wouldn't recognize me. Then I noticed the little boy had walked away from the woman and she was sprawled on the sand." He gave an interesting description of her position.

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ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

The Hunter's Bride

By Winifred Halsted

Opposites attract, so the saying goes. But Sally didn't have time to worry about that — and besides she wanted to prove to Henry it wasn't necessarily true

THE skittish sun came out and quickened with light the relaxed, casual beauty of September fields spreading quietly to the slow, far swell of hills. A flourish of drums and the wordless roar of an amplified voice split the cone of steady noise that capped the fair. The high-wire act sprang and poised tensely far above the grandstand.

Sally Lennox shuddered happily.

"Oh, my," she said, staring at the red tights, green tights, pink bodice, small against the sky. "I can't look, but I have to!"

"I *never* watch it," said Bess Gilmore.

Sally Lennox was small, elegant, dark-haired; Bess Gilmore shared something of September's easy, placid bloom. They were perched on the nose of the second-best Gilmore automobile, parked close to the rail of the horse-show ring. Jim Gilmore, tall and solid, his back to the ring, was staring toward the improvised paddock and squinting against the sun. Henry Crewe leaned loosely against a fender, hands in his pockets. He wasn't very tall, he had red hair, his profile was beaky.

"How can you not watch?" Sally asked Bess Gilmore admiringly.

"I just don't," said Bess.

Greatly taken by this simple, sensible recipe for a happy life, Henry Crewe glanced at Sally as if to make sure she appreciated it too. However, a moment's interested survey of her diverted him into saying, "Sally, you look very whimsical sitting up there."

"Do I? How do I usually look?"

Henry Crewe considered. "As if you were waiting for a doorman to call you a taxi."

"Henry," said Sally, "I think that's a definitely unattractive comment."

"Unattractive?" Henry raised a surprised eyebrow.

"Women." Jim Gilmore dismissed it for him. "I wonder how Bud Johnson's gray mare looks this year."

"Sally," said Henry, "Sally, dear, you look so pretty..." It was no comradely kiss.

"Why don't you and Henry go over to the paddock and look around?" said Bess Gilmore. She tried to send her husband a meaning look, but he was gazing genially at the surging crowd, the children licking fluffs of pink cotton candy, and all the tide of sound and movement that swirled around him.

"Why unattractive?" Henry Crewe pursued the thing with Sally Lennox.

"Because," said Sally, "it sounds as though ordinarily you just looked at some idea of me you'd cooked up, not me at all. Just some superficial—"

"Listen, Henry," began Jim Gilmore, "let me tell you something I've learned from a number of years of experience—"

Bess Gilmore said in a pleased tone that she saw Bud Johnson walking his gray over near the paddock; this time she managed to catch her husband's eye. Jim Gilmore grunted, but shrugged his shoulders good-naturedly. "Well, Henry, want to take a look around?"

"Now," said Bess Gilmore, as the two men moved away. "Sally, you got here so late last night we haven't had any chance to talk at all."

"I know," said Sally Lennox. "Henry kept swerving off on short cuts."

SHE smiled across the horse-show ring at the merry-go-round beyond, the whirling aeroplane swing, and the Ferris wheel that rose in a majestic, rickety sweep.

"Sally," said Bess Gilmore, "Sally, are you *interested* in him?" The infinitely compressed, infinitely useful feminine code word popped out like a cork from a bottle.

"Interested!" said Sally Lennox. She dared another apprehensive look at the high-wire act and drew in her breath sharply. Then she faced Bess. "You don't like him," she said.

"Of course I do! Yes, I do. After all, I've hardly seen him!"

"Well, I like him," said Sally.

Bess Gilmore had known Sally since they were respectively eighteen and seventeen and she recognized the tone.

"I wondered, from what you wrote," she said slowly, her own voice accepting the fact that Sally's mind was made up. "I mean from the *way* you wrote. How long have you known him?"

"Oh—quite a while. He's been in and out of New York. Whenever he comes I've—been glad to see him."

"What does he do?" asked Bess.

"He's a paleontologist," said Sally casually.

Bess looked apologetic.

"Bones," explained Sally. "He digs them up. Then he figures out what we looked like before we were human."

Bess looked dubious.

"Henry's quite an important person in bone circles," Sally instantly reacted in a light but lofty tone that intimated there were more circles in the world than Bess quite realized. She frowned austerely at the merry-go-round. "When he was quite young, he found a tooth in Java that made a *great* stir. On top of that, he found a toe-joint bone in China—"

"My goodness," said Bess. "Sally, it doesn't sound—but how did you ever, I mean why—"

"How should I know?" asked Sally irritably. "These things just happen. Call it chemistry. Call it biology." Her voice dropped a note. "Call it love."

Bess Gilmore was impressed. She knew that natural selection moves in a mysterious way its wonders to perform; she knew Sally was too young to marry in desperation, too old to marry offhandedly.

"If that's the way you feel about it," she said judicially, "then I'd go right ahead and marry him. He—I suppose he *does* make a living at it?" she added.

Sally nodded so airily that Bess was far from reassured. She instantly decided to marry off Betsey Ann, her four-year-old daughter, early and sensibly before complications had time to set in. She glanced at the program in her hand to conceal her thoughts, and then at the ring where a children's class in equitation was in progress.

She said she wasn't going to let Betsey Ann jump. "But," she went on, gesturing toward the children who were sitting their mounts with great seriousness, "I think this kind of thing may be good for them, don't you, Sally? Poise, and—well, *poise.*"

"Yes," said Sally vaguely.

"Sally, darling," said Bess, repentantly responding to the vagueness with a rush of genuine affection to make up for her lack of enthusiasm, "it's lovely, and you go right ahead and be happy. October's a nice month for a wedding, too. How would it be to be married around Columbus Day?"

"October is a very nice month, and around Columbus Day would be a very nice time to be married," said Sally Lennox in a small, tight voice, "provided the idea of marrying should ever occur to Henry."

"What!" said Bess Gilmore. She looked over her shoulder toward the paddock. "Talk fast. They may come back any minute. But I thought—*isn't* he—"

"I think so," said Sally. "I think so. But I don't think he knows it. And the idea of marrying—I'm sure it's never struck him."

"That part of it's up to you," said Bess impatiently. "But even if he is a paleon-what's-it, he's human, isn't he?"

"Of course," said Sally, stiffening. "What I mean is, marrying. . . . After all, why should he?"

In spite of, or perhaps because of long friendship, a small gleam of anticipation flickered far back in Bess Gilmore's eyes. "Oh, Sally—" she said deploring yet inviting the approach of vicarious sin.

"Listen, Bess," said Sally Lennox, "he loves his work and he's never bored; he lives around all over the map, he's perfectly free—"

"Tst," said Bess. "It seems selfish."

"Isn't it?" said Sally. "Isn't it?"

There was a moody pause.

"I don't care," said Bess, "men *do* want homes; and they do like to be comfortable. It's all the little things, like laundry."

"He probably throws his away," said Sally wearily. "Who's to stop him?"

"Stop looking at it from his point of view and being so reasonable," said Bess. "Women can't *afford* to be reasonable!"

The voice of the ringmaster broke in, carried by his own small amplifier. "Reverse, please, Mr. Wyatt," it requested.

Sally Lennox watched Mr. Wyatt, the size of a dime on a large black horse, as he elegantly persuaded his mount to turn around with proper formality.

"You mean," she asked with a feeble smile, "that I ought to turn around and be unreasonable and difficult?"

"Sally," said Bess Gilmore, "do you *really* want to marry him?"

"It's practically killing me," said Sally. "Oh, Bess, I'm glad I came. When you wrote me about coming for the week end, I thought you wouldn't mind my bringing—and that maybe a new background—"

"Sally, *dear,"* said Bess Gilmore comprehensively, "of *course."*

They sat in silence, in closed ranks of understanding.

The sun shone, the band played; in a ribbon of action and colored silks the first heat of a trotting race streamed around the track that girdled the fairgrounds. Jim Gilmore and Henry Crewe came back from the paddock. Jim said he supposed Sally and Bess had their plans all knocked into shape by now. His wife repressed him with a look, and invited Henry to come up and sit with her and Sally. Henry fitted himself in between Sally and the windshield. He put a hand on Sally's shoulder.

"Bird bones," he observed interestedly. It had a more personal note than his usual generalized interest in bones, even in the human foot—his greatest admiration.

BESS beamed up to the hand upon the shoulder. Sally felt warmed by love and hope, and reinforcement by Bess.

"I don't know when I've felt so happy," she said. "Don't say it has anything to do with glands, Henry. I don't feel like being reasonable about it."

Bess said she was glad to hear that. Henry said genteelly that he never mentioned glands in mixed company. "Do you think Sally's too reasonable?" he asked Bess.

"What do you think?" said Sally.

"I hadn't thought," said Henry lazily, "except that you're rather nice to have around, of course."

"Flatterer," said Sally. "Gallantry, gallantry, how you do dish it out!"

She saw her error plainly. Henry took her for granted. She was the hunter's bride, ready and waiting whenever he turned up. He didn't even have to think; she was reasonable and easy to get on with. Bess was right. Sally felt a great need for distraction and suggested a tour of the midway to Henry.

They wandered contentedly, sharing a box of hot buttered popcorn. They walked past the bingo table, and watched the players keep track of their luck with grains of corn.

"You wouldn't think people would gamble for fun," said Sally, "when just living is chancy enough."

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY H. E. BISCHOFF

1946 FOOTBALL FORECAST

BY LOU LITTLE

Columbia's veteran coach tells you why this will be the greatest grid season in history. And sportdom's statistical analyst, Dick Dunkel, presents his pre-season ratings of the teams

THE best preview of the impending football season was inadvertently presented recently by a young tackle who had starred in high school and had then gone directly into service where he excelled on a G.I. team. His service coach asked him if he felt nervous about playing college football this fall.

"I'll eat those college kids alive," coolly predicted the boy who had never yet been to college.

That is the sort of aggressive spirit that will provide football with its greatest fireworks this fall.

Approximately 50 per cent of the players on college squads will be former G.I.s. In some schools, like the Universities of Texas, San Francisco and Utah, the percentages run to 80 and 95 per cent. About 650 colleges will field squads, more than three times as many as last year. And, of the G.I.s at these colleges, the majority will be former lettermen who have not played football for several years.

Coach Wally Butts of Georgia predicts more upsets this year than ever before. I agree with him. The average good team may lose from two to four games and even a superior team may drop several decisions.

Mind you, the 1946 brand of football will be the best we have ever had and will completely overshadow that which I played in 1920 after the first World War. But how will the players fit into this game?

Of the boys who had a chance to keep up football in service we know—of the large number who laid off the game we cannot tell. We are certain that brilliant established performers will run wild on gridirons from coast to coast. And we realize, as Coach Carl Snavely of North Carolina says, that many unpublicized servicemen will sparkle in 1946. So we can point here and there with reasonable confidence, but the season simply sizzles with unknown factors.

Lieutenant Colonel Tuss McLaughrey, Dartmouth coach, was in contact with thousands of men as a personnel director in the Marine Corps during the war. He was amazed at the number, many of them football players, who were planning to shift to new academic studies when they got out of service. This shifting may lead to some interesting gridiron situations.

Consider hypothetical Tom Brown, who was a crack sophomore halfback at school X. While in service, Tom's

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Felix Blanchard (35), Army's star fullback, carries the ball in the 1945 Villanova game. Halfback Glenn Davis (41) stands at left

INTERNATIONAL

1946

RATING OF THE TEAMS

BY DICK DUNKEL

THE comparative ratings of college grid teams in this preseason survey are based entirely on statistical analysis. In assaying the preseason relative strength of the teams, the final ratings of last year are adjusted in accordance with a formula that, through 17 years of research, has proved to be 80 per cent correct. The chief factors are: (1) the average team varies only seven per cent in rating from year to year, and (2) the amount of such variation depends almost entirely on the quantity and quality of returnees and new players.

On the basis of these calculations, the statistical probabilities are that Army's power-packed, Blanchard-geared and Davis-paced team will again ride over all opposition on the gridiron to become the No. 1 team of 1946. But the West Pointers will be hard pressed by Alabama, Notre Dame, Michigan and Indiana. In the various sections the power edge belongs to the Middle West and the South.

We are inclined to pick the Army-Notre Dame game on November 9th at Yankee Stadium as the game of the year, while selecting the following as scarcely less important: September 28th: Notre Dame-Illinois at Champaign; Michigan-Indiana at Ann Arbor. October 5th: Duke-Tennessee at Durham; Oklahoma A & M-Texas at Austin; Ohio State-Southern California at Los Angeles. October 12th: Army-Michigan at Ann Arbor; Indiana-Illinois at Bloomington: Duke-Navy at Baltimore. October 26th: Army-Duke at New York; Michigan-Illinois at Ann Arbor; Penn-Navy at Philadelphia. November 2d: Alabama-Georgia at Athens: Notre Dame-Navy at Baltimore. November 16th: Army-Penn at Philadelphia. November 23d: Michigan-Ohio State at Columbus; Duke-North Carolina at Chapel Hill. November 30th: Notre Dame-Southern California at South Bend; Army-Navy at Philadelphia.

This year, the average coach has 60 per cent more experienced players on his squad than in a normal prewar year; he has 21 men of first-string caliber, with an average of 1.7 years of college varsity experience. Eleven of them were on last year's team, ten are returning from a former era, and there's a horde of new talent pushing in. The Middle West and the South will get the biggest dividend from returning G.I.s. Less lucky are approximately 420 colleges that are resuming the game in 1946 after layoffs of from one to five years.

In these forecasts we are always being stalked and sometimes thrown by that old imponderable, the human equation. In actual battle, speedy halfbacks and barrel-chested tackles emerge from nowhere to boost their unsung teammates to glory, while many a preseason paladin bites the dust. So, humanity and football being what they are, we'll need an element of luck along with statistics to make our quota of "four out of five right" hold in these Dunkel ratings. ★★★

Preseason Rank of the 40 Strongest Teams of 1946 and Their Stars

1. ARMY	Blanchard, fb; Davis, hb; Tucker, qb; McWilliams, hb; Poole, e; Foldberg, e; Gerometta, g; Fuson, c.
2. ALABAMA	Gilmer, hb; Mancha, c; Tew, hb; Cook, e; Compton, t; Mosley, hb.
3. NOTRE DAME	Lujak, qb; Mello, fb; Sitko, hb; Connor, t; Mastrangelo, g; Kosikowski, e.
4. MICHIGAN	Dworsky, fb; Robinson, hb; Elliott, hb; Carpenter, t; Ballou, t; Traugott, hb.
5. INDIANA	Brown, g; Pihos, fb; Deal, t; Goldsberry, t; Sowinski, g; Cannady, c.
6. PENNSYLVANIA	Savitsky, t; Dickerson, g; Evans, tb; Falcone, bb; Schneider, wb; Allen, fb.
7. ILLINOIS	Young, hb; Patterson, hb; Rykovich, hb; Agase, g; Wenskunas, c; Valek, e.
8. OHIO STATE	Amling, t; Krall, hb; James, hb; Schnittker, t; Souders, e; Csuri, t.
9. GEORGIA	Trippi, hb; Smith, hb; St. John, g; Gatewood, hb; Sasser, e; William, t.
10. NAVY	Bramlett, e; Bartos, fb; Scott, c; Smith, t; Minisi, hb.
11. DUKE	Clark, hb; Mote, e; DiRogatis, t; Knotts, g; Luper, hb; Hartley, hb.
12. SO. CALIFORNIA	Ferraro, t; McCardle, b; Callanan, e; Tannehill, b; Musick, t; Gray, b.
13. OKLAHOMA A & M	Fenimore, hb; Watson, qb; Parmer, fb; Cheek, t; Armstrong, e; Spencer, t.
14. TULSA	LeForce, hb; Brown, hb; Haynes, g; Moseley, e; Hellinghausen, c; Green, e.
15. LOUISIANA STATE	Knight, fb; Sandifer, hb; Tullos, t; Burkett, fb; Champagne, t; Richmond, e.
16. TEXAS	Layne, hb; Bechtol, e; Harris, c; Jones, fb; Landry, hb; Kelley, t.
17. TENNESSEE	Slater, tb; Hoffman, t; Drost, g; Hubbell, e; Crawford, t; Major, fb.
18. NORTHWESTERN	Gorski, e; McKinley, hb; DePauw, g; Hirsch, fb; Aschenbrenner, hb; Di Francisca, g.
19. WISCONSIN	Esser, t; Fuchs, qb; Kindt, hb; Negus, c; Rennebohm, hb; Currier, g.
20. GEORGIA TECH	Broyles, qb; Davis, t; Duke, c; Mathews, hb; Healey, g; McHugh, hb.
21. NORTH CAROLINA	Justice, qb; Highsmith, c; Warren, qb; Hazelwood, t; Varney, g; Rubish, e.
22. PURDUE	Cody, fb; Canfield, hb; DeMoss, qb; Barwegen, g; Johnson, c; Szulborski, hb.
23. UCLA	Rossi, hb; Roesch, hb; Fears, e; Malmberg, t; Paul, c; Steiner, g.
24. WASHINGTON STATE	Ward, g; Lippincott, hb; Niemi, g; Bacoka, e; Arps, c; Sloan, fb.
25. HOLY CROSS	Kissell, fb; Cregar, g; Conroy, qb; Roberts, e; Sullivan, fb; Ball, qb.
26. TEXAS A & M	Moncrief, t; Dickey, t; Winkler, g; Welch, b; Zapalac, b; Howell, e.
27. SO. METHODIST	Wilson, e; Page, wb; Cook, g; McClintock, bb; Keeton, e; Baxter, c.
28. ST. MARY'S, CAL.	Wedemeyer, hb; Ryan, e; Cuccia, c; McPartland, t; Odisio, qb; Ahlstrom, fb.
29. MISSISSIPPI STATE	Murphy, tb; Hildebrand, e; Garrett, t; Davis, tb; Sidorik, t.
30. BAYLOR	Pierce, b; Johnson, g; Price, b; Gandy, e; Griffin, g; Kittrell, b.
31. COLUMBIA	Kusserow, b; Rossides, b; Kasprzak, b; Sniadack, c; Hasselman, t; Karas, g.
32. YALE	Hollingshead, t; Barzilauskas, t; Schuler, g; Kirk, b; Dakos, b.
33. MICHIGAN STATE	Reader, hb; Gilpin, qb; Balge, e; Roskopp, e; Connor, g; Mencotti, fb.
34. WAKE FOREST	Cochran, b; Sacrienty, b; Ognovich, b; Hobbs, t; Royston, g; Bruno, e.
35. CLEMSON	Jenkins, c; Turner, t; Clark, e; Gillespie, g; Smith, t; Poe, wb.
36. OREGON STATE	Lorenz, e; Stevens, fb; Austin, t; Gray, c; Samuel, hb; Chaves, g.
37. MIAMI, FLA.	Ghaul, fb; DeMarco, g; James, c; Eldridge, hb; Klein, g; Frantz, t.
38. CALIFORNIA	Kenfield, b; Chamber, e; Najarian, t; Klinger, g; Stone, hb; Susoeff, c.
39. ARIZONA	McDonald, fb; Penn, hb; Wuertz, g; Peterson, qb; Coppinger, e; Black, e.
40. WASHINGTON	McGovern, c; Hemstad, qb; Weinmeister, fb; Provo, hb; Robinson, hb.

●

The Order of Strength in Conferences and Leagues

Big Nine

1. MICHIGAN
2. INDIANA
3. ILLINOIS
4. OHIO STATE
5. NORTHWESTERN
6. WISCONSIN
7. PURDUE
8. MINNESOTA
9. IOWA

"Ivy League"

1. ARMY
2. PENNSYLVANIA
3. NAVY
4. COLUMBIA
5. YALE
6. DARTMOUTH
7. CORNELL
8. BROWN
9. HARVARD
10. PRINCETON

Southern

1. DUKE
2. NORTH CAROLINA
3. WAKE FOREST
4. CLEMSON
5. WILLIAM & MARY
6. MARYLAND
7. SOUTH CAROLINA
8. N. C. STATE
9. VIRGINIA
10. VIRGINIA POLY
11. VIRGINIA MILITARY
12. RICHMOND
13. FURMAN
14. GEO. WASHINGTON
15. DAVIDSON
16. CITADEL
17. WASHINGTON & LEE

Southeastern

1. ALABAMA
2. GEORGIA
3. LOUISIANA STATE
4. TENNESSEE
5. GEORGIA TECH
6. MISSISSIPPI STATE
7. AUBURN
8. TULANE
9. KENTUCKY
10. FLORIDA
11. MISSISSIPPI
12. VANDERBILT

Missouri Valley

1. OKLAHOMA A & M
2. TULSA
3. CREIGHTON
4. DRAKE
5. ST. LOUIS
6. WASHINGTON U.

Big Six

1. MISSOURI
2. OKLAHOMA
3. NEBRASKA
4. IOWA STATE
5. KANSAS
6. KANSAS STATE

Pacific Coast

1. SO. CALIFORNIA
2. UCLA
3. WASHINGTON STATE
4. OREGON STATE
5. CALIFORNIA
6. WASHINGTON
7. OREGON
8. STANFORD

Southwest

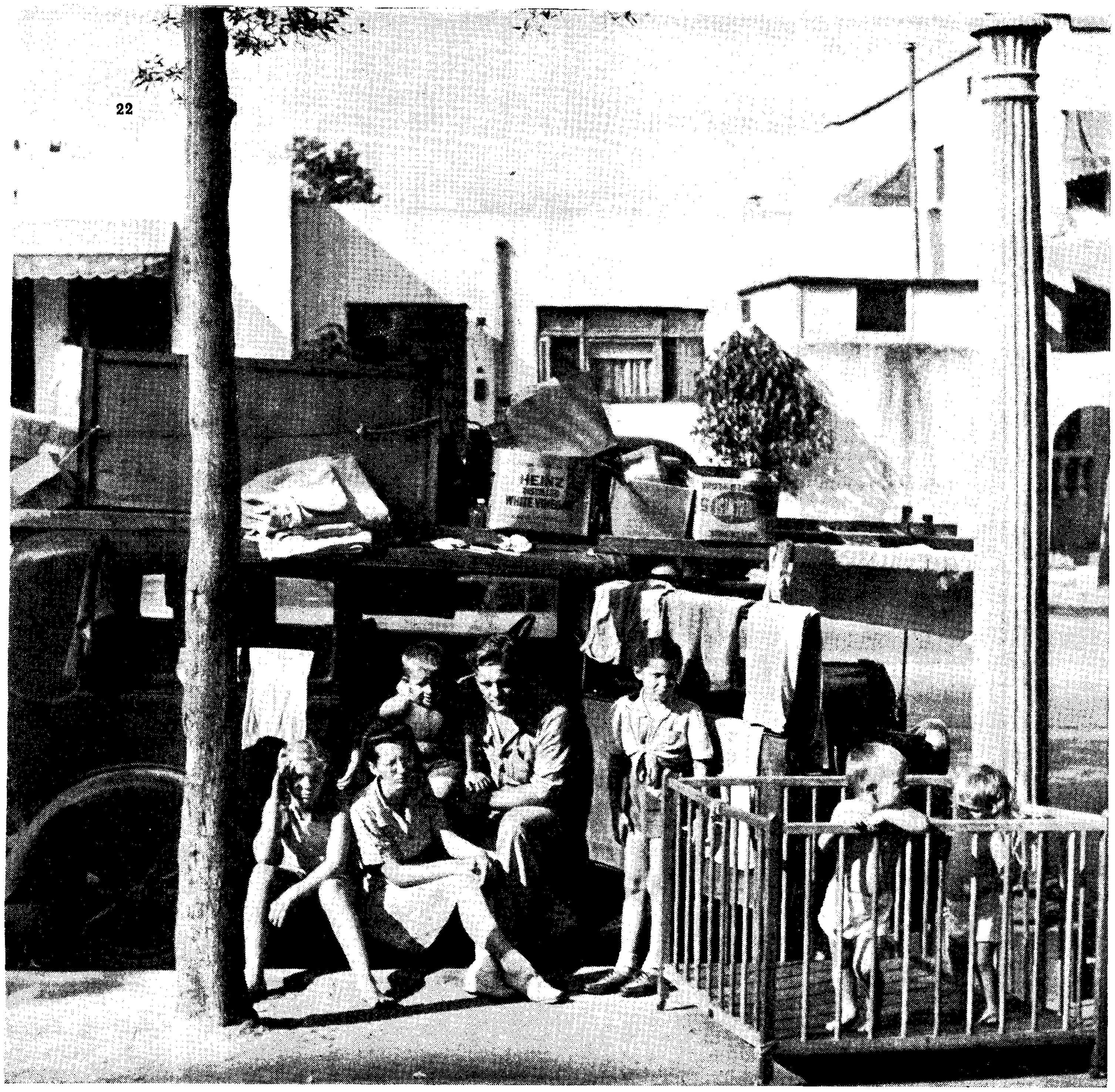
1. TEXAS
2. TEXAS A & M
3. SO. METHODIST
4. BAYLOR
5. RICE
6. TEXAS CHRISTIAN
7. ARKANSAS

Big Seven

1. UTAH
2. DENVER
3. COLORADO
4. COLORADO A & M
5. UTAH STATE
6. BRIGHAM YOUNG
7. WYOMING

Border

1. ARIZONA
2. TEXAS TECH
3. WEST TEXAS STATE
4. NEW MEXICO
5. HARDIN-SIMMONS
6. TEXAS MINES
7. FLAGSTAFF STATE
8. TEMPE STATE
9. NEW MEXICO A & M



A home in the street. Many Los Angeles families, evicted from houses and apartments, have no other place to go

CHAOS ON THE COAST

BY JIM MARSHALL

The SRO signs are out in California, relief costs go soaring—and still the sun-hungry hordes are rolling in

WHEN the war quit the West Coast leaned back and had a dream. Now all the two million workers who had flooded in from the Middle West and South would hit the trail east over US 66 and 10 and 20 and 30 and 50. The millions of soldiers who had crammed into camps, the scores of thousands of sailors and Marines who had jammed every port from Seattle to San Diego, would scatter. The wives and families who had followed their fighting men to the Coast would go back home. Airplane factories, shipyards, lumber mills, munitions plants would either close down or get "back to normal."

Now maybe someone would be able to get a room in a hotel, or see a movie without standing in line for an hour, or eat in a restaurant without lining up and bribing the headwaiter, or roll the highways Sundays with a few feet between bumpers. Nothing like this happened.

The Coast today has more people than it had during the war years; the trend of travel, instead of being east, is still west. States like Oklahoma, Louisiana, the Carolinas, Montana, the Dakotas, Georgia, which lost population—up to 300,000 a state in some cases—still haven't got back their missing people.

The out-of-staters, instead of going home, have sent East for friends and families; so have fighting men who, after stopping briefly on the Coast on their way to the Pacific, could hardly wait to get back and settle down between the Rockies and the Sierras and the ocean.

As fall approached, another influx of new settlers got ready to move into southern California. These were the shipyard and plane-factory workers who emigrated from the Middle West and South to the North Pacific Coast during the war. Since the victory, they had been living on savings, on War Bonds, on unemployment doles in the Puget Sound and Columbia River country. Now, the money was about gone and what to do?

"Why, southern California, of course," they said, as the rains set in and no jobs turned up in lumbering or fishing or farm work. "You can live in California for next to nothing; don't need any heat; pick oranges anywhere . . ."

It is curious how that old myth lives on—despite the fact that living costs in California are far above the national average, that you *do* need heat, and that a good way to get in jail for six months is to rob an orange grove.

As the rains started in the Pacific Northwest, the old cars loaded with families and family belongings sputtered south down US 101 and US 99 and from central Washington and Oregon, down US 97. They were headed for the sunny Southland, and how they would live, or where, they didn't seem to know.

Neither did the sunny Southland.

Meanwhile, people who had a little dough tried to build homes. . . .

Twenty-three miles from Los Angeles City Hall we sat with Bill Ivins, a combat veteran, inside the stark studding of a home he had been trying to build since February.

"Look," he said, "you may not believe it, but I had to get exactly one hundred and two permits, licenses and priorities before I started to build. Count 'em!" He dug wads of them out of a battered brief case.

"This place—if I ever get it finished, which I begin to doubt—will set me back about $17,000," he said. "The builders tell me ten months is normal time for building a six-room home today. My place here is built on the same plans my old man used out in Westwood in 1931. It cost him $6,500 and it took seven weeks to build—out of good seasoned Douglas fir.

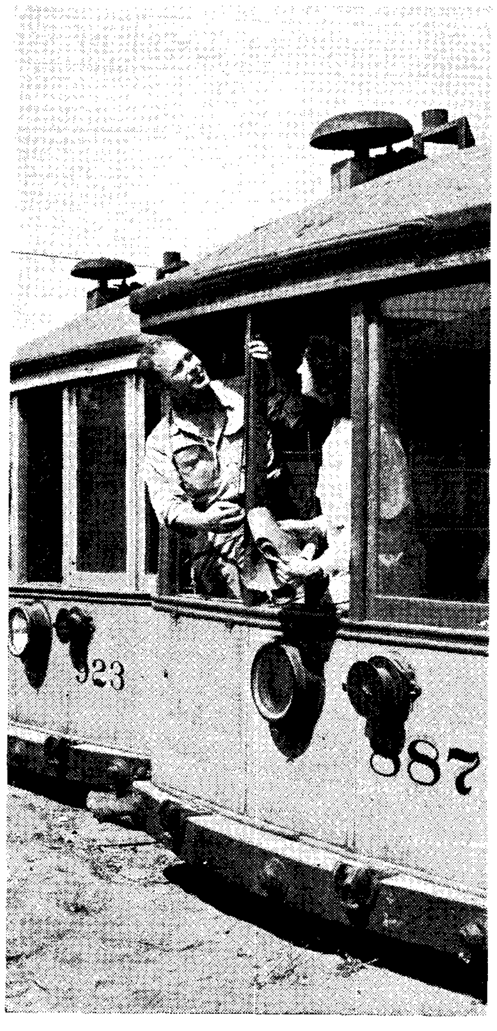
"Look at this stuff!" he ran a hand along a skinny, unseasoned two-by-four. "What's going to happen to the stucco when this dries out?"

All over southern California are thousands of these home skeletons, ten, twenty, thirty-five per cent completed—and temporarily abandoned for lack of labor and material—more than a year after the last shot was fired.

In August the National Association of Home Builders said that in southern California only seven per cent of the new homes started since January had been completed. Ninety-three out of every hundred still were uninhabitable.

By mid-1946 California—especially southern California—was acquiring puzzle wrinkles, and not just about buildings, either. More than a million dollars

(Continued on page 59)



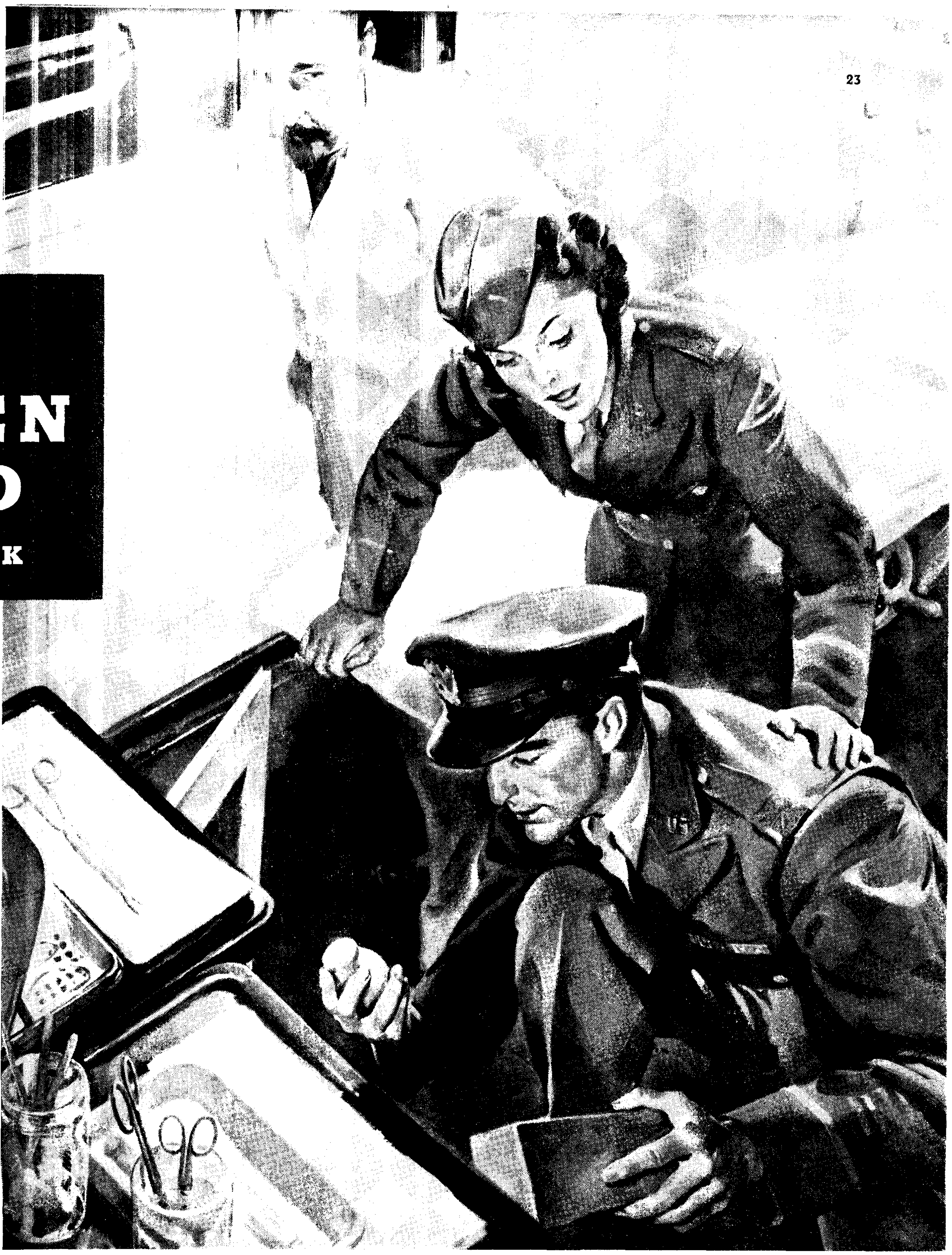
Hundreds of Californians are living in old streetcars. Here a fair client gets a sales demonstration

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING–PIX

A precious new commodity was being sold on the black market in Vienna; women and children died for want of it, and men committed murder to obtain it

The GOLDEN MOLD

BY PAT FRANK



"There's a hundred thousand units in here," said Maui as he picked up the tiny jar. "Had a pretty nice business here, didn't you, Dr. Fles?"

ONE morning in late summer, Maui Nickel, captain in the Counter-intelligence Corps, rose later than usual. He had been up until long after midnight, exploring the cafés, a young man so lean that he looked hungry as any Viennese, dressed in the shabby gray gabardine suit that was his uniform after dark. Miraculously, when summer came the cafés had revived, spreading out on the sidewalks as he remembered them before the war. But they had become places of forbidden trade rather than gaiety. Their only music was the whisper of business and the rustle of hundred-schilling notes passed under a table.

He woke with a bad taste in his memory. He had gone first to the Café de l'Europe, facing the burned-out grandeur of St. Stephen's. In a way, St. Stephen's symbolized all Vienna. The soft night hid the scars of war, but inside where there had been the radiance and beauty of stained glass there were only boards, or ugly wounds open to the skies. Inside there was emptiness and despair.

He had sat for a hour, with the brief case that is the badge of the black-market operator on the table before him, drinking his *capuziner,* which contained neither coffee nor sugar nor cream, but only a brown fluid which was ersatz for all three. He had been watching faces, and caching them in the index of his mind, when a new face came to his table. It was a face thin and beaked, supported by a wrinkled neck and an incongruously well-nourished body. The man had sat down and said, "You are in business?"

"Yes." Maui had admitted.

"I thought you looked like a professional. What is it you're after?"

"Diamonds." Behind the bushes in the Karlsplatz, women and children traded for food, chocolate and cigarettes. In the Volksgarten, where little wooden obelisks, red paint already peeling from them, told where Soviet soldiers had died, men bartered for cameras and watches and clothing. But in the cafés there was big business only—diamonds and gold and American dollars.

"I can give diamonds," the man had said, "for the golden mold."

"The golden mold?"

"Don't you know what it is?"

"No."

The man had inspected him quizzically before he spoke again. "The golden mold is penicillin. Some has been coming into the bourse recently. For it I can get colossal prices." The man had smiled. "It is surprising what people will give for penicillin."

"Perhaps," Maui suggested, "if I knew the basic source—"

"The Americans, naturally. The Americans will do anything for money. Unfortunately, I myself, am not in a position to approach them. They have me on a list."

"I know some Americans."

"I will be here, at about this hour, every night. If you can obtain penicillin, I will make a deal in diamonds."

Maui had watched the man with the beaked face go, and he knew that in other cafés this man would be seeking penicillin—or operators who could find it. Later that night, at the Wögerer and the Metropole, he heard more whispers of the golden mold. It was a new commodity of trade, the rarest of all.

The penicillin, Maui considered as he put on his jacket and adjusted his khaki tie, would be a new headache. Of course, it might come from the British or French stores—he believed the Russians used a different drug, but he wasn't sure—but in any case it would be a headache. It meant new temptation in every Allied hospital in Vienna, and a new opportunity for accumulating power and wealth for every black-marketer.

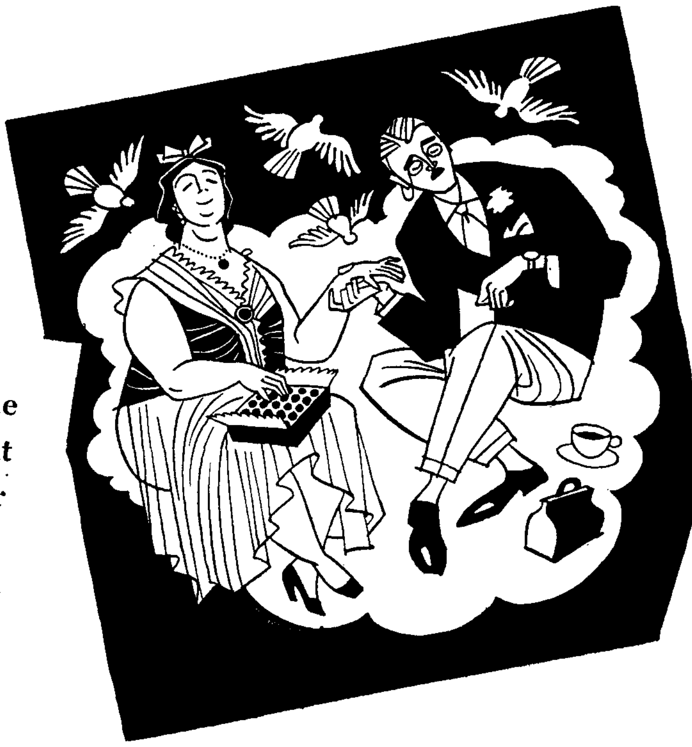
He drove to the somber National Bank Building that had become headquarters for United States Forces Austria. He took the elevator to the third floor and stepped into the outer office of Colonel Blankenship, chief of Intelligence, to perform a happy little ritual.

At a desk guarding Blankenship's inner office sat Second Lieutenant Roberta L'Esperance, the colonel's green-eyed secretary. Maui prowled impatiently around the walls, pretending to examine the large-scale maps of the Vienna enclave and central Europe, until there was no other traffic through the room. Then he advanced on the desk of Lieutenant L'Esperance, looked around to be sure they were alone, and ruined her lipstick. Presently she took her hands from his shoulders and whispered, "Our furloughs came through, Maui! Tomorrow, Switzerland! There'll be

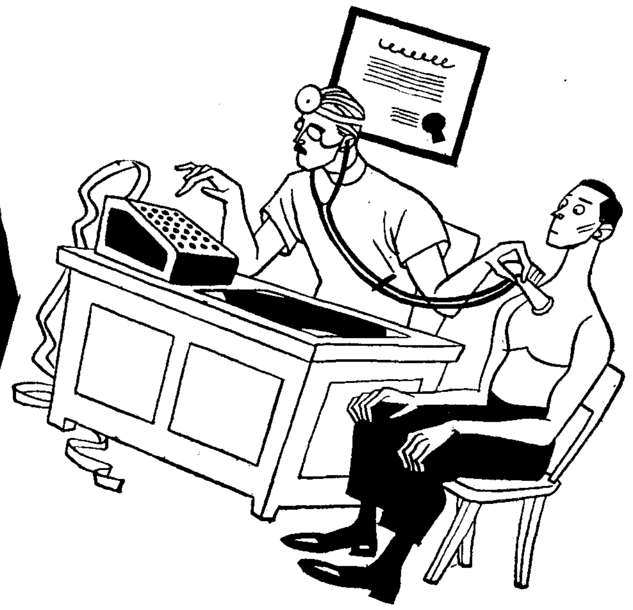
(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

With organized medicine on the one side and the government plans on the other, the fight over health insurance approaches a climax. Here an authoritative medical writer reveals to you what the scrapping is all about



Nothing, says organized medicine, must interfere with the patient's right to choose a doctor, nor the privacy of doctor-patient relations



No one knows, yet, how much red tape might result from a federal insurance plan under which the doctor would have to collect his fee from the government

BATTLE OF THE BEDSIDE

BY ALBERT Q. MAISEL

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

LIKE it or not, want it or not, understand it or not, the chances are excellent that one of these days you will be paying your doctor by the year instead of by the call.

Once a month or once a year you will pay the premium on something called "health insurance." Then, when the surgeon removes your appendix or the doctor treats your sniffles, there will be no question of how, nor of how much, to pay him. You will just sign a slip and after the unwinding of a yet unmeasured amount of red tape, he will be paid by some health insurance agency.

If Senators Wagner, Murray and Pepper and one large group of doctors and social workers have their way, this health insurance agency will be an arm of the federal government, a part of the Social Security system. You will then pay your doctor's bills the way you now pay for unemployment or old-age insurance—through a pay-roll deduction tax.

If Dr. Morris Fishbein and the American Medical Association have their way, your health insurance agency will be any one of a long series of Medical Society-sponsored "Voluntary Prepayment Medical Care" plans. You will probably pay your premium in the form of deductions from your pay check.

Under either system it would presumably be possible for patients who wanted to, or could afford to, to patronize private physicians. At first glance it would seem that there isn't much difference between the two ideas. Either way, you pay your money and you get your doctor. But if you were really read up on medical economics you would realize that the question is not that simple. The paper used to print the arguments on both sides could pave a road to the moon.

To the experts who favor the government-controlled plan, Dr. Morris Fishbein and the trustees of the American Medical Association are "a gang of economic royalists, jealously guarding their vested interests by posing as the trustees of the public health while they plan to make good medicine hard to get and hellishly expensive."

To Dr. Fishbein and the rest of the leaders of the American Medical Association, the doctors who favor government insurance appear to be a wild group of medical traitors for whom the word "Communist" is but a mild epithet. As for the senators and congressmen and public officials who support government health insurance—including the President—they are "socialistic-minded, totalitarian bureaucrats."

To listen to the arguments, one would think the two groups were as far apart today as they were ten or fifteen years ago . . . instead of so close together that you have considerable difficulty understanding what they are all so het up about. Because they really *were* poles apart. In those days the American Medical Association stood foursquare for the good, old-fashioned way of practicing medicine—when the doctor charged what the traffic would bear and collected his bills if he could. In those days, the American Medical Association fought all attempts at setting up any system of health insurance. Medical societies even expelled doctors who had the nerve to join up in groups and to secure customers who would pay them in advance on a monthly or yearly subscription basis.

The position of Dr. Fishbein and the moguls of the American Medical Association—in those days—was that nothing should interfere with the sacred privacy of the relationship between the patient and his doctor. It was a wonderful position to take. The only trouble was that it did not solve the problem of the man who needed an operation and couldn't afford one. Nor did it help the doctor who needed a patient and couldn't find one.

Year after year, despite the high principles of the American Medical Association—principles which Dr. Fishbein and others re-echoed in thousands of speeches and statements—more and more doctors and more and more patients began to look for ways of meeting a medical or surgical emergency that would free the doctor from the need of being a fall guy or philanthropist, and would free the patient from the necessity of mortgaging his car, his home and his future in order to pay for the baby or for the removal of his appendix.

More Support for the Bill

Meanwhile, every year, Senators Wagner and Murray and Congressman Dingell would put their government plan bill into the Congressional hopper. And despite all of Dr. Fishbein's thundering about its socialistic and totalitarian tendencies, more and more people like Gerard Swope, David Sarnoff, Gardner Cowles, Bernard Gimbel and Barry Bingham—who couldn't possibly be called Socialists—favored the bill.

The Wagner - Murray - Dingell bills have never yet gotten to the point of being voted upon and passed. But after each round of fighting, public opinion polls showed that an overwhelming percentage of people favored the idea of getting medical care paid for by some sort of insurance system. At this point the trustees of the American Medical Association changed their tactics, reversed their field, made a wild run for the opposite goal posts and plunked in favor of health insurance . . . the voluntary prepayment kind, with the insuring agency owned and operated by Medical Society subsidiaries.

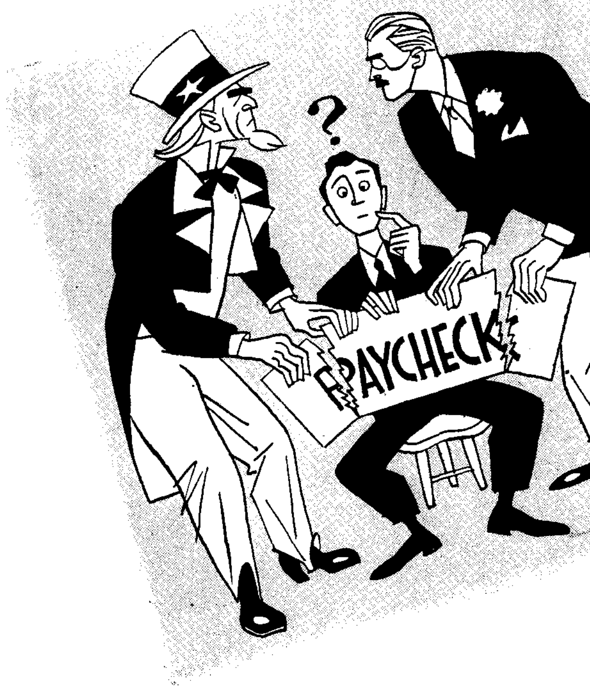
The turnabout was complete and breath-taking. But it had to come fast, because many of the state and county societies that make up the A.M.A. had already jumped on the insurance band wagon and were busy operating or planning to operate insurance companies of their own.

Mean people with long memories like to embarrass Dr. Fishbein and his associates—who are not easily embarrassed men—by pointing out how many of their arguments fell by the wayside when they discovered that they really did favor health insurance after all.

There was, for instance, the argument about "the patient's inalienable American right to a free choice of doctors." But when the so-called "voluntary" or Medical Society insurance outfits were set up, the subscriber found that his choice of doctors, in many cases, was limited to those who were willing to become members of the system.

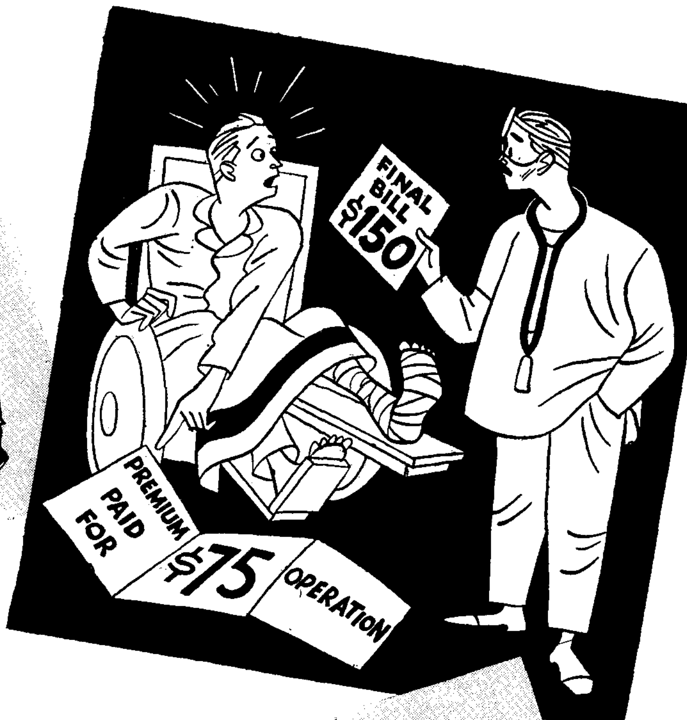
Another of the favorite arguments against a government-run insurance plan centers around the tremendous nonmedical bureaucracy that would allegedly be necessary to administer it. But as soon as the voluntary prepayment plans began to grow to any size at all, they developed their own very substantial staffs of clerks and tabulating-machine operators and officials and executive directors.

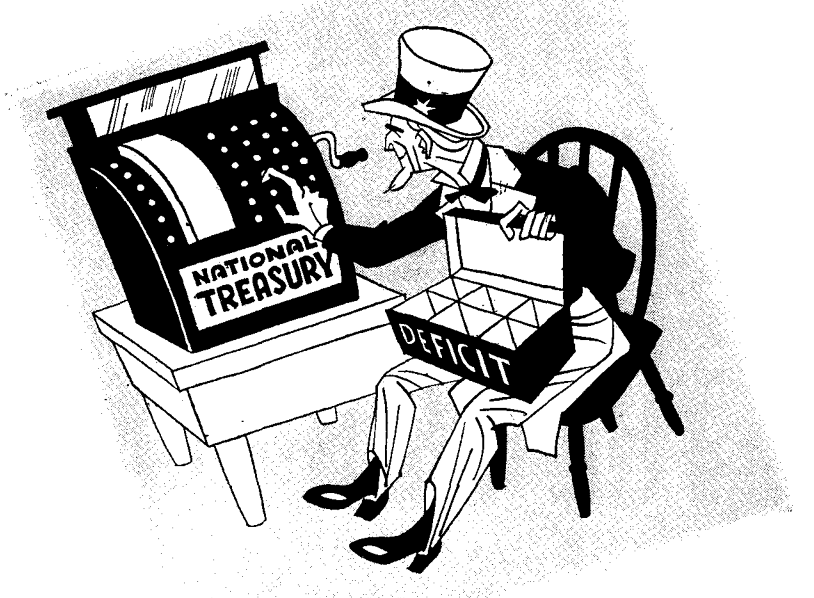
Still another of the arguments against government insurance was the idea that a substantial proportion of the doctors—with or without the aid of their patients—would connive to cheat the system by giving unnecessary medical care or by billing for more care than they actually gave the patient. As Dr. Fishbein fre-



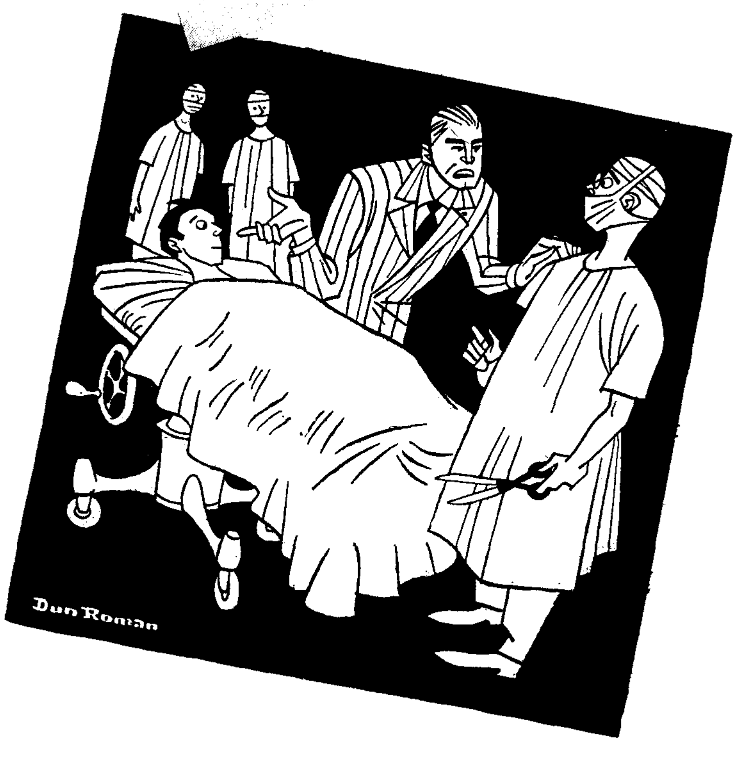
Federal plan or private plan—on the surface it looks the same to the patient because the cost of keeping him well will be deducted directly from his pay check

In some cases, patients who are insured in private medical plans have found themselves faced with extra expenses





Deficits could not wreck a federal plan, the proponents contend. The taxpayers, through the Treasury, would be required to cover any extra costs



As the third party in doctor-patient dealings, the insurance man sometimes asks embarrassing questions about the need for medical service

quently put it, "Physicians are only slightly more honest than lawyers and bankers."

This argument washed out during the first years of operation of one of the largest voluntary medical care plans—that of the Michigan Medical Society. It appeared rather promptly that it did not matter very much whether the insurance scheme was being run by the government or by the doctors. The cheats cheated anyhow. And as soon as the Michigan Medical Service began to step in to control the cheats (for example the doctor who suddenly found 27 patients needing expensive hernia operations) another old argument against government insurance fell by the wayside.

The doctors discovered that the only way to control cheating was by setting up a system of inspection, questioning and auditing. Immediately the "third party," who is never supposed to come between the patient and the physician, stepped in in the person of an insurance man asking nasty little questions about "Is this operation really necessary?"

Within the last four or five years—since the American Medical Association took the curse of excommunication off health insurance — voluntary prepayment plans have grown to fairly sizable proportions. There are eleven statewide Medical Society plans which have been in operation for some time. In thirty-one states some seventy-three plans are either in operation or getting under way. Latest figures indicate a total membership in these plans of just under 3,000,000 people. This sounds like very sizable growth.

But those who insist that voluntary plans can never really do the job point out that it is very spotty growth, with nearly one fourth of all the members enrolled in a single state—Michigan—and more than half of the members to be found in only four states.

The proponents of government-run insurance are also quick to point out that the voluntary medical care plans get their members by a cream-skimming process—a process that works well only in the richer and more industrialized states, where large groups of members can be written into the plan by the actions of large employers or great trade unions. This is all very fine, they say, as far as the employees of Ford or General Motors are concerned. It eliminates high selling costs. But what about the farmers and sharecroppers and little businessmen who, believe it or not, also get sick?

Another kind of worry has recently begun to bother the doctors at the grass roots—the men of the state and county medical societies who are being asked by the American Medical Association to set up and operate these insurance companies. At least some of these doctors are beginning to suspect that they will be left holding the financial bag should the voluntary prepayment plans prove to be another kind of Mississippi bubble.

They are especially haunted by the memory of what happened to their colleagues in the state of Michigan. In that state the medical society set up the Michigan Medical Service in 1940 with a director, an office girl and a desk. The following day it had 50,000 subscribers—which was fine.

Michigan Service Has Deficit

But by 1941 it was more than half a million dollars in the red. The average physician found that the plan that was to have insured his income as well as his patient's right to medical care actually owed him 500 bucks that it just didn't have. To fulfill its contracts the physicians participating in the plan had to accept a cut in rates—a "hold-back" of 20 per cent that totaled $127,000.

But that wasn't the only blow. The State Insurance Commissioner moved in and said he might have to close down the whole outfit unless a new director—an insurance man—was put in charge of things. At this point the doctors agreed and a professional insurance man, Mr. Jay Ketchum, became executive vice-president of the organization.

Mr. Ketchum, with the aid of the United Automobile Workers, who provided several hundred thousand subscribers, pulled the Michigan plan through. But the doctors, having started the voluntary insurance outfit in order to prevent any third party from coming between them and their patients, now found that the third party, in the person of Mr. Ketchum, was actually inside their house and running their company.

The automobile workers, who have provided the membership backbone for the Michigan plan, also had their doubts about it. Their secretary-treasurer, Mr. George F. Addes, recently testified before the U.S. Senate Committee on Education and Labor that they would much prefer a government-run insurance system. Mr. Addes pointed out that the contract of the Michigan Medical Service provided no medical care at all and only provided surgical care under hospital conditions. Surgical care at home or in the doctor's office, no matter how desirable or necessary, was not covered.

Mr. Addes had another complaint. When the automobile workers originally went into the scheme they did not think too much about the contract provision that said that the doctor might charge the patient an additional fee for his services (beyond what the insurance payment would cover) if the income of the subscriber and his family totaled more than $2,500 a year. During the war and in

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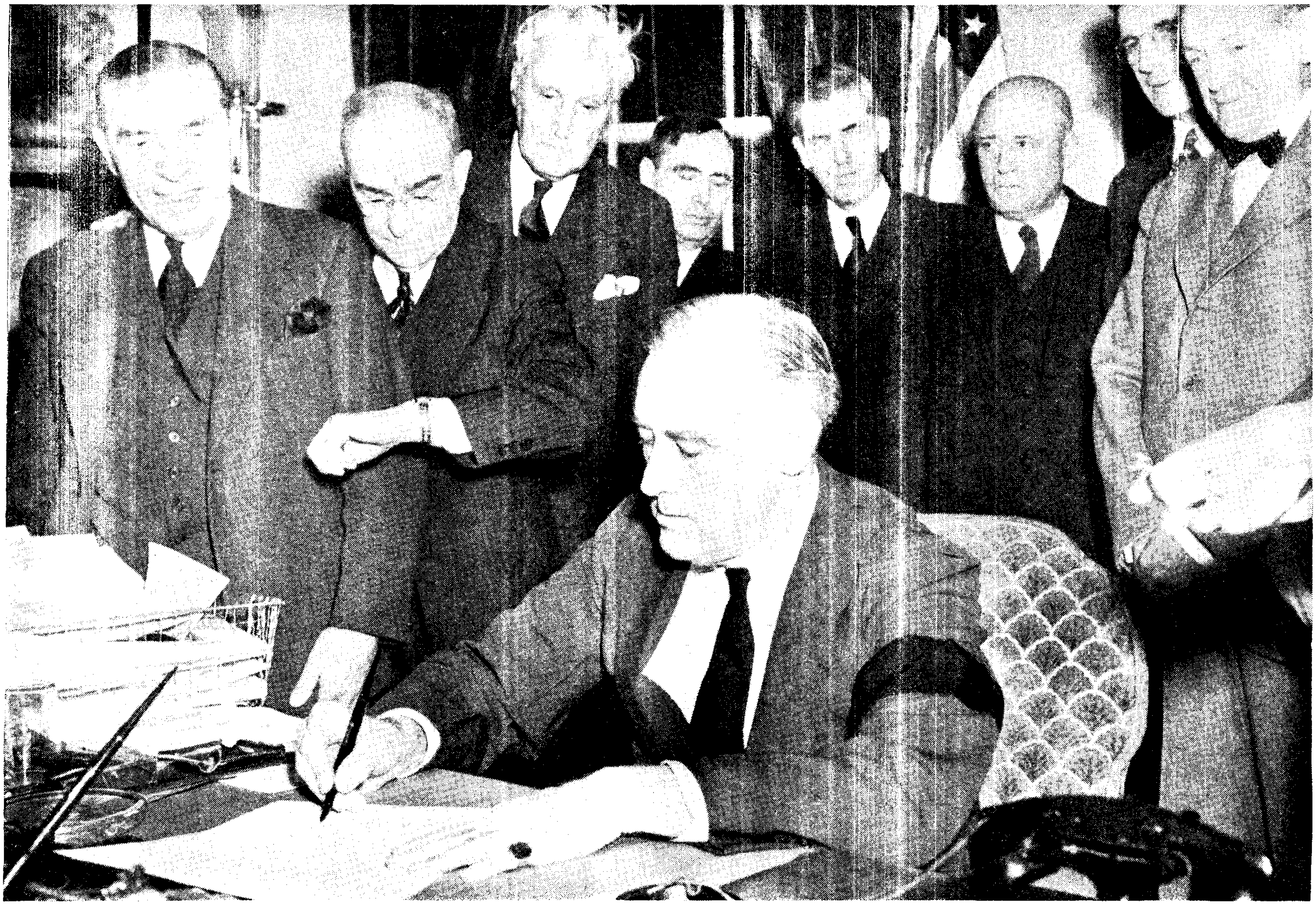


As he grimly signed the declaration of war against Japan, Roosevelt created a thousand new problems for himself, solved one: his moral problem

ACME

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW – PART FIVE

THE WAR YEARS

BY FRANCES PERKINS

ON DECEMBER 7, 1941, I was locked up in a room in my club in New York with my secretary, writing an important report. I had seen no one and had heard no radio. The telephone rang and I was told the White House was calling.

"What's the matter, Hacky?" I asked the White House telephone operator, after she'd told me there would be a Cabinet meeting in the President's upstairs study at 8:30 that night. "Why the meeting tonight?"

"Just the war, what's in the paper," she said and hung up.

No one at the offices of the club had heard any unusual news. The taxicab driver, taking me to the plane, said, "They said on the radio there was firing somewhere." By the time I got to the airport others were hurrying in to get to Washington. The company was putting on extra planes; Henry Wallace and Frank Walker were there, and they did not know much more than I.

We knew—the President had discussed it in the last two Cabinet meetings—that a large Japanese fleet was at sea, but its destination was a matter of speculation. American Intelligence reports were incomplete. The Navy Department, speaking through Frank Knox, had seemed to believe that it might be headed for Singapore and other Malay ports. The Army had been cautious about the possibility that it might be headed for the Philippines.

Roosevelt had said, "They might be going north. That's always a possibility. To cut the Russian supply lines now would hurt the European war. Perhaps they'll entrench themselves further in the northern waters."

Cordell Hull, his face drawn as he carefully placed his widespread fingers tip to tip in a characteristic gesture, had contributed, "You can count on them to do something unexpected."

A member of his war Cabinet tells what Franklin Roosevelt thought of world organization, of war criminals and of Generals Montgomery and Patton, as well as how, although he did not live to see it, he knew the month victory would come

But none of us at the airport knew more than this. When we got to Washington we went directly to the White House and were shown at once to the study, where several Cabinet officers had already arrived. Knox and Stimson, tense, were studying dispatches, as was the President. New information kept coming in every few minutes.

The President nodded as we came in but there were none of the usual cordial personal greetings. This was one of the few occasions he couldn't muster a smile. However, he was calm, not agitated, like the military and naval aides and the Secretaries of War and Navy. He was concentrated; all of his faculties were on the one task of trying to find out what had really happened. His voice as he told naval aides what to reply to dispatches was low. He wasn't wasting any energy.

After we had all come in he began to speak, without the usual preliminaries of good fellowship. He looked down at the dispatches as he talked.

He began in a low voice, "You all know what's happened. The attack began at one o'clock. We don't know very much yet."

A great change had come over Roosevelt since we had seen him on the preceding Friday. Then he had been tense, worried, trying to be optimistic as usual, but one had known that he was carrying an awful burden of decision. The Navy on Friday had thought it likely the attack would come against Singapore and the English ports if the Japanese fleet meant business. What should the United States do in that case? I don't know whether he had decided in his own mind; he never told us.

But one was conscious that Sunday night that in spite of the terrible blow to his pride, to his faith in the Navy and its ships, and to his confidence in the American Intelligence Service, in spite of the horror that war had actually come to America, he had, nevertheless, a much calmer air. His terrible problem—whether it would better the country to get into the war or not, on the side he knew to be right—had been solved by the event.

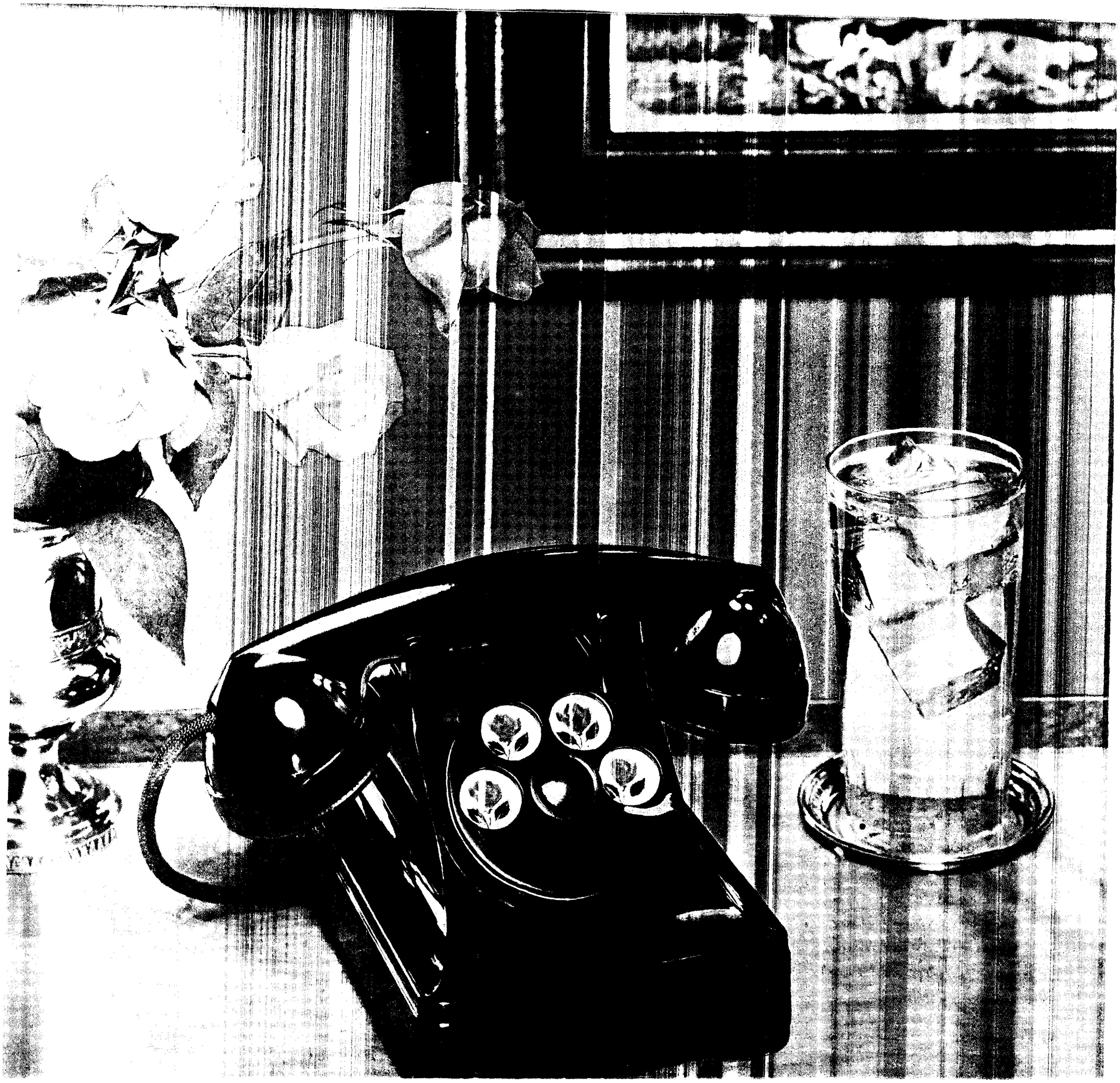
As we went out, Frank Walker said to me, "I think the Boss really has more relief than he has had for weeks."

For although the war years began for Roosevelt in September, 1939, when the Germans started their offensive against Poland, the war problem had begun long before that for him. He hoped the United States would be a mediator; he hoped we could limit the spread of the war. But he was fully conscious of the moral responsibilities of the people of the United States.

Long before 1939, reports of our ambassadors and of competent, informed travelers had convinced him that a war was in the making. Like many others, he felt at first that Hitler's violent statements were evidence of a hysterical attitude which would probably not end in war. But that was early. Soon, ahead of most people I think, he became fearful of the worst.

The aggressions against the Jewish people in Germany filled him with horror. He was inclined to think they were the work of gangsters, like the fanatical organizations in the United

(Continued on page 101)



Suggestion for inventors

What a wonderful thing a telephone like this would be! You'd just dial "4-Roses" to get the most flavorful highball you've ever tasted.

But we scarcely expect any budding genius to take our suggestion seriously. For there's a much easier way to get the world's most glorious whiskey-and-soda. You simply make it with that matchless whiskey, Four Roses.

For there's no whiskey in the world exactly like Four Roses—so *distinctive* in flavor, so richly mellow *in its own special way*.

Just try it—won't you? We think you'll be well rewarded.

• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—95.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST
FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York

"You're like part of the family, Doctor!"

- Doctor, yes—doctor of the science of medicine and surgery, with all the knowledge and skill that his years of training and experience provide.

But your doctor is more than that:

He is a wise counselor to old and young. He is a loyal and understanding friend to all.

He is, indeed, "like part of the family."

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU...

The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own proving ground for any cigarette. For only *your* taste and *your* throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you* . . . and how it affects *your* throat. On the basis of the experience of many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."

CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

General physicians, surgeons, specialists, doctors in every branch of medicine . . . 113,597 doctors in all . . . were covered in this survey by three independent research organizations. The object of the survey was to determine what cigarette doctors themselves preferred to smoke. The brand named most was Camel.

After all, a doctor smokes for pleasure too. The pleasing mildness of a Camel can be just as welcome to his throat as to yours . . . the full, rich flavor of Camel's expertly blended costlier tobaccos just as appealing to his taste. If you are not now smoking Camels, try them. Try them in your "T-Zone" (see left).

CAMELS *Costlier Tobaccos*

The Superior Mind of Medora Miles

Continued from page 13

there's something wrong, I mean something lacking, in a person who has absolutely no appreciation of art?"

"Surely you don't mean Freddy. His mother's convinced he has an artist's soul."

"I know." Medora had a tolerant smile for mothers. "He ate a can of paint when he was three years old. But what I want to know is: Could Freddy appreciate art if he knew anything about it. I mean," she said eagerly, "maybe he has a perfectly good mind only it's—"

"Adolescent?" suggested Mrs. Miles. Medora frowned.

"Dormant?"

That was it, dormant. Medora was pleased to have found dormant.

The doorbell rang and Mrs. Miles got up to return to her typewriter. "It's a gorgeous day for a ball game, so let Freddy enjoy himself."

Medora was hurrying to the door. "Freddy," she said, "is not going to any ball game. I'm taking him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art."

THERE was the usual summer Saturday crowd going in and out of the museum, out-of-towners doing their duty by the sights of New York and conscientious city parents exposing their young to culture. Medora was not displeased. She liked to be seen in a crowd with Freddy, who was admirably tall for a young man who lacked the nerve to speak of marriage. And mature in appearance, too. She also considered, though this was admittedly theoretic, that Freddy had a handsome face under the freckles that swarmed over his nose and cheeks and ears and right up into his sandy hair. She deplored certain signs of vanity in him, such as wearing tight-fitting sports shirts without a jacket to display his chest expansion, and the way he strutted around in shorts at the beach was positively embarrassing. A plain-looking girl, she often thought, would be pretty miserable going out with Freddy Wheeler. She might even get a complex, but so far as she knew, no person of that description had ever made that mistake.

Now, however, Freddy's male beauty was marred by the sulky expression of a young man who had wanted to go to a ball game. Medora kept firm hold of his hand. Inside the museum, it was cooler than the Yankee Stadium by at least twenty degrees, but Freddy felt no immediate benefit from the climate. He stopped dead before a group of statuary of mixed sexes and a hot red flush spread over his face.

Medora smiled faintly at this first meeting of schoolboy mind and naked art and wondered if Freddy had expected zoot suits and bobby sox. After a while he tore his eyes from the bare beauties and looked around to see virtuous parents and innocent little children passing the statues without a glance. Presently his shame paled and determination settled grimly on his freckles. Leaving Medora, he made a hurried tour of the hall.

"That was very interesting," he said, returning, and led her toward the entrance.

"Freddy!" she gasped. "You haven't seen anything yet. There's lots more."

"Swell," enthused Freddy, shoving her along. "That leaves something for the next time. We're coming here again, someday."

Medora collided with a fat man, and in the confusion she maneuvered against the wall, a position from which Freddy could not budge her without attracting attention. He began to reason with her. "I guess these girls and boys"—he waved a hand at the statues—"expose themselves every day of the year?"

She nodded.

"Well, heck, let's see what's left of the ball game."

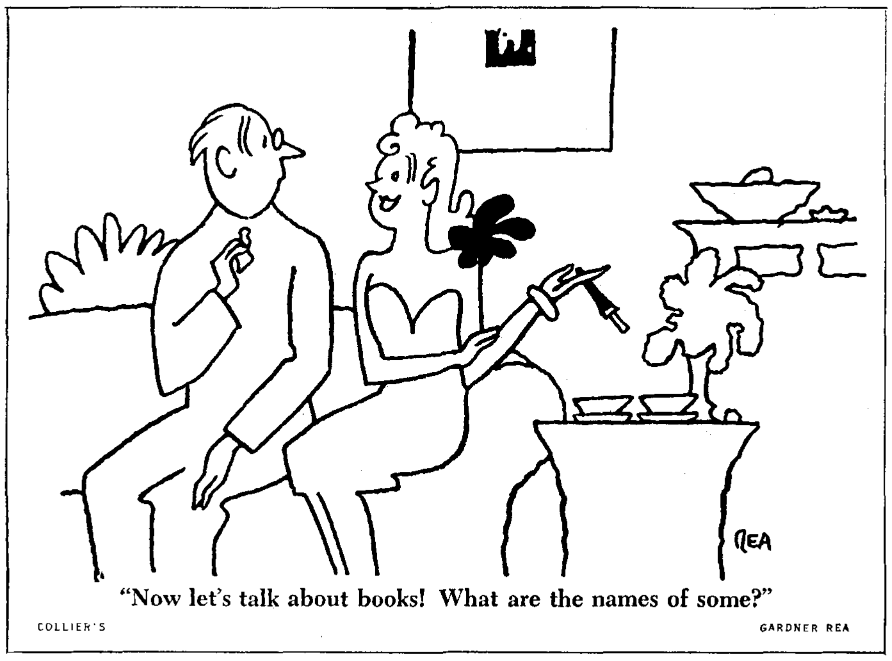
Medora gave him a cold look. "Freddy Wheeler, there are some treasures in this museum which mean a lot more to me than any old ball game and I would like you to see them but I will not cram them down your throat. You go where you please but I am going upstairs to see the paintings."

For a minute, she thought she had lost the battle. When she left him, he certainly looked as if he were going where he pleased, but before she was halfway up the stairs, he caught up with her and trudged alongside. He said nothing.

FIRST she led him into the pre-Renaissance room where her own education had begun and stopped before an early Florentine triptych, a pale Virgin and two gaunt saints. She allowed a few minutes for the serenity of the work to mellow his spirits. Then she started to open his mind.

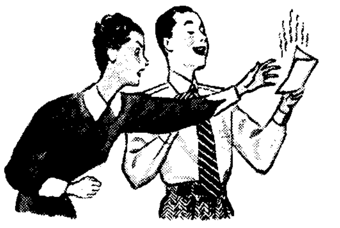
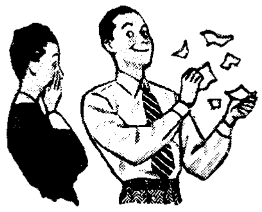
"The thing about the primitives," she declaimed, "is their piety and very fine brush work. Technically—" When she had quoted all she could remember, she turned eagerly for Freddy's reaction. It was disappointing. "What's next?" he asked doggedly.

Medora did not hesitate, but followed the route taken by her course in Art Appreciation, of which she gave a summary in a voice lowered to a proper museum



"Now let's talk about books! What are the names of some?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"It's from a girl —no one you know."

JEANNE: Well—I like that! Why is she writing you and what is she saying?

GARD: She says, in part: "The moment you came in the office with that wonderful Arrow Collar, I fell..."

JEANNE: She did, did she? And what else?

GARD: Oh, she says: "I never saw a shirt that fitted so perfectly..." That's the Arrow Mitoga figure-cut she's talking about, dear.

JEANNE: Yes—I'll bet! Now you look here, Gard Layng! I'll...

GARD: I'm not finished, honey. I quote: "...and when you told me it was Sanforized-labeled to hold shrinkage to 1%, I could have kissed you..."

JEANNE: WELL! I guess there'll have to be a change around here. You can...

GARD: Please, dear, wait till I finish: "...could have kissed you for finding me a *real* Arrow Shirt for my husband who's just out of the Army, Mr. Layng. I know how *scarce* they are. Sincerely yours, Mary."

JEANNE: Oh...Gard...darling! You're a dear and I'm a dope!

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

HE LEARNED THE HARD WAY by FRANK WILLIAMS
DAVE "BOO" FERRISS-
PITCHING STAR OF THE BOSTON RED SOX!
..."BOO" HAS THE SPIRIT THAT MAKES A WINNER...
...HE LEARNED TO FLING WITH HIS LEFT WHEN HIS RIGHT ARM WAS BROKEN YEARS AGO!
BOSTON
HE LOOKS SHARP!
HASN'T GOT A THING—I KEEP TELLING M'SELF!
...SHOOTING HIS DECEPTIVE SINKER BY THE BATTERS TO WIN A SPOT AMONG THE SEASON'S BEST HURLERS!
HE FEELS SHARP!
...AT THE PLATE...
33
...THAT'S WHY RIVAL PITCHERS RESPECT HIS BAT... ESPECIALLY WHEN HE'S UP THERE IN A CLUTCH!
HE IS SHARP!
DAVE GETS THE SLICKEST-LOOKING SHAVES IN THE BOOK...THE QUICKEST AND EASIEST... AND SAVES MONEY, TOO! ...YOU BET—HE USES LONG-LASTING GILLETTE BLUE BLADES WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED!
look SHARP
feel SHARP
be SHARP
use Gillette
Blue Blades with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!
Gillette Blue Blades
5 for 25¢
ENJOY BOXING FRIDAYS AT 10 PM EDT OVER ABC NETWORK. GILLETTE'S CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ALSO AIRS WORLD SERIES AND OTHER CLASSICS YEAR 'ROUND

● You *look* sharp for you enjoy the swellest shaves ever. You *feel* sharp because they're refreshing and give you a lift. You *are* sharp for you get far more shaves per blade and save money. Ask for Gillette Blue Blades.

Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass.

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hush. Freddy was docile. He allowed the glories of the Renaissance to flower unchecked before his eyes. Once he was diverted by the sight of a sailor kissing a girl in a green dress, "Gee, are you sure this is a nice place?"

Medora ignored the feeble joke and spoke of the grace and imagination of Botticelli.

The culmination of the tour was Raphael, whom Medora and her teacher considered the greatest painter who had ever lived. If Freddy's mind had opened the least little crack, there would now be a sign. She waited for it as nervously as if she had painted the gentle Madonna herself. Freddy said wearily, "These marble floors are sure hard on your feet," and turning an indifferent back on Raphael he limped to a bench and sat down.

THEN, there and suddenly, Medora Miles stopped loving Freddy Wheeler. Why waste love on a person who was satisfied to remain childish and foolish while other people were developing an appreciation for fine things and growing intellectually in every way? Freddy was so dumb he probably didn't know what love was. Maybe he thought it was love to drag a girl to a sporting event every Saturday and expect her to drink pop and yell and jump around like a savage (which Medora had hitherto obligingly done), but let her ask him to spend one afternoon in *her* world, let her try to open his blind eyes to beauty and improve his mind with culture and what happened? He complained of tired feet.

The blue-robed Madonna was blurred with tears, which Medora checked by pressing her teeth fiercely into her lower lip. There was only one consolation for her misery: She had discovered Freddy's shortcomings in time to save all but the best years of her life. Let him speak of marriage if he ever dared; he'd have to propose to somebody else, not Medora Miles. She walked over to the bench and said, "Come on, let's go."

Outside the museum, Freddy looked around doubtfully, like a jailbird who has just been released and has to be convinced that the world he knew is unchanged. "Gosh," he said, "that sure was a workout." Medora winced. "Gosh," he said again, "I'm drier'n a sponge. Let's find some Cokes."

In the park in back of the museum, they bought Cokes and popcorn and sat down on the grass. Rather, Medora sat, Freddy lay on his back and took nourishment in that position.

After a few minutes of listening to Freddy swallow Coke and chew popcorn, Medora said, "Freddy, I'd like to say something to you."

He turned eyes full of contentment on her. "You don't have to apologize. We got out alive."

"I certainly wasn't going to apologize. I was only going to ask you if you ever noticed we don't have many tastes in common?"

"You mean that junk in there? You're darn' right." Freddy had tilted the box of popcorn over his head and was letting it roll into his mouth, kernel by kernel.

"What you call junk just happens to be—"

"Okay," interrupted Freddy hastily. "You like it, I don't. You took a course in it, I didn't. Maybe I've also got some interests we don't have in common, but what the heck?" He turned his head to look accusingly at Medora and a kernel dropped in his ear. He shook it out.

"What interests have you got?" demanded Medora.

Freddy tossed the empty popcorn box away and closed his eyes. "Would you mind not talking any more? I had a tough time and I need rest."

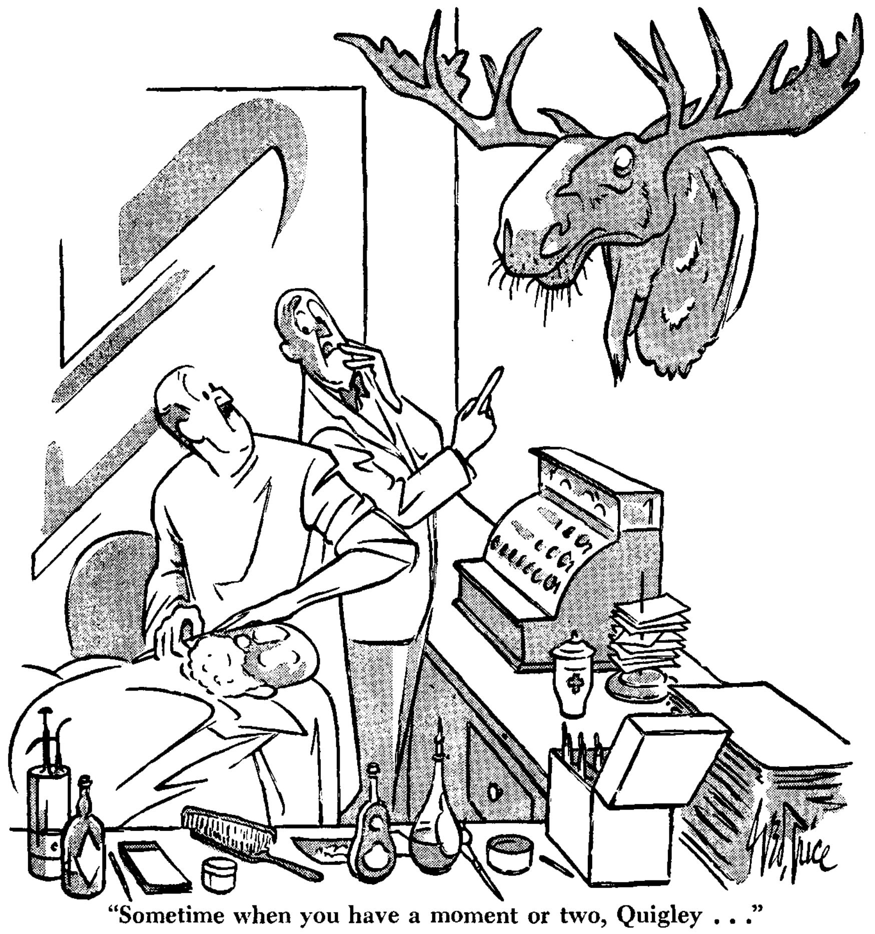
Hotly she jumped to her feet. "You go right ahead and rest, Freddy Wheeler. Just lie on your back and tell people to keep quiet. I'm sure I don't know anybody who has anything to say to you except why they're busting up with you and if you don't want to hear it, why, it's all right with me."

"Hey, wait a minute."

Medora was going home fast when Freddy stopped her with a bruising grip on her shoulders. "Did you say busting up?"

"I certainly did say busting up and I meant busting up." Her voice was high pitched with anger.

"Why?" he demanded.



"Sometime when you have a moment or two, Quigley . . ."

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE

Provide more than 2 million telephone lines in 4500 central offices.
RUSH

"Wow! This job sure keeps me hopping!"

"BELIEVE me, fitting all the new dial and manual switchboard equipment and long distance facilities into Bell System central offices all around the country is keeping me mighty busy!

"In a single big dial exchange there may be 4,000 miles of wire. I may have to solder 2,500,000 connections before everything's ready for you to dial a number.

"Besides *installing* this complex apparatus, I build it. That's part of my job as *manufacturer* for the System.

"I also *purchase* all manner of things for the Bell Telephone Companies...and *distribute* these supplies to them along with the equipment I make.

"Ever since 1882, I've been helping to make our nation's telephone service the best in the world. Today... with the Bell System's construction program of more than $2,000,000,000 in full swing... I'm busier than ever.

"Remember my name... it's Western Electric."

MANUFACTURER... of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER... of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR... of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER... of telephone central office equipment.

FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Western Electric

So You're in the Doghouse Again!
YOU MEAN I'M IN THE DOGHOUSE STILL AND YET, COOKIE! THAT AUNT OF YOURS HASN'T GIVEN ME A KIND WORD SINCE HECTOR WAS A PUP!
WELL, YOU CAN'T EXPECT US WOMEN TO PUT UP WITH BAD BREATH, DAN! SO, WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST?
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LOOK! DANS OUT OF THE DOGHOUSE—AND A HOWLING SUCCESS!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

"Simply because I don't want to sink to your mental level, that's why."

Freddy let go of her as if she'd scorched his flesh. He was flabbergasted and he seemed to have some doubts of her sanity. Maybe he was hurt, too, but he was not a boy to lay his heart on his sleeve and allow anyone to watch it writhe.

"That's fine," he said after a while, "just fine," and his voice was positively pleasant. As he thought things over they seemed to grow finer and he flung his arms wide and swelled his chest. "What do you know, I'm a free man again." As if his exuberance had not yet fully expressed itself, he cantered over the grass like a colt turned out to pasture. "Gee," he shouted, "and I thought I was stuck with you for life."

Medora watched him with pity. Did he think he was fooling anybody! Apparently he did, for just then he turned himself upside down and stood on his head. Medora made one more reflection before she closed forever the chapter in her life entitled Freddy Wheeler. "I was afraid he had a second-rate mind. Second!" And wondering how she could have thought there was anything at all in the well-shaped extremity on which Freddy was now standing, she left him and walked home alone.

IT WAS a fine day for a ball game, a hot, sunny Saturday, which should be devoted to the field, the beach or the ball park. But the young lady who had busted up with Freddy Wheeler two weeks ago had no plans whatever. As she sat in her window above Riverside Drive listening to the swish of tires on the highway, she thought of traffic jams and subway jams and bleachers jammed with hysterical, sweating masses of people and felt superior to the hectic world. She congratulated herself that she was spending a quiet Saturday at home.

"Medora!" The voice from the next room was petulant. "Stop groaning, I can't work."

Listlessly Medora dragged her feet to the door of her mother's room. Mrs. Miles, in a plaid shirt and blue slacks, was lying on her bed, gazing at the ceiling. The typewriter, on which she beat out murder mysteries, had not been uncovered. Medora smiled sarcastically. "You're not working any more than I was groaning."

"I'm working like a dog," insisted Mrs. Miles. "I've got two corpses in the rumble seat of a parked car without a spot of blood on them and I haven't got the slightest idea how it happened. It's very distracting when someone in the next room is whimpering and moaning." Her gaze dropped from the ceiling to Medora's face and she seemed to forget corpses. "What's the matter, *tootsa mia?*" she asked gently.

"Nothing at all."

Mrs. Miles patted the bed and Medora sat down. "Why don't you call up Freddy and tell him you're sorry?"

"Who's sorry?" Medora wanted to know.

"You're kind of a sorry-looking sight."

"I'm not sorry and Freddy's not sorry and everybody's very happy about the whole thing."

"Except Mrs. Wheeler."

Medora jumped. "Why, Mother, you —you haven't—"

"Certainly I have. I told her you were happy about the whole thing and she said Freddy was happy about the whole thing, but that she wasn't, because Freddy has taken to crime. He's as secretive about what he says and does as if one false move would hang him and he keeps something locked in his room. She hasn't been able to get in to make his bed for a week. Do you have any idea what kind of crime Freddy would take to?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Something pretty childish, I guess."

"Childish?" Mrs. Miles wondered. "Maybe not. Twice she's noticed a bright red ring in the basin as if somebody'd been washing very bloody hands."

Medora smiled sweetly at her mother. "You've got blood on the brain." She rose from the bed. "Go back to your corpses. I have a good book to read."

In her own room, she reseated herself on the window sill to watch the flow of traffic to field and beach and ball park and recongratulated herself that she was spending a quiet day at home. This time she remembered not to groan.

She was just opening a book called Florentine Painters when the doorbell rang and she said to herself too earnestly, "I do hope it's not for me."

It was not, although the young man who stood outside the door with a large flat package under his arm had called on her often enough in the past. If crime had been his recent occupation, it had not yet stamped his freckled countenance.

He said, formally, that he would like a word with Mrs. Miles, and sailed into the living room as if Medora were someone paid to open doors and announce people.

"With me?" lamented Mrs. Miles, when Medora told her. "I do wish you brats could patch up quarrels without bothering me." But she got up from the bed and went to the living room.

Medora did not choose to intrude where she wasn't wanted and she had no interest whatever in any conversation taking place in any living room where Freddy Wheeler happened to be. She was no more curious about the large flat package than she had been about the mystery he secreted in his room at home. No, the reason she tiptoed to the door of the living room and pressed herself against the wall was to spy on her mother. That untrustworthy woman was perfectly capable of misinterpreting her daughter's feelings.

Mrs. Miles was saying, "I'd be glad to give you my opinion for what it's worth, but Medora is the art lover of the family. Why don't we ask her to look at it, too?"

Freddy hooted. "What does she know about modern art? Her course didn't go that far."

"Does your mother know you've been painting?"

"Heck, no. She's as bad as Medora, always hanging around museums and cackling about dead masterpieces. She doesn't even know I read an art magazine every month and I'm not going to tell her. What Mother's always trying to get me to read is Little Stories About the Great Masters." Freddy snorted. "Why, my gosh, those birds were all played out when America still belonged to the Indians."

THE crackle of paper was heard. Evidently, Freddy was unwrapping his package. "The reason I want your opinion, Mrs. Miles, is you're a kind of artist, too. I mean you aren't just an idle female that goes to lectures and gives off like a parrot. I mean—"

"You mean you want the opinion of another professional?"

That was precisely what he meant and Medora could just imagine a chest bulging with joy at this meeting of professional minds.

Her own feelings were chaotic. She seemed to be dreaming one of those dreams where familiar objects become strange and people she knew behaved like people she'd never even imagined. Freddy a painter! No! The Freddy she knew was a sports fanatic who got tired feet from the Renaissance and stood on his head in Central Park to show a girl she couldn't hurt his feelings. Not a painter. Obviously the young man babbling away was not Freddy Wheeler. He was an impersonation.

"Now this is no lousy masterpiece," said Freddy modestly. "It's modern art

Deluxe Camping in the Deep, Cool Woods–

by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow

FAR AWAY, and deep in the bush, where the catch is heavy and the bag is full, Tomorrow's sportsmen will camp in luxury. A wood fire under the 30 pound power unit produces steam in the flash boiler... in turn this runs the turbogenerator which provides electricity for lighting and cooking, as well as charging batteries to run the boat's electric motor. Machines and equipment, developed in lightweight, compact form for war, will be adapted for sport by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow.

IMPORTED
Seagram
V.O.
CANADIAN WH

DEEP IN THE BUSH, or in your own living room, this luxury imported whisky is a perfect ending to the day. Very light, *very clean-tasting*—like the air itself in camp—Seagram's V.O. Canadian is the choice of men who know the good things of nature. Taste it tonight!

This Whisky is 6 Years Old—86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N.Y.

Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND....OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE
*F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
contains LANOLIN
(NON-ALCOHOLIC)
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.
WILDROOT

CREAM-OIL CHARLIE SAYS:

TUNE IN: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Friday night on ABC (Blue) Network.

and you won't get it all at once. You got to think about it."

At that moment, curiosity might have terminated the life of Medora Miles, or at least propelled her, uninvited, into the living room, but fortunately she discovered that by edging a little nearer to the door she could look into the mirror over the mantel and see a canvas propped up on a table against the wall. She took one quick look and shuddered. The canvas was blood red from edge to edge and considering the nasty remarks about females who hung around museums, she was glad to see that it was not a picture at all. However, when she looked a little longer and her eyes got used to the glare, she observed some design in the redness. It seemed to depict a fiery cavern with blocks of unmelted ice embedded in its rim and a tall stern monolith guarding its depths.

"Frankly," said Mrs. Miles, "I don't get it."

"I didn't think you would. Excuse me, Mrs. Miles, but you don't know how to look at it." Freddy was deferential but spoke with authority. "The way to look at a modern picture is first you make your mind a complete blank. Then you project yourself, I mean your whole life and experience, into the picture and see what you get out of it."

Medora couldn't have been more astonished if the floor had dropped from under her feet and left her treading air. That impersonation in the next room wasn't even bothering to sound like Freddy any more.

Mrs. Miles stepped back to do her projecting while Freddy watched her intently. Finally, she spoke, and Medora was stunned by her sincerity. If her own daughter had painted a puddle of blood and asked her to project her life into it, well! Medora could just imagine herself being cut down to the size of a cringing little mouse.

"I'm not sure that the interpretation comes entirely from my own experience." Mrs. Miles hesitated as if she were talking to Michelangelo or somebody worth while.

"Go right ahead and say it," Freddy encouraged.

"Freddy, I see in your picture the very core and heart of hell itself," Mrs. Miles declared.

Freddy nodded gravely. "That's just what I see in it, myself."

FRANKLY, Medora did not see all that in the picture—or any of it, but she did see with her own eyes how her mother was impressed and hear with her own ears how her mother's voice shook with admiration, and she could not doubt that the meaning was there. She looked at the back of Freddy's sandy head and freckled ears and felt awed.

"A blood-red, cavernous hell," continued Mrs. Miles. "A freezing, burning, unpeopled hell. A stark, lonely—Freddy," she demanded, "where did you ever get that conception?"

"It just came to me," Freddy confessed, "one day when I didn't have much to do. This will surprise you, Mrs. Miles. I got the idea right from the inside of my own mouth," and stretching his jaw wide, he allowed Mrs. Miles to look into the tooth-rimmed cavity which had inspired him.

Mrs. Miles was so amazed she nearly choked. "Freddy, you are a genius, a downright genius, and I envy you your ability to use material at hand. Here I am, stuck with two—" She gasped. "Freddy, open your mouth again."

He did and she studied the cavern thoughtfully. "If I had a sharp instrument," she mused, "say a knitting needle, and you were sleeping with your mouth open—Freddy, you've given me the most wonderful idea! I want you to show me every picture you paint. You inspire me."

"Gosh," said the gratified Freddy, after he had gently closed the source of their inspiration, "I sure will."

"Excuse me," said Mrs. Miles, "I must get it down on paper right away." She hurried back to her corpses, apparently not noticing the young lady pressed against the wall, feeling small, ignorant and excluded.

It took courage to walk into the living room where nobody seemed to want her, but Medora went, glanced at the red canvas and said, "Oh, who did that?"

"Me," said Freddy, picking it up and laying it in its wrappings. "I guess you don't think much of it."

"It's not bad," Medora settled herself comfortably on the couch. "Not at all bad for the first picture you've painted since you were in kindergarten."

"I painted another one yesterday," said Freddy, with kind and elder tolerance.

"What was it, if I might ask?"

"It was a nude woman, only she didn't turn out so good." Freddy frowned. "Nudes take a lot of practice." He had tied up the picture and was leaving, but a thought came to him. "Say, I wonder if your mother'd like to have this picture? I'll give it to her."

"I'm sure she would," said Medora politely.

Freddy laid down the package, but another thought retarded his departure. "You going to the museum this afternoon?"

Medora hesitated, for she didn't want anyone to think her Saturday afternoons were desolate. "I guess I will."

"I got a little time. I'll walk you over there."

"All right." She was discovering that it was difficult for two people who have busted up to make conversation. They left the building in self-conscious silence and had walked nearly a block before Freddy said, "I'd kind of like to go to the museum myself sometime and look over their modern stuff."

"What's the matter with today?" asked Medora.

"I can't." Freddy cleared his throat and then announced casually, as if it were an everyday occurrence, "I got a date with a model."

The word model stuck in Medora's thoughts and did not give her pleasure. As they crossed West End Avenue against the light, dodging a taxi and jumping back to avoid a speeding truck, the word model became ominous and it occurred to her that there were circumstances deriving from the opening of a young man's mind which might be unwholesome for his character.

"What kind of a model?" she asked.

"Just a model," said Freddy. "You can hire 'em, so much an hour."

"Where?"

"There's an agency." He dispensed this bit of information laconically.

"I mean, where's your date?"

"At home." Freddy smiled as if he'd been asked a foolish question. "Do you think I'd have a date to paint a nude model on the street corner?"

He had used the other word she'd been fearing ever since he said model and it dropped right down into the region which she had forgotten to fill with lunch and made it quiver. She asked one more question.

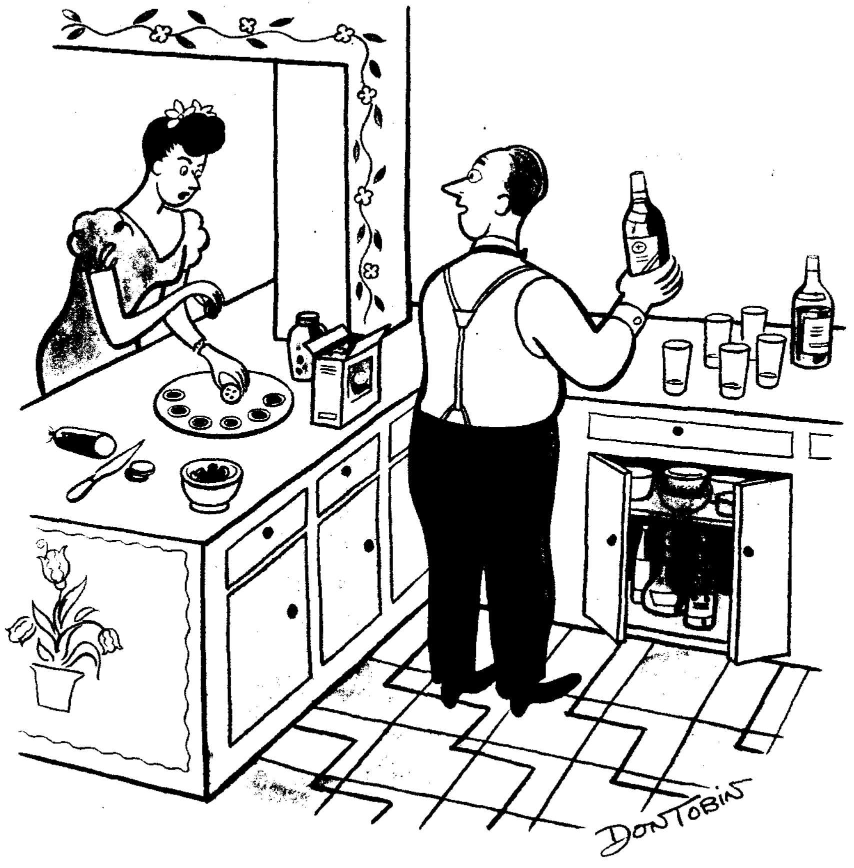
"Freddy Wheeler, is your mother home today?"

"No, I don't believe she is."

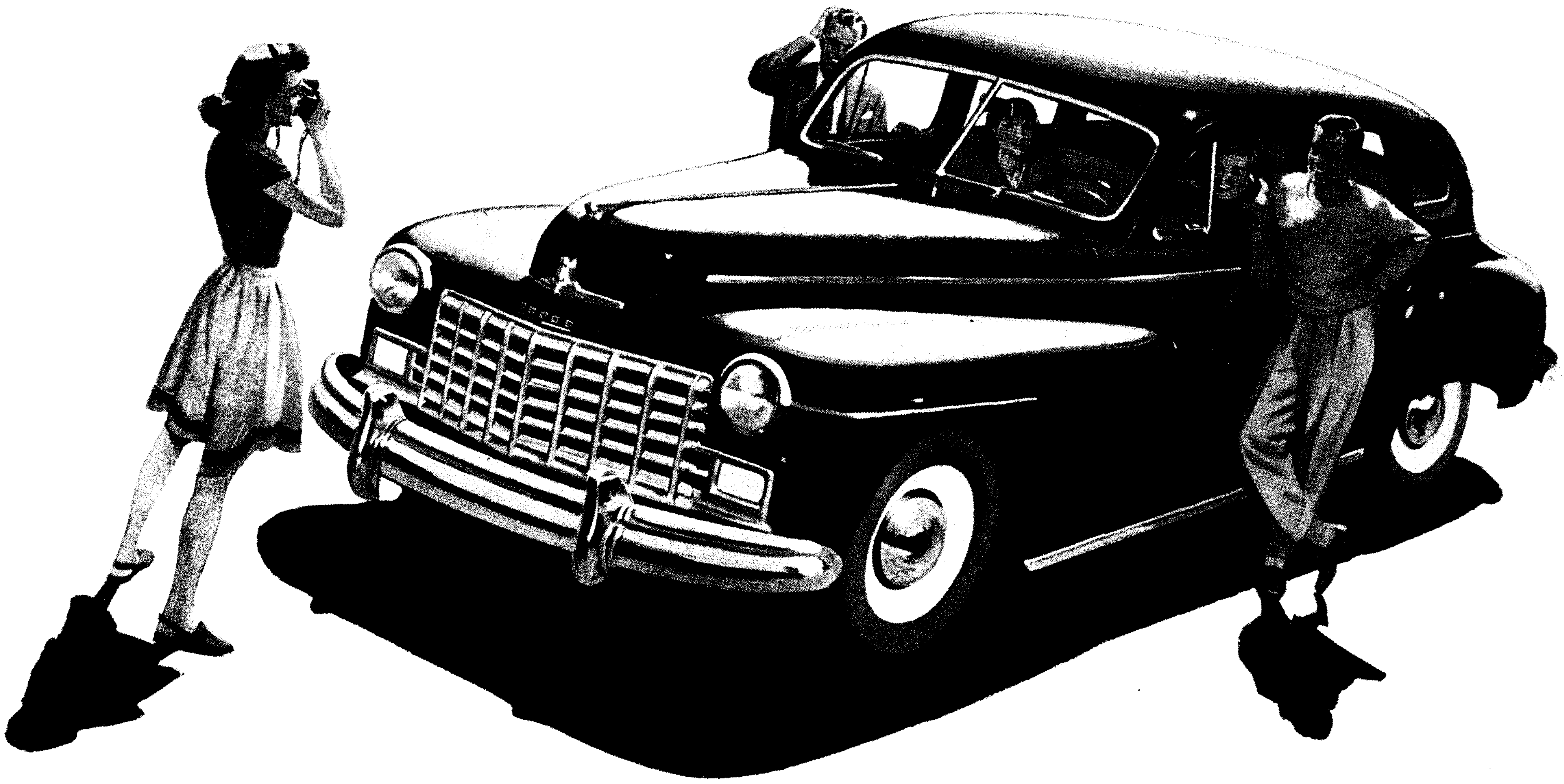
THEY had reached Broadway. They had, in fact, crossed Broadway and nearly passed the uptown entrance to the subway when Medora's hand grasped Freddy's and began to tug. Her feet, acting on an impulse of their own, descended the stairs and Freddy's were obliged to follow. Two nickels materialized miraculously to let them through the turnstile, and they made the train which just then roared into the station.

Then Medora discovered that she couldn't let go of Freddy's hand because it was holding hers so tightly. And she no longer needed to be cautious about letting him see the love in her eyes because he was looking down at her small face as if it held all the art and beauty he ever wished to behold. He had very little to say. "Gee," softly, and again, "Gee." But what more would any man say when he and his girl were jammed into a crowd of people all going to a ball game?

THE END



COLLIER'S "I've got enough liquor to last through politics, Russia, and the U.N., but if they start on labor, we'll run short" DON TOBIN



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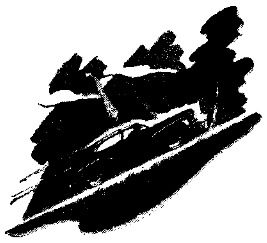

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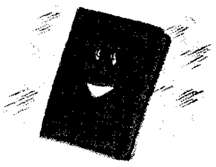

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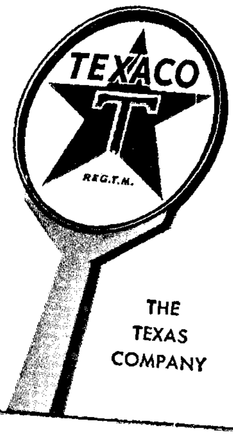
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Blackjack Over Nevada

Continued from page 12

he wants to, and because it puts groceries in the pantry.

But a consensus garnered from a two-week trip through the state (you can see everybody in Nevada in two weeks, from the governor on down) is that if gambling got out of hand, the conservatives would call for a referendum and vote it smack out of existence. There are people who are just naturally agin it anyway.

One native, a newspaper editor, shyly confessed that he had lived in Nevada all his life and had never bet a dollar on anything. He said he knew his state, and that this was not unusual. Even a cursory tour of the casinos will convince you that it is not unusual: by far the majority of the players are dudes. All that good money, that $20,000,000 a year, is being fetched into the state by city slickers, and without the slickers' patronage, the natives would probably have to go to work and pay taxes, alas.

That's what's worrying Nevadans today, and that's what they won't talk about. But the evidence of attempts by big shots from the East to muscle in on home-state industry is not too difficult to come by. Take the instance of a Las Vegas hotel. In the lobby stood Harry E. Miller, ex-chief of police. He had stepped in as manager pending the settlement of a spot of trouble. At casual intervals around him sauntered four heavy young men with large feet, their coats bulging with more than muscle.

"I only carry a derringer," said Mr. Miller. "Two shots, you know. If you don't get your man in two shots, it's too late, isn't it?"

The situation was fairly involved. The ownership of the hotel had fallen into dispute, and consequently there was a hotly debated question as to who would control its million-dollar gambling concession. A certain Benjamin "Bugsie" Siegel, had planted himself in town and was making threatening gestures toward the crap table. His operatives had spent considerable dough trying to break the house. And a few nights before, a man had been carried out with a dented pate.

Las Vegas sealed its lips and bet on Harry, whom they had put in hurriedly as a federal receiver. It all turned out all right, too, and Harry, who was paid $1,900 for a few weeks' work, is now running his own hotel.

Not long ago a gentleman named Tony Cornero, well known in Los Angeles as the former operator of the Rex, an opulent gambling ship anchored off the three-mile limit, got control of a casino in Las Vegas, and promptly named it the Rex.

One hot noontide his partners in the Rex walked across the street for a sandwich and a beer. In their absence, Tony whiled away time by playing at his own roulette wheel. He was scooping up $20,000 winnings when his partners returned. Police Chief Miller appeared just in time to prevent violence from one of the partners, who was hollering one-syllable synonyms for "collusion."

It is things like that which give conservative Las Vegans night sweats and spots before the eyes. Headlines and murder trials are precisely what they don't want. Shortly after this incident, the city council made trouble about the Rex's license, and since they can revoke anybody's license without having to show cause, a tidy provision of the state law, Tony and his playmates found it convenient to depart.

The Rex was recently sold to a Beverly Hills plastic surgeon, Dr. Marty M. Bernstein. He is no relation of the notorious Bernstein brothers of Detroit and is highly regarded by the honest gamblers and churchfolk of Nevada.

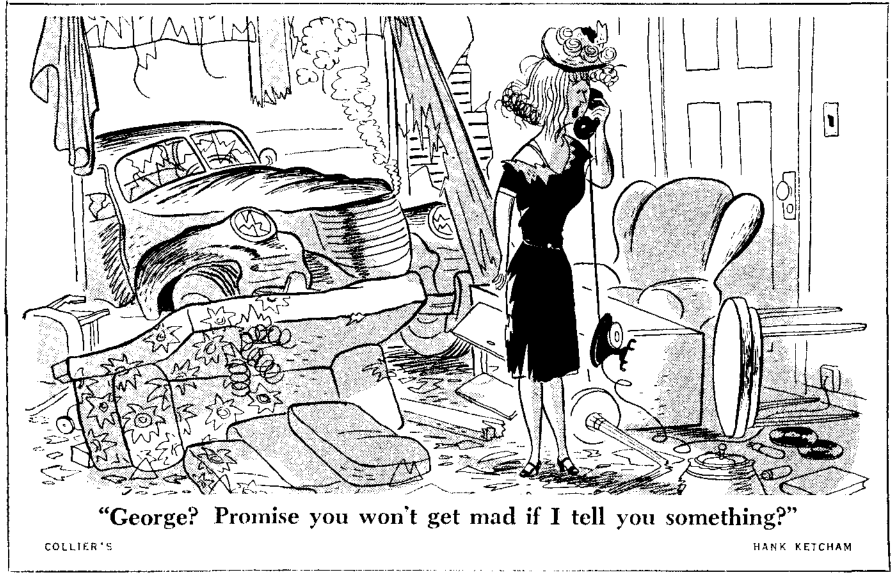
In Need of a Change of Climate

The Detroit Bernsteins, who began getting a bad press back in the days of needled beer, have been finding the climate too warm for them back East. The brothers would like to move to Las Vegas, where you can operate a gambling concession legally, in a nice way, without some inquisitive district attorney's hot breath down your neck. They have tried hard, but for a professional outsider to break into Las Vegas' exclusive gambling circles is comparable to a Vermont Yankee being admitted to the Daughters of the Confederacy. The Bernsteins are still hanging around, hopefully, offering money.

Bugsie Siegel, on the other hand, has established himself through the horse wires and through silent partnerships. Siegel, who was once tagged the Number One gangster by a Los Angeles grand jury, controls the wires which fetch the odds and the results to track players. He has three wires into Las Vegas casinos. He also owns a hotel and a gambling hall, matters which are discreetly not publicized by him, and he has his eye on some county property where he hopes to build—under somebody else's name—a fancy place for the moviefolk.

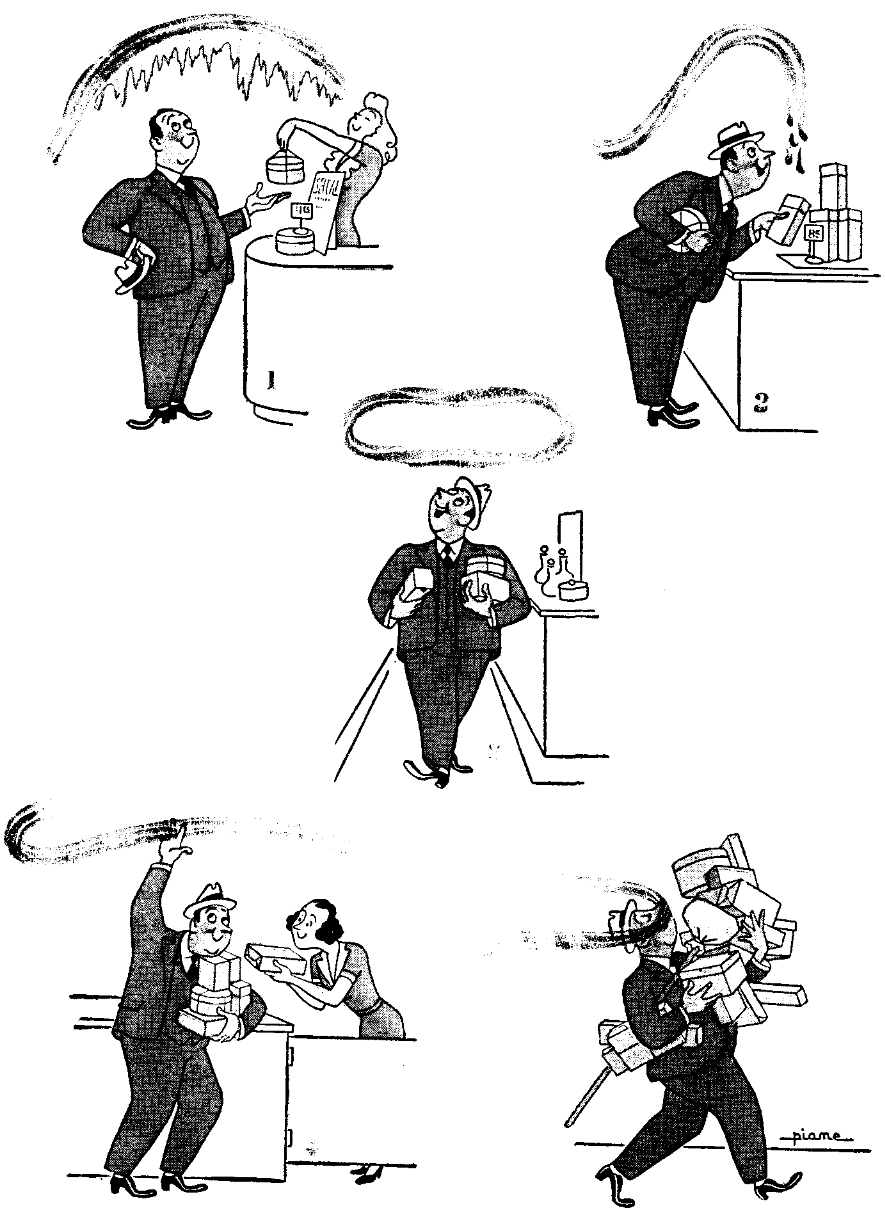
Las Vegas conservatives, who include the storekeepers, hotelkeepers, bankers and home-town gamblers, are tight-lipped on the subject of Bugsie. He "snuck" in on them. They are afraid of him. They wish he would go away. But they haven't yet found a gimmick potent enough to shoo him off.

Most pious opposition to crooked gamblers comes from the gamblers who



"George? Promise you won't get mad if I tell you something?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM



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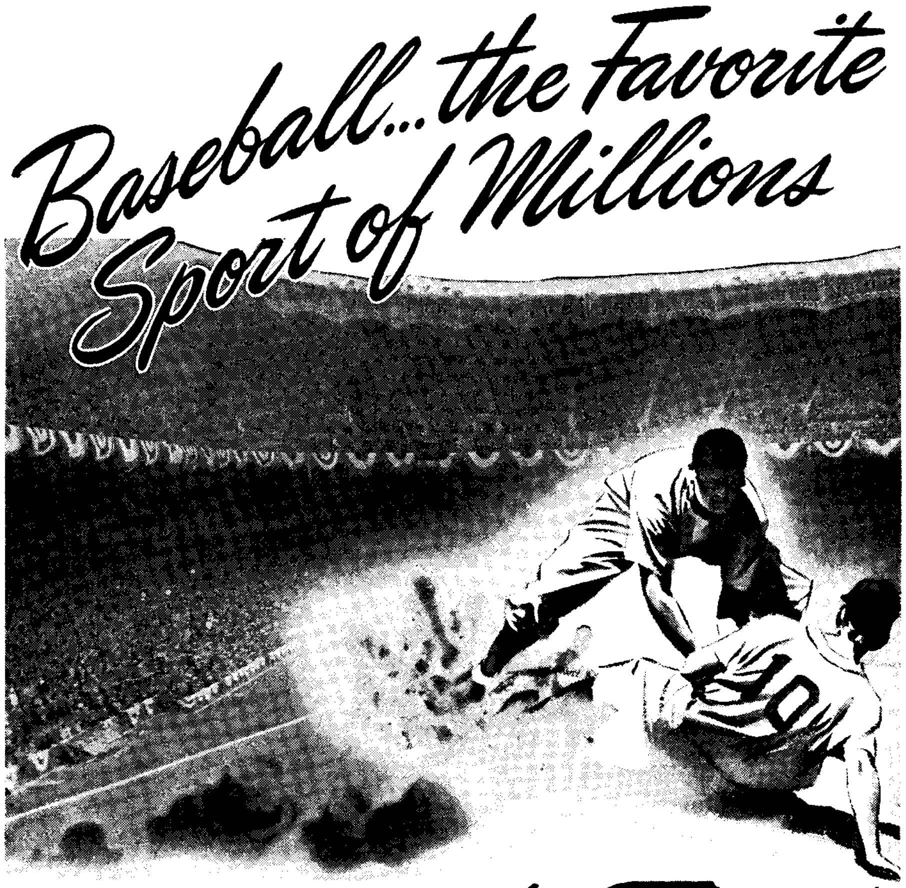
Baseball... the Favorite Sport of Millions
10

Jockey... the Favorite Short of Millions

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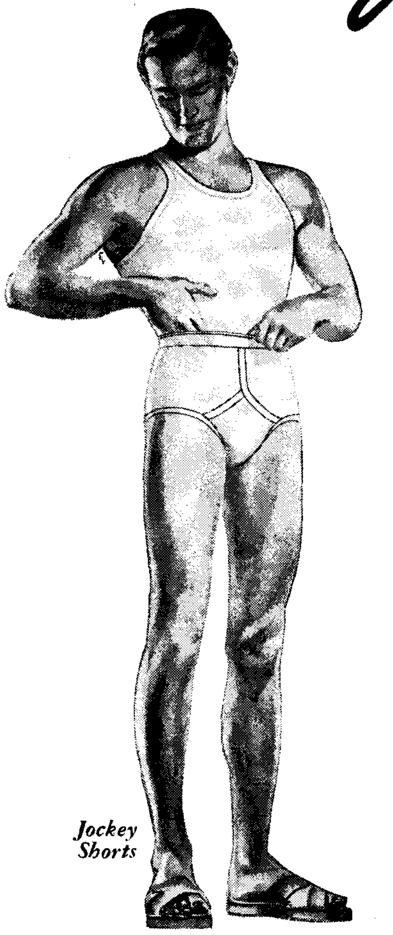

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are already established. Guy McAfee is one of these. Mr. McAfee is a tall, gray-haired citizen who dresses in semi-Western garb and who presides over the Frontier Club—one of the three biggest casinos in town. He contributes $500 a month to the Chamber of Commerce, which spends $85,000 a year advertising Las Vegas, and he is one of the mainstays of the churches. All told, he gives away upward of $100,000 a year for holy works.

Mr. McAfee was formerly a member of the vice squad, Los Angeles police department. He resigned and got a toehold in Nevada before the splurge started.

Mr. McAfee says that a man would be insane to play crooked in Nevada, where all you have to do is to accept the sucker money. "What I do is buy dollars," says McAfee. "We discount dollars, with money as our only inventory. My business sums up to buying dollars for 98 cents."

You are wondering, maybe, how a little town like Las Vegas is strong enough to resist the heavy money and the fancy blandishments of big-time operators. Like everything else in Nevada, the method is simple, and a little crazy.

According to law, the city can refuse to issue a gambling license, no formal reasons necessary. It can revoke a license just as whimsically. But, as any reader of voting age knows, there is no such thing as a series of city councils strong enough, year in and year out, to control this sort of thing.

That's where the posse comes in. Call it the posse. It isn't a posse, it isn't even an organization, it's a group of businessmen of changing membership who meet when necessary, informally and secretly, and deal with facts of life.

Billy Moore, proprietor of the Last Frontier, Las Vegas' swankiest hotel, for instance, conceives a notion that things are out of hand down at Nirvana (made-up name), a gambling joint. He convenes the other hotelmen, the bankers, the newspaper editor, some storekeepers, and a few gamblers and lays the facts on the line. They reach a decision and pass it on to the proper people by curbstone or by telephone.

The city council of four has three members who were supported by gambling interests, but it has done the gamblers no whit of good so far. The council takes orders from the posse.

It took orders, recently, in the matter of the red-light district. Prostitution is legal in Nevada, and any town can decide what it wants to do. The posse thought that over and decided that for a nationally advertised town to have a wide-open red-light district was poor public relations. That ended the matter.

Reno, too, has recently taken an attitude about commercial sex, though its point of view toward wagering, divorcing and getting married up in a hurry is still realistic.

How about holdups? Billy Moore, Guy McAfee and Harry Miller all grinned and gave the same answer. The casinos probably wouldn't put up much resistance if a bold bandit demanded their money. They'd just hand it over—and let the bandit try to figure out where to go from there—in the desert to starve and thirst, or toward Los Angeles on one road which would be ridiculously easy to block.

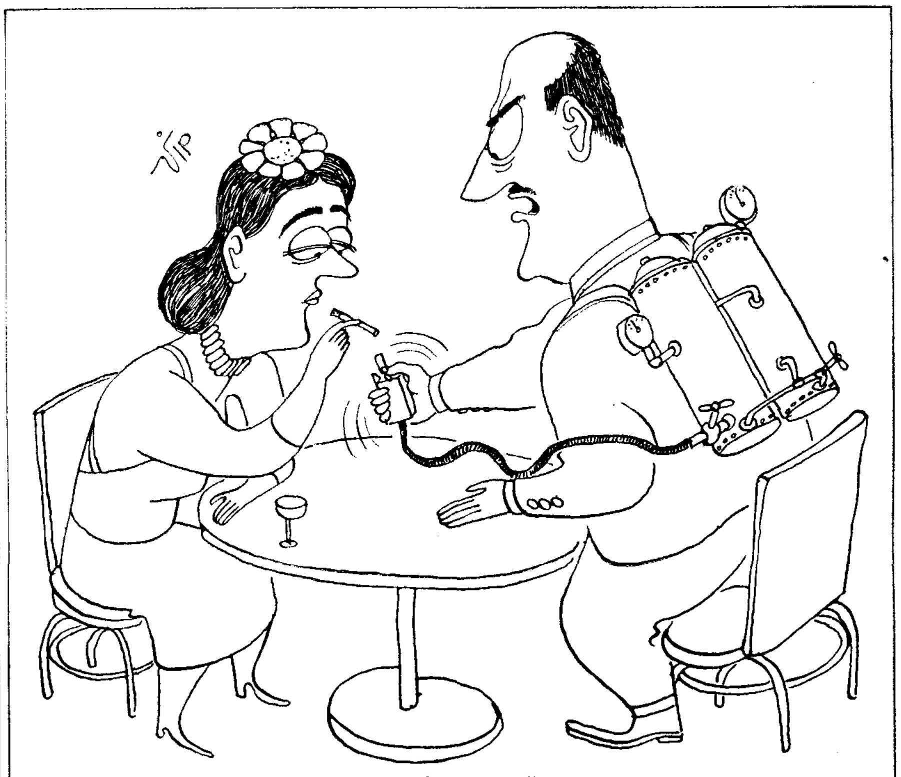
Reno Resistant to Change

Reno, an older town and more set in its ways, has been less harried recently by outsiders than Las Vegas. A representative of Chicago interests is in Reno now, trying to buy or muscle in, but such conservatives as Jim McKay and Bill Graham, who were recently released from a seven-and-a-half-year term in the federal pen for using the mails to defraud, find these city boys easy to avoid. Mr. McKay and Mr. Graham operate the enormous Bank Club, one of Reno's glories, and are solid citizens, resistant to change.

So far, the threat of big-time outsiders has been met with excellent success by the Las Vegas and Reno posses. Nevada has a total population of only 140,000, which means a village population of 100,000 against Vegas' and Reno's 40,000. Gambling means nothing, directly, to the villages, since the residents can't get rich betting with one another, and it is hard to explain to them how sin in the cities keeps their taxes down.

How long the posses will be able to control things is questionable. Two vociferous but undernourished anti-gambling organizations are already campaigning, unsuccessfully. Then there's the matter of taxes on gambling houses.

You don't like statistics? Relax, brother, this is a sleigh ride. Meet State Senator Ken Johnson and Mr. Bob Cahill, a statistician in the State Tax Commissioner's office. Cahill is the man who gets up the figures when Governor Pittman needs to know what's going on. But Nevada is such an informal state



COLLIER'S "Darn! No flint" VIRGIL PARTCH

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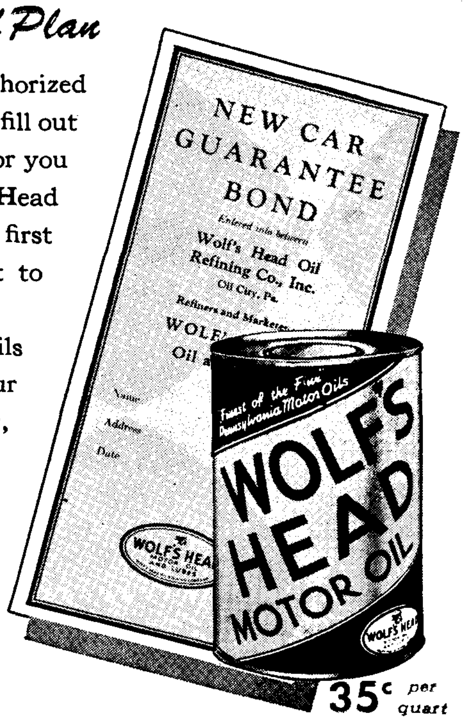

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that Bob usually trots upstairs with his figures and tells the legislators about them in person.

Last year he was wailing like a maverick with a burr in its throat. Funds in the state kitty were distressingly low, he said. Bob went up and down the hall buttonholing the 17 state senators and making their heads ache with problems in simple arithmetic.

The senators said, hell, bud, they couldn't raise taxes. It was against the Constitution and maybe a criminal offense to have taxes in Nevada. Anybody knows that. Then Ken Johnson came to the rescue.

Senator Johnson is a businessman who operates a gambling casino across the street from the Capitol. He is the only professional gambler who ever became a state senator in Nevada, probably anywhere else. Senator Johnson is also a graduate of Nevada University, where he is licensed to teach, and is a smart man with figures.

He said it was absurdly simple. Just slap a 10 per cent tax on the gross take of all the gambling houses. That is, the gambling houses with a gross of more than $3,000 a month. Senator Johnson's gross, it just so happened, was less than $3,000 a month.

Billy Moore hurried up from Las Vegas with his books to protect the interests of the Last Frontier and the other big casinos. He displayed his accounts and the state senators were bug-eyed to discover, for instance, that any Nevada hotel paid $18,000 a month just for dancers and singers and such-like entertainment. Billy used figures like that to make them see that all the big hotels would have to close if a 10 per cent tax were inflicted on them.

It became a Rump session and met three days overtime before the senators agreed to tax gamblers only 1 per cent of their gross.

It's the only income tax in the state of Nevada. The gamblers are still wailing They were already paying $180,000 a year direct taxes, and they know what that percentage thing means. It means that next year, when Cahill gets to crying again, the legislature will slap on a 2 per cent tax. And the year after that it will be 3 per cent. And it'll work itself up to 10 in spite of Billy Moore.

The one-percenter will amount to something more than $200,000 this year. Small potatoes? Not at all. Nevada gets only $1,302,000 from motor vehicles, $10,000 from the insurance companies, $1,388,000 from property taxes, and $56,000 from the corporations.

Bob Cahill explains that gambling amounts to a mere 10 per cent of the state's revenue, and he's right, according to the way he looks at it. But the way Guy McAfee looks at it is more accurate. The $20,000,000 annual gross profit is the thing to consider, not merely the tax money.

Guy observes that 80 per cent of his pay-roll money of $1,200,000 a year for his one club stays in Nevada. His dealers are home-owners. Good churchfolk, too. Nevada issued 700 gambling licenses in 1946. Only 140 are tapped by the 1 per cent tax for grossing more than $3,000 a month, but actually, 90 per cent of the total tax comes from three casinos in Reno and nine in Las Vegas. These places, like Harold's, the Bank and the Palace in Reno, are expensively staffed with operators who got very, very weary of avoiding the law in Florida and Chicago. They average $25 to $50 a night and spend it in Nevada. They constitute the biggest pay roll in the state.

If you can endure just a few more figures, get a load of this: Nevada is debt-free, the only state in the Union that is. The state now has a $1,700,000 surplus—and this year's general appropriation bill calls for a mere $1,900,000. From there on, a backward fourth-grader could explain why gambling money is pretty important in the Nevada scheme of things: Without it, as we keep saying, Nevada might have to go to work and pay real taxes. The state's per capita income is $1,256 as against the national average of $1,117.

The Man with the Mouse

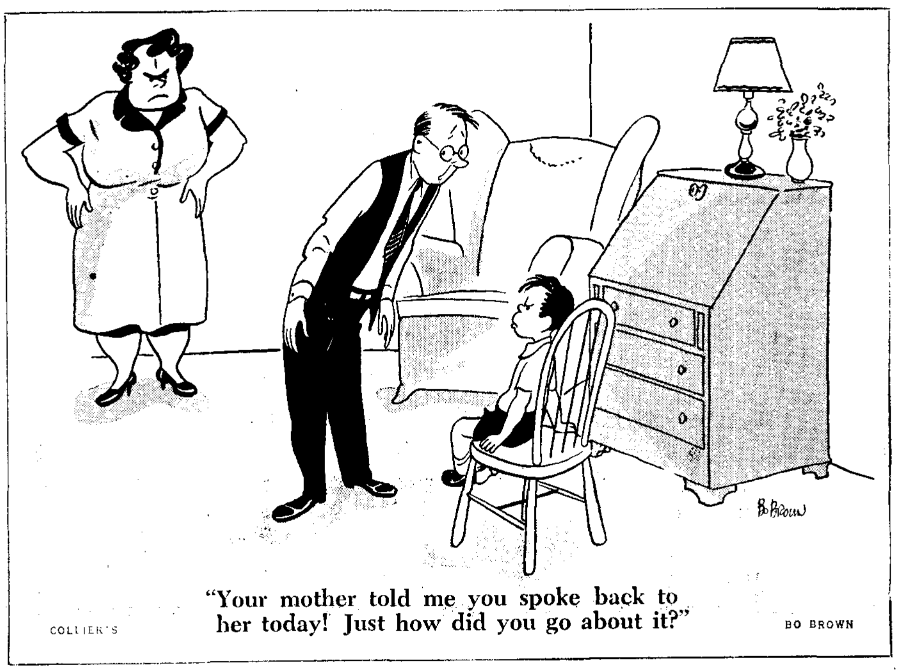
About five years ago a carnie man, a sideshow and concession operator, name of Ray Smith, came to Reno with a live mouse in his roulette wheel instead of a ball. The mouse, which worked in and out of trapdoors in the wheel, was honest and made money for the house, too. Today, Mr. Smith's place is the biggest and most profitable in Reno.

The Smith casino (no mice today) does about $2,000,000 a year business with divorcees and other tourists and is regarded by all of Nevada as steadier than the Bank of England. Like all other big games, this casino operates on a small margin of profit.

Mr. Smith figures that the percentage against the player who puts his dough on the front line at the crap table is 1.44, and 1.36 against him on the back line. At roulette, it comes out five and twelve nineteenths per cent against the player. Nobody can estimate the odds on twenty-one, but Smith says it probably comes to a 2 per cent advantage for the house.

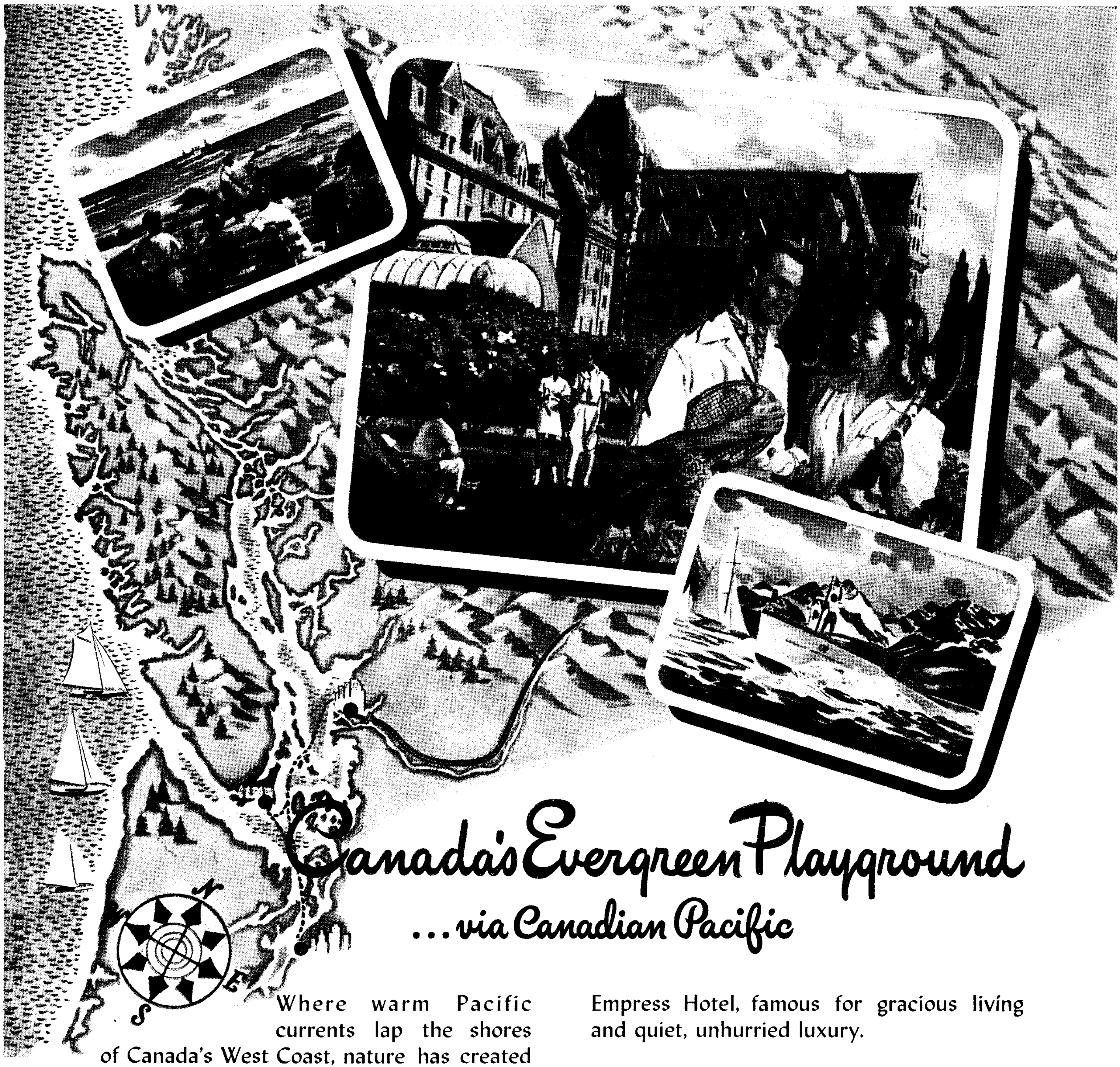
Business that can operate on small profits like this is, of course, Big Business and worth protecting. That's what Nevada's concerned about. Anyway, we thought you might like to know for personal reasons.

THE END



"Your mother told me you spoke back to her today! Just how did you go about it?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN



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For full information consult any Canadian Pacific Railway office or your own agent

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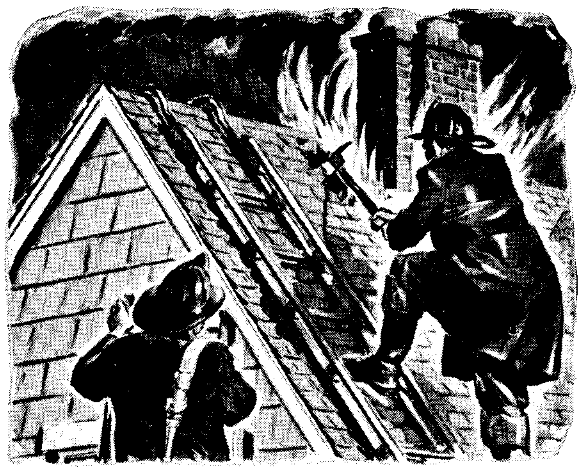
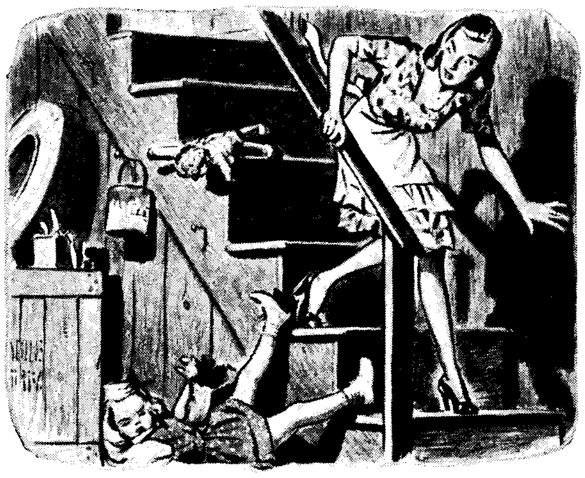
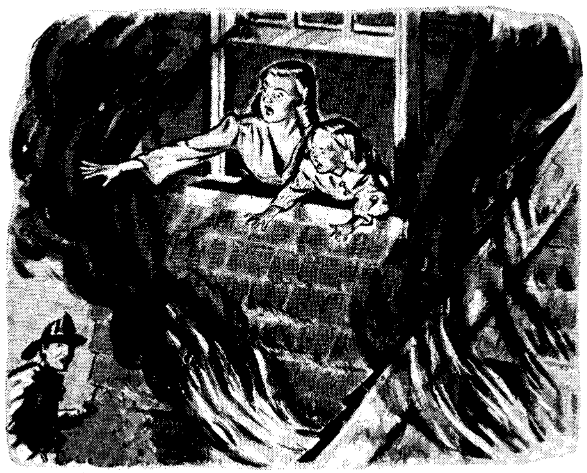
. . . *if you neglect safe construction when you remodel or build your home—*



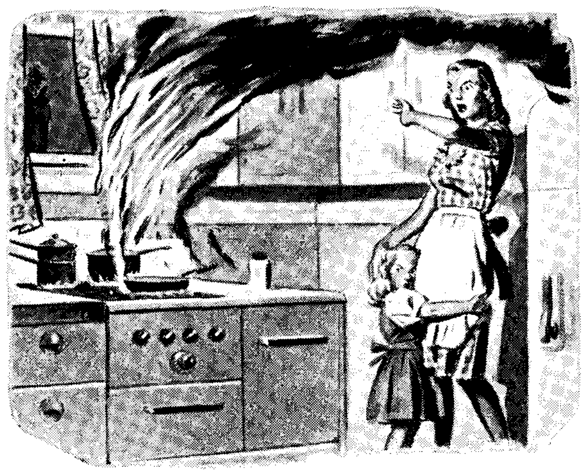
No. 1 danger spot—your chimney. Out of sight, a cracked brick, an overheated flue, or loose mortar may leak fire into your house. Our free book "Hidden Hazards," explains simple rules for safe chimney construction.



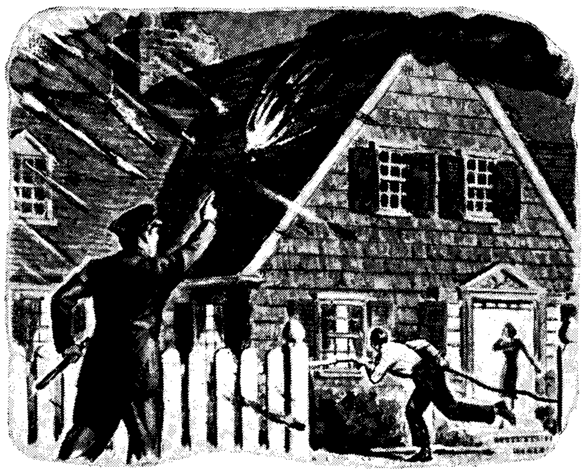
Stairs can be another hazard—too steep, too narrow, too dark or winding. Hand and guard-rails are a "must". Read "Hidden Hazards"; find out how to build stairways safe from flames or falls.



Fire shoots up fast; creates a deadly trap unless there are "Fire Stops" (pieces of wood inside walls which slow spreading of fire). Make your house warmer in winter, too. Read about them in "Hidden Hazards."



Put that new stove away from windows, curtains, drafts. Get one with a foolproof automatic pilot-light, too. Make your new "dream" kitchen a safe one—see the hints in our new book, "Hidden Hazards."



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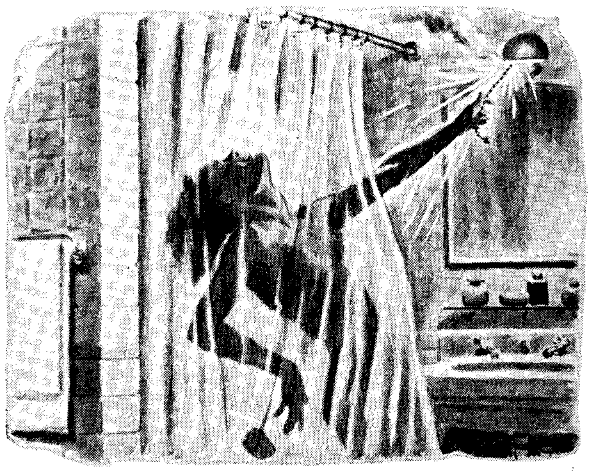

Water and electricity don't mix! Keep fixtures and switches away from plumbing. Other bathroom bugaboos—slippery tubs, razor blades. "Hidden Hazards" shows how to make attractive new bathrooms safe.

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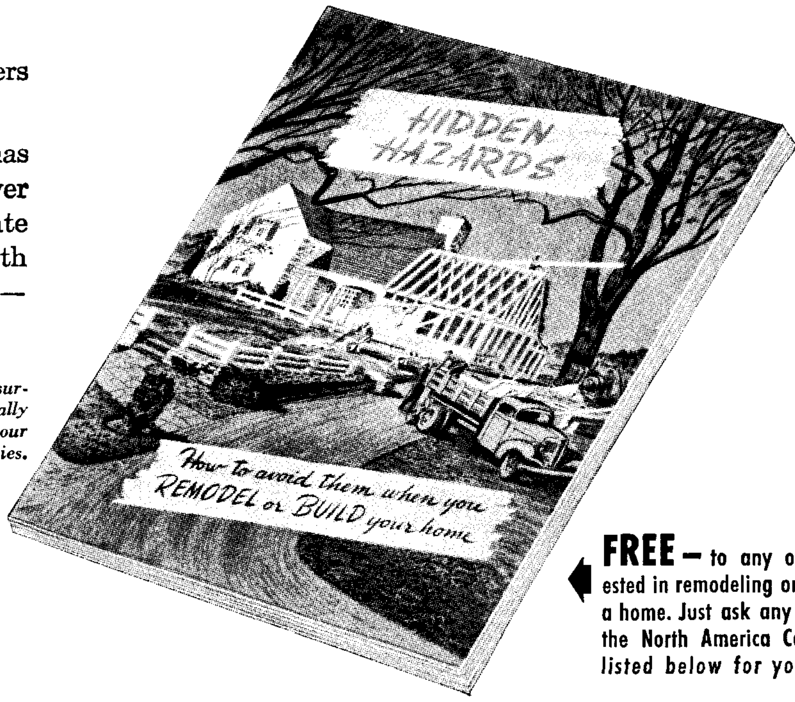
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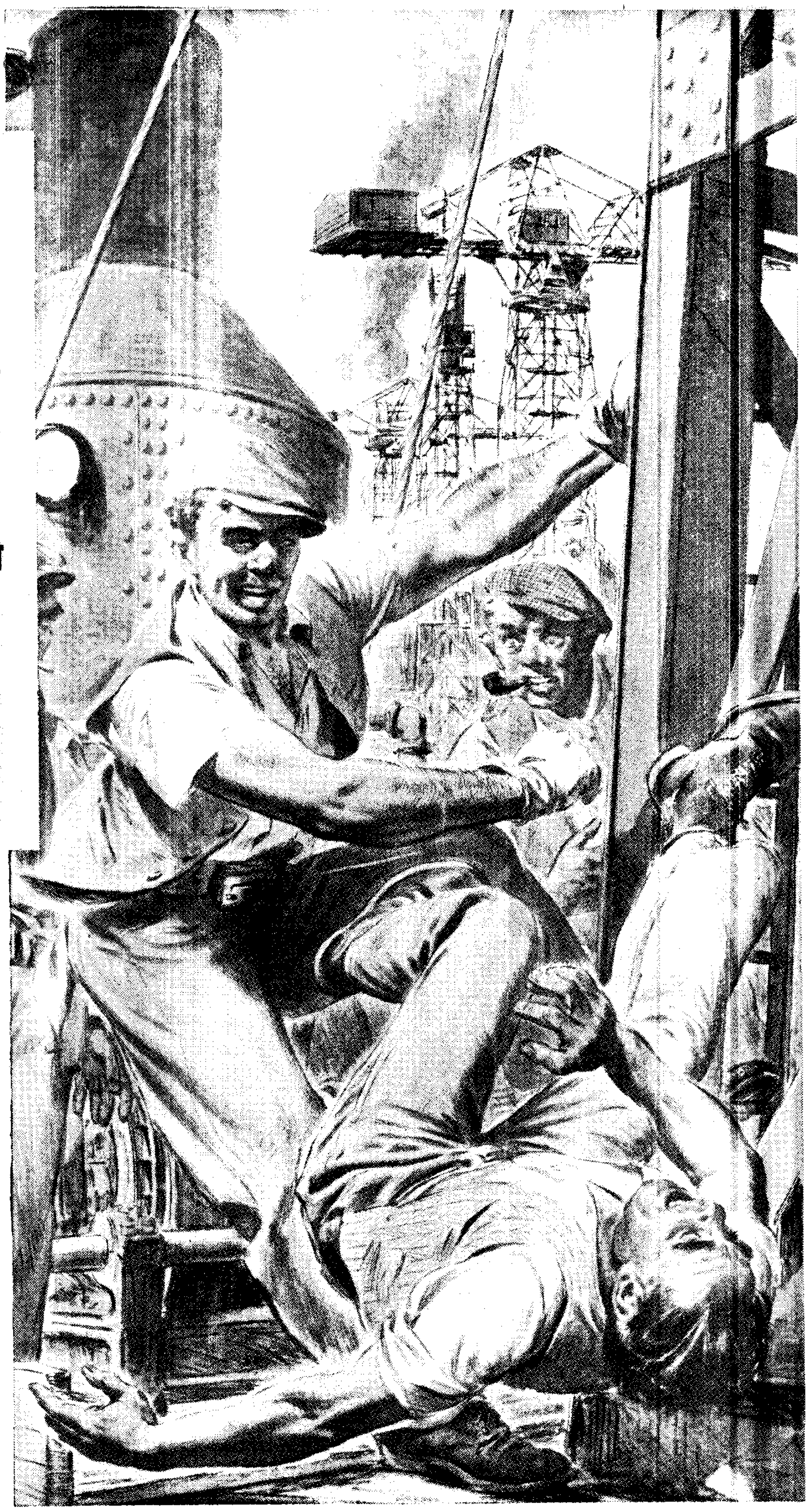
UP WENT McGINTY

BY L. L. FOREMAN

A short short story complete on this page



"Back to the firin'!" McGinty roared as he slung Wee Robbie aside

McGINTY was a giant of a man with a great sense of humor. He'd always roar his song as he climbed to the upper platform of the old pile driver: *"Up went McGinty wid a coffin in each hand . . ."*—a gay reminder to the others of the pile-driver gang, who were supposed to get their regular turns at the topman job, that there was no argument to beat the coffin-filling weight of his fists.

McGinty enjoyed sitting up there, with no more to do than throw a guide rope around the big steel-and-concrete pile after it was slowly raised upright for driving into the ground. He liked looking out grandly over the bustle of the Belfast Shipyards, and lording it over the sweating gang below. They were building new slips, and the piles were going in for the foundations.

McGinty was a man who loved a joke. Geordie, who ran the ancient boiler engine and called himself an engineer, said McGinty went too far in his zest for laughter; but then Geordie was a Scot. Old Dave, the gang boss, rarely objected to fun; but, of course, he wasn't one to try tilting his small authority against a mighty McGinty.

And there was Robbie Laughlin—Wee Robbie—who didn't laugh much at McGinty's jokes. But no doubt that was his arm troubling him, where it got broken the time McGinty humorously tossed him ten feet into a clutter of keelblocks. Wee Robbie was a trim little man whose quiet chuckle, paid mostly to quiet comedy, could easily be unheard amid full laughter.

There was no laughter when his arm got broken. Old Dave had to swear it was an accident, to clear McGinty and get Wee Robbie his sick benefits.

McGinty had pride. "I coulda throwed the wee beggar twicet the far," he said jovially.

Regret was beneath him. And for his worry over the risk of losing his job, he held almost no grudge at all against Wee Robbie. In proof of it he favored the little man with another joke soon after Wee Robbie returned to work. He nailed Robbie's dinner pail to the floor of the pile driver. Wee Robbie made to grab it up on the fly at quitting time and gave his arm a hell of a wrench.

"Can't lift an empty can, begod!" howled McGinty. "Tell yer wife to feed ye better!"

All he got from Wee Robbie was a pale and level look. And not a smile from the rest of the gang. McGinty was a man, though, who could stand against the tides of opinion. He announced that it was a poor monkey that couldn't take a joke. And he gave Wee Robbie a good shove, to show him and all of them.

He disliked Wee Robbie after that. And being, as he said himself, too straightforward a man to go hiding his feelings, from then on he put a stern face to Wee Robbie. He pushed him around at every chance and called him a liar no matter what he said.

AFTER a while he could see that Wee Robbie was growing thinner and getting a harried look on him. But it was a slow process, falling short of true satisfaction. He saw no way to better it, till he saw Wee Robbie's wife.

Wee Robbie's young wife came down to the shipyards one midday, a pretty little thing, timid in the presence of so many men, and the manner in which Wee Robbie strode quickly to her was plain sign that he was a brave knight inside where she was concerned. She whispered worriedly to him, and he turned to Old Dave. "Our kid's sick," he said shortly, and hurried off with her.

McGinty was a romantic soul. He put sparkling eyes on the legs of Wee Robbie's pretty young wife and watched the movement of her walking till she was gone. He made aloud an observation about her that such a robust man as he would naturally make, and he added thoughtfully, "If he was to get put on night shift, now. An' her alone nights. An' a man happen along . . ."

McGinty was a man of action. He was by way of knowing the labor foreman, Max, who could transfer a man onto night shift for friendship. Sagaciously, he proceeded to fertilize friendship with pints of ale. He was a generous man, and he promised everybody he'd let them all in on the joke after it was played and done.

Wee Robbie never mentioned if he knew of the talk. But he turned ghost white the day he learned he was to go on night shift the following week.

That was on the Thursday when the last of the thirty-foot piles went in and there was doubt if the old pile driver could handle the heavier forty-footers. They were working down toward the river bank, and where the mud was deeper the foundation piles had to be longer. McGinty had the pleasure of seeing Wee Robbie drinking heavily that night with Geordie and Old Dave in the Anchor Bar. It meant the little man was breaking at last, he never having been much of a drinker before.

Friday morning, Wee Robbie showed up for work, but not Old Dave and Geordie—those two needed only a fair start to set them going for a couple of days of it, as everybody knew.

BEING a man unafraid of responsibility, McGinty made himself boss of the gang that day. At first he had a notion to run the boiler engine. But, discovering there was more to it than had seemed, he turned it over to Geordie's fireman, a man by the name of Toon. He ordered Wee Robbie to do the stoking, a hard and hot job for anybody.

"Drag me a pile!" McGinty commanded, the same already being done, only the gang had neglected to wait to be told. The long cable of the pile driver dragged the first forty-footer on rollers and got her nose set and blocked. The engine strained to lift her upright.

Wee Robbie paused in his stoking, wiped sweat from his face, and said, "She won't do it."

"She will!" McGinty flung at him. "Fire 'er up an' give me more steam!"

The boiler's safety valve gasped a sudden steamy breath, and the engine stalled. Toon scratched his head.

"Won't take the load," said Wee Robbie, shoveling coal.

"Will!" swore McGinty. "Fire 'er up, damn ye!"

Four times they tried, and the valve blew each time. The pile hardly budged off the ground.

"It's that damn' valve-thing!" shouted McGinty.

Wee Robbie shrugged. "It lets the pressure down. That's what it's for. Ye can't keep it shut."

"Ye're a liar!" McGinty glared at him, and hollered at Toon, "Keep it shut! Must I be thinkin' of everything?"

He used his solid sense on the problem. The forty-foot pile was all of five thousand pounds heavier than a thirty-footer, and from that fact he drew the solution. He was a man of decision, and from a rigger he borrowed a length of what the rigger told him was five-thousand-pound cable, and with that he fastened down the safety valve. Really a simple matter of practical arithmetic, but requiring clear intelligence and initiative. "Now give me steam an' get that pile up!" he ordered.

Then he caught Wee Robbie starting to climb to the upper platform. Said Wee Robbie, "I'm tired out firin', an' many's my turn at topman I've missed."

Such impudent mutiny had to be put down at once. McGinty laid an iron hand on him and slung him aside. "Back to the firin'!" he roared, and climbing onto the upper platform himself he sang his bit of a song: *"Up went McGinty . . ."*

Wee Robbie got busy with the shovel and raised steam, and Toon raised the pile nearly halfway up before the engine stalled. McGinty bellowed at them from above, Wee Robbie threw on more coal, and Toon levered the engine into gear again. The whole pile driver shook, the boiler trembled and gave off strange sounds. Wee Robbie touched Toon's back and pointed to the pressure gauge.

Toon let out a yell. They quit the pile driver and hit the ground running, and because they had an air of knowing something the rest of the gang ran with them. All but McGinty, on his perch above the boiler, still singing proudly, *"Up went McGinty . . ."*

The boiler exploded while they were still running, and in that fearsome noise nobody could have heard the loudest laughter, let alone a quiet chuckle. The whole pile driver blew apart, and it looked as if McGinty never would come down.

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMISTRY

The Hunter's Bride

Continued from page 19

Henry scooped up a fistful of popcorn and looked at her, his gray eyes amused.

"Life's much too accidental," said Sally, keeping it general, since she didn't care to explain to Henry that he was the accident who had complicated her life and started her train of thought.

"I like it that way," said Henry.

His red hair was lively in the sun, his high-cheekboned face animated, as though the very idea of life and its accidents struck him like a spanking breeze.

"Men make excitement, and women make the best of it," Sally pronounced, disapprovingly.

"Epigram!" applauded Henry. "Have some popcorn."

They drifted on toward a side show. The barker shouted hoarsely. Beside him stood a girl who undulated apathetically at intervals, a glaze of boredom over her eyes, a dingy halter of spangles over her breasts. A ring of farm boys stared with wise-guy expressions, their dimes tight fast in their pockets.

A fine wave of unreasoning irritation blazed in Sally Lennox. She luxuriated in it. She was furious at Henry and the farm boys, one and indivisible.

"Smug," she said in an angry voice. "Smug and selfish."

"Who, me?" said Henry, startled. His hand, with the last of the popcorn, stopped halfway to his mouth. "Talk about unattractive comments!"

He ate the popcorn thoughtfully.

"An allergy, I think," he said finally. "Some spiritual ragweed in the rural air that you react to. Because you *are* fairly reasonable in the city—"

"That's just a pose, dear."

"Don't call me 'dear' in that nasty, social tone," said Henry absent-mindedly. "Or maybe it's—"

"Then stop looking at me as if I were a—toe-joint bone!" Sally's eyes sparkled with the exhilaration of behaving badly. She looked expectantly at Henry to see what he would say.

"H'm-m," said Henry.

He threw away the empty popcorn box, shoved his hands in his pockets, and examined Sally with careful concentration. Sally flushed slightly.

"That's the second time this afternoon you've objected to the way I look at you," he said.

In his eyes, there was the flat, rebuffed expression of a person who bounds up steps toward a familiar welcome only to find the door locked. Sally's treacherous heart was touched.

"It's the third," amended Henry, invincibly methodical about gathering the data together whether it proved what he hoped or the opposite, "counting what you said about *not* looking at you."

Her mind furbished with horses by the afternoon, Sally naturally thought of herself in terms of a horse refusing a jump: This was her cue to go on being difficult and, if she had the stamina, make a scene. But she hadn't the stamina, she hadn't the gift, and her heart ran away with her head.

"How—monotonous of me," she said.

"Well, not exactly monotonous," said Henry, quickly, but brightening.

They began to walk again, aimlessly, through the harmless shoddy of the fair. Sally compared herself unfavorably with Bess. Bess was all the women whose heads controlled their hearts, who ran their lives with the same sure technical touch they used on their electric mixers. She sighed.

"What's wrong now?"

"Nothing. Why do you think there is?"

"I'm such a penetrating man," said Henry.

"I hope not," said Sally earnestly.

DISCOURAGED by her recent incompetence, she realized she would have to pin her hopes to Bess' theory about the suggestive influence of happy home life. It would be too bad if Henry began to be penetrating instead of receptive.

"Bess and Jim Gilmore are *real* people," said Sally. "I'm very fond of them."

Henry said he was real too.

"Not in the same way," said Sally. "Neither am I. I admit it."

"Then you've lost your mind," said Henry amiably.

"Could you be wrong?"

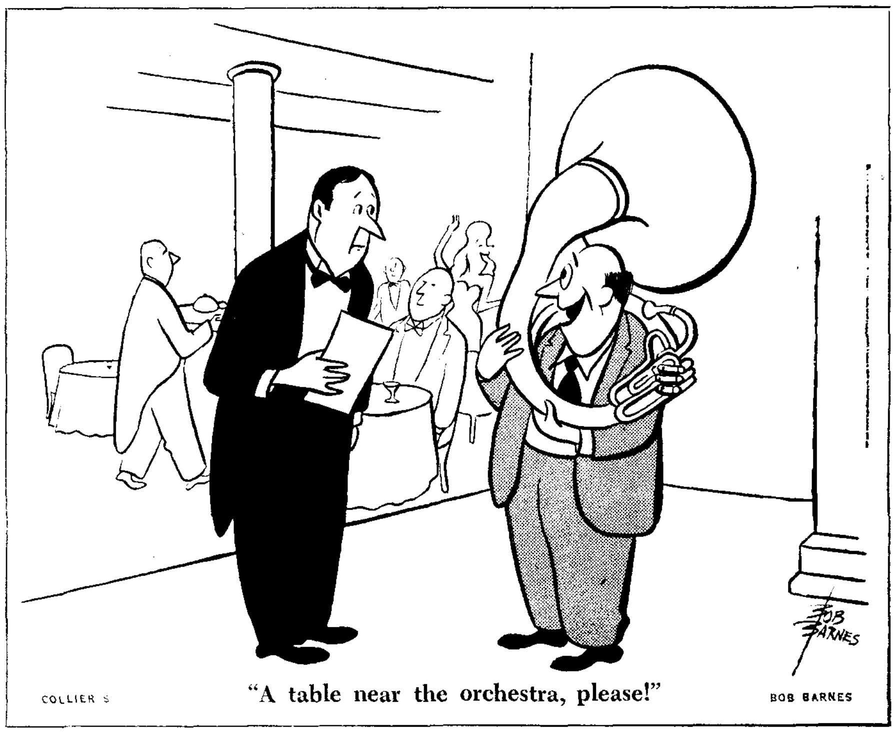
"I have been once or twice," admitted Henry. He gave her an odd look. "Have it your own way: They're the backbone of the nation."

He didn't sound tempted by their high example.

The Gilmores greeted them with the news that they'd just missed the five-gaited class, and brought them up to date on the show. Sally climbed up beside Bess, who looked at her inquiringly.

"How did Bud Johnson's mare make out?" asked Henry, who was ever adaptable, no matter what his private opinions.

"Not so good," said Jim Gilmore. "Beautiful action, but she's not *quite* as



COLLIER'S "A table near the orchestra, please!" BOB BARNES

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PRODUCT OF MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO collected as she should be. And she broke, in the trot."

"Me, too," said Sally quietly to Bess.

Bess patted her knee comfortingly, but looked disappointed. . . .

The Gilmore house lay low and white in the long rays of the fat, late afternoon sun. Jim Gilmore brought the car to a stop with a soft whisper of gravel.

"Home again," he said.

"Coming home's a lovely thing," said Sally dreamily.

They sat quietly for an instant, caught in the moment. The wide front door swung open and a small child danced out, fair hair flying, completing the picture.

"Hello there, honey," said Jim Gilmore.

"Did you have a good time at the birthday party, darling?" asked Bess.

"No!" said Betsey Ann Gilmore, and kicked at a tire. She was still mad as a hornet at having been left behind, birthday party or no birthday party.

"What a pretty party dress," said Sally, with misguided tact.

BETSEY ANN said she hated it, then turned her attention to Henry Crewe, who was lighting a cigarette, and the only person present minding his own business.

"What's your name?"

"Same as it was this morning," said Henry Crewe. "Do you have much trouble with Japanese beetles, Jim?"

"Why, Betsey Ann," said her mother with the most gentle raillery, "you're an old tease! Of course you know it's Henry Crewe—"

"Henry Crewe, Henry Crewe, one, two, one, two, Henry Crewe, one, two—" buzzed Betsey Ann, hopping up and down around them as they went indoors.

"Henry Crewe, one, two—"

"Three," said Henry Crewe.

Bess Gilmore hurried toward the kitchen, hurried back. "Jim, I don't see how it could possibly have happened again, but Mary says that drippy pipe is—"

"If I've told her once, I've told her a dozen times that if she *will*—" Jim Gilmore's testy voice trailed off toward the cellar. Bess disappeared in the kitchen.

"Inventing cellars was a mistake," observed Henry. "Man-killers. Something's always leaking or blowing up."

"Home life," said Sally, "may have its little inconveniences, but so has every kind of life."

Betsey Ann, book in hand, began to climb up into Henry's lap. "How do you do, Little Inconvenience," said Henry with restrained distaste.

"Read to me," commanded Betsey Ann with authority.

"No," said Henry.

Betsey Ann's mouth opened in surprise.

"Hook it up," recommended Henry kindly.

Balanced on his not too hospitable knees like a sack of potatoes, Betsey Ann Gilmore shut her mouth and gazed at him with puzzled love.

"Well," said Bess Gilmore, appearing briefly, "I *wish* I had a picture! You certainly have a way with children, Henry." She joined her daughter in gazing at him fondly.

"I did quite a lot of work at one time with young chimpanzees," was his modest explanation.

"That's hardly *quite*—" began Bess, but was interrupted by a dull crash in the cellar. "Oh *dear;* I *hope* Jim hasn't . . ." She disappeared.

"What do you suppose that was," worried Sally, "Jim or the drippy pipe?"

"Probably both," said Henry, "and there goes all the hot water, too, I bet."

"*Must* you take such a dim view?" said Sally. "Naturally little things can go wrong in any house, but that doesn't necessarily—"

"Little things—nothing," said Henry. "According to insurance companies, the home's a danger spot. People cracking their skulls in bathtubs, breaking their legs on cellar stairs, slipping on rugs, scalding themselves in kitchens—"

"Henry Crewe," said Betsey Ann in a tentative little voice, and stroking his lapel. "Henry Crewe."

"Mister to you, *if* you please," said Henry.

Betsey Ann crowed with laughter. She stretched up and kissed him wetly on the chin. "Mister," she said joyfully.

"I can't figure out what she sees in you," said Sally, "unless the poor child's the slave type."

"Come live with me and be my slave," Henry invited Betsey Ann, who was transported at being directly addressed.

"And where are you planning to live," said Sally, "if the home's so dangerous? I suppose they manage these things better among the chimpanzees."

Henry said that in some ways he thought they did. "For instance," he said, "now if you were a beautiful chimpanzee—"

"That's a lovely thought, simply lovely. When I'm a little bird-clawed old lady, it'll be one of the memories I'll sigh over," said Sally bitterly. "Right now I think I'll go dress."

Henry followed her up the stairs, with Betsey Ann bringing up the rear.

"Jingle bells, jingle bells, to the country club we go," said Henry. "Because it's Saturday night. Just a nervous habit, I think. I wonder if I brought my shirt."

"You didn't *have* to come, you know," said Sally, without turning her head.

"Oh yes, I did," he answered tunefully, "yes, I did; and I don't mind cold showers—much."

SALLY LENNOX rushed into her bedroom and shut the door. Angrily and hurriedly she pulled off her clothes, slapped cream on her face, and wiped it off so hard her small face gleamed like polished ivory.

She shrugged on a new negligee that was a subtle, delectable rose; that frothed around her, turned her into a delicate figurine.

Sally gave herself one woeful look and wished she had her money back. She might as well—she might better—be wearing outing flannel. She sat down at the dressing table, and brushed her hair until it hung in a soft, dark cloud.

"Well, my beautiful chimpanzee, what do you think you're doing, dear?" she mentally inquired of her image in the mirror. "I'll tell you what you're doing: You're behaving like a seventeen-year-old who persuades herself the riding master loves her because *she* has a repulsive crush on *him*. Him and his beautiful boots . . ."

Two tears dripped out of her eyes—to Sally's great alarm, since they were the first she'd seen in years except at the dentist's.

"You think you're an adult," she returned to the attack. "You earn a decent living writing paragraphs for women like Bess to tell them what hats to like and what to think about the new skirts. You're independent, you have fun, so you fall for a man who's getting along fine just as he is. An unattached sort of a guy. And you're fool enough to think you can trap him into the kind of situation he has no time for. . . .

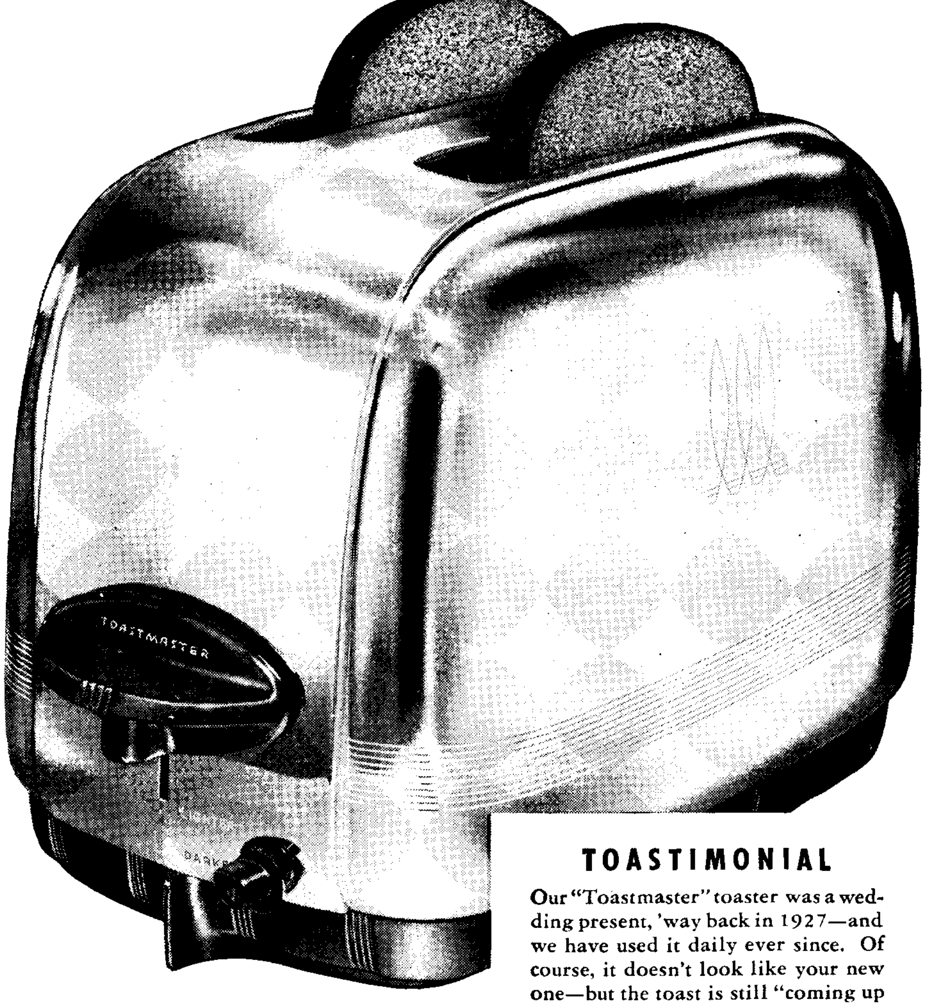
"'Henry Crewe, swept off his feet by happy home life at the Gilmores' and their *dear* little child, rushed out and bought a beautiful prefabricated house for his blushing bride! . . .'

"You ought to blush," she interrupted the scenario. "If ever I saw a man who has less of a yen for carpet slippers—" As a matter of fact, thought Sally fretfully, I'm bored to death at the very idea of carpet slippers myself.

Thoroughly confused and upset she bounced the bristle side of her hairbrush on the dressing-table top.

An agonized shriek ravaged the air. Sally made the door in one bound. Wail-

"Wasn't I clever ...to wait!"



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It won't always be that way. Your chance is coming—to rejoice in the flawless performance of the *new* "Toastmaster" toaster, with its exclusive *Flexible Timer*, so silent and so selective. For perfect toast every time—with no watching, turning, or burning—*you'll* be clever to wait . . . for a "Toastmaster"* toaster.

TOASTMASTER *Automatic Pop-up Toasters*

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Change to CALOX for the *tonic effect* on your smile

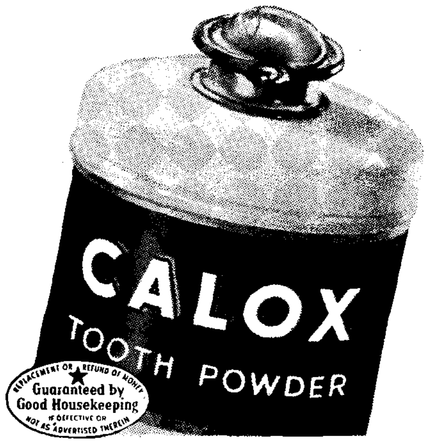
To make your smile outstandingly attractive, you need firm gums as well as bright, sparkling teeth.

Calox Tooth Powder works two ways to *tone up your smile:*

1. Calox helps remove dull film ...and bring out all the natural lustre of your teeth.
2. Dentists say massaging gums is most beneficial. Special ingredients in Calox encourage *regular* massage...which has a stimulating, *tonic* effect on your gums...helps keep them firm and rosy.

Tone up *your* smile...with Calox!

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



CALOX
TOOTH POWDER
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

ing like a wounded banshee, Betsey Ann was scuttling down the stairs. Henry appeared at the door of his room in a truly magnificent dressing gown. Sally was surprised; she had somehow imagined his tastes ran to the durable, not mad, expensive gaiety.

"Henry," she recovered herself, "for heaven's sake, you couldn't possibly have hit her—"

"I refuse," said Henry in an offended voice, "absolutely refuse to let her watch me take a shower. Damn her."

The dying wails were superseded by a great crash.

"I must admit," said Sally anxiously, "this does seem to be an awfully breakable house—"

"Sally," said Henry, "Sally, dear, you look so pretty . . ."

It was no comradely kiss. Sally drowned in it, willingly and completely.

A THUDDING of feet below and Jim Gilmore's voice raised in anger was a disturbance impossible to ignore. Henry sighed and loosened his arms.

"What I'd like to know," roared Jim Gilmore, "is what's the point of having a first-aid box if nobody ever knows where it is!"

He clumped upstairs. Shaken by the most convincing agitation, Sally asked him if somebody was hurt.

"Mary," he said. "Betsey Ann came yelling into the kitchen and tripped her up. She dropped all the pots in the place, and the chicken, and practically cut her finger off. You're a smart fella, Henry, not to have all this on your neck!" And he waved a rebellious, encompassing hand.

Sally retired quietly to her room.

She felt shaken, but clear-headed; feverishly clear-headed.

"All right," she told herself, "maybe he does love you, in a way. And you know what kind of a way. *Not* the kind that involves plumbing and children."

Sally dressed carefully, and in addition to her clothes put on an air of merry camaraderie which she intended to wear all evening for Henry Crewe's benefit. She wasn't going to have him think she thought a natural impulse meant anything more than—a natural impulse.

"Perfectly normal," she appraised it haughtily, "perfectly normal; that's all."

She went downstairs cool, gay and contained. Her dark hair was brushed high, her dress fell smoothly in liquid lines of palely lambent chartreuse.

Dinner, during which Sally disliked everybody very much and smiled brightly around the table, was a charming affair conveniently followed up by the mild bustle of leaving for the last dance of the summer season at the club.

Dancing with Henry required very little of his partner. He walked systematically around the edge of the dance floor, preserving a bowing acquaintance with the rhythm of the music, and cannily evading collision with more dashing performers. Sally knew she needn't bother to keep her mind on her feet, but she couldn't quite get it to working on anything at all.

"This music is really very good," she was startled to hear herself saying. She couldn't remember descending to that conversational gambit since the age of sixteen.

"The gym looks swell," Henry returned in kind. "Did you girls trim it yourselves?"

"Aren't you the card?" said Sally, and drew back against his arm, creating an impressive air space between them.

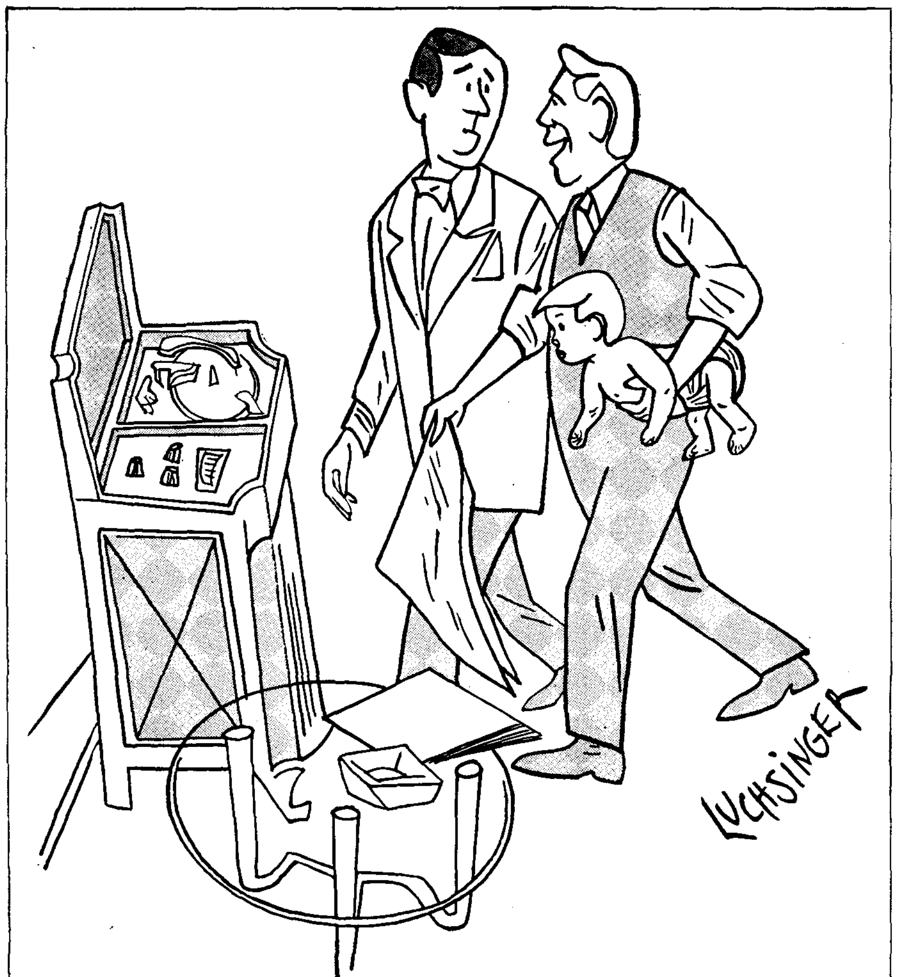
"Don't do that," said Henry. "*I* can't dance the polka, if that's what you're getting set for."

He pulled her closer and Sally stepped on his toe. "I'm sorry," she said mechanically. Henry said she ought to be.

They progressed steadily along one wall in silence.

Sally, who took mild pride in her normal social efficiency, reflected irritably that she had never heard it mentioned that true love threw you back into helpless, adolescent dumbness.

It's probably perfectly logical, she thought. You're back in a stage where



"You've seen our new laundry machine wash dishes, but wait till you see what our new record changer can do"

COLLIER'S LUCHSINGER

Never neglect a finger jab

Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance!

Cleanse the cut properly. Then put on a BAND-AID*—the Johnson & Johnson adhesive bandage. It comes to you sterile; keeps out dirt; helps prevent infection, avoid irritation.

Four times as many doctors recommend BAND-AID as any other ready-made adhesive bandage. Keep one box at home — one where you work.

*BAND-AID is the Reg. Trade-mark of Johnson & Johnson for its adhesive bandage.

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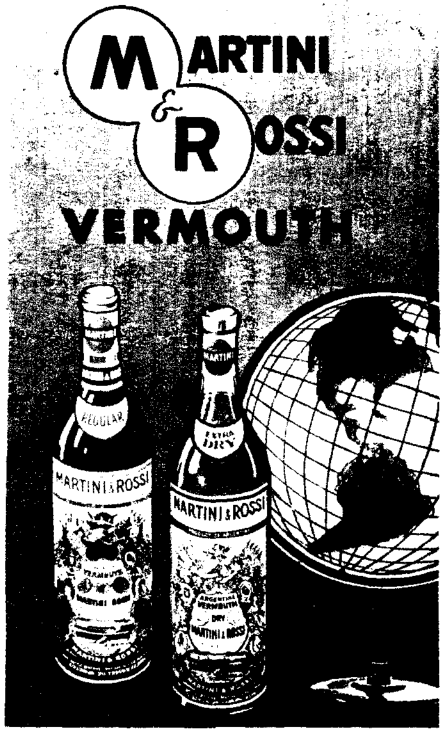
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J. CHICAGO, ILL.

. . . About a Manhattan Cocktail

ASK THE MEN who mix 'em at fine bars. They can tell you that the flavor of a Manhattan depends as much on the quality of the vermouth as on the quality of the whiskey . . . which is why those who are famous for their Manhattans use imported Martini & Rossi Vermouth.



MARTINI & ROSSI Vermouth has long been world famous. The subtle M & R flavor has never been successfully duplicated. Keep both kinds on hand. *Regular* for a Manhattan. *Extra Dry* for a Dry Martini. W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City. Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

your glands work but your brain doesn't.

The mental triumph of reaching this conclusion, in fact any conclusion, reassured her. So did admiring glances from several gentlemen dancing by who passed like liners whisking by a freighter. On the other hand, the fact that she was the best-dressed woman in the place, in an ostentatiously unostentatious way, had helped nothing except Bess Gilmore's local social prestige.

This led Sally to confused resentment of Bess and light fiction, both of whom encouraged the delusion that it was possible for the female to manipulate her fate. . . .

ALL she had to do, according to either, was precipitate a crisis. That was all; just corner Henry and trap him into action by giving him the idea he was about to lose her forever. Or hurl him into a jealous frenzy by disappearing in the appreciative arms of another man. She interrupted the dramatic sequence by an involuntary, bleak smile at the picture of Henry in a jealous rage.

Henry cleared his throat. The effect on Sally was like that produced on an orchestra by the preliminary tap of the conductor's baton.

"May I?" interrupted a strange voice, and a tall, cheerful man tapped Henry's shoulder. Henry twitched like a startled deer and Sally experienced a distinct nervous shock at such pat attention from the supernatural.

Gliding swiftly away in the arms of another, whose name she hadn't caught when Bess introduced him, Sally peered around his shoulder to catch any faint evidences of jealous rage on Henry's face. But Henry was shooting his cuffs and settling his coat across his shoulders like a man relieved of a burden. He walked away, reaching for a cigarette; a man taking a well-earned recess. Sally dashed into animated conversation; slightly too animated.

Jim Gilmore cut in. Like many large men, he danced surprisingly well and he enjoyed dancing with Sally. They were being quite intricate, and Sally felt the exercise was doing her good, when Henry appeared, looking determined.

"Oh, come on, Henry," protested Jim Gilmore. "Come back tomorrow some time."

"I have to tell Sally something," said Henry aloofly.

"I thought I saw you making for the bar," said Sally as they started sedately off.

"No," said Henry, "I decided to work this thing out sober."

"Henry," said Sally tentatively, "if you'd rather not dance—"

"I know I'm no good at it," said Henry, "but I'd rather keep moving. Less embarrassing. I've been thinking over this afternoon and evening."

He sounded depressed but organized. Sally had a feeling that his scholarly instinct for documentation had been busy. Nevertheless, another silence set in. Sally's social efficiency began again to deteriorate rapidly.

"Oh *dear*," she said.

"I'm sorry," said Henry, "but now I don't seem to know how to begin."

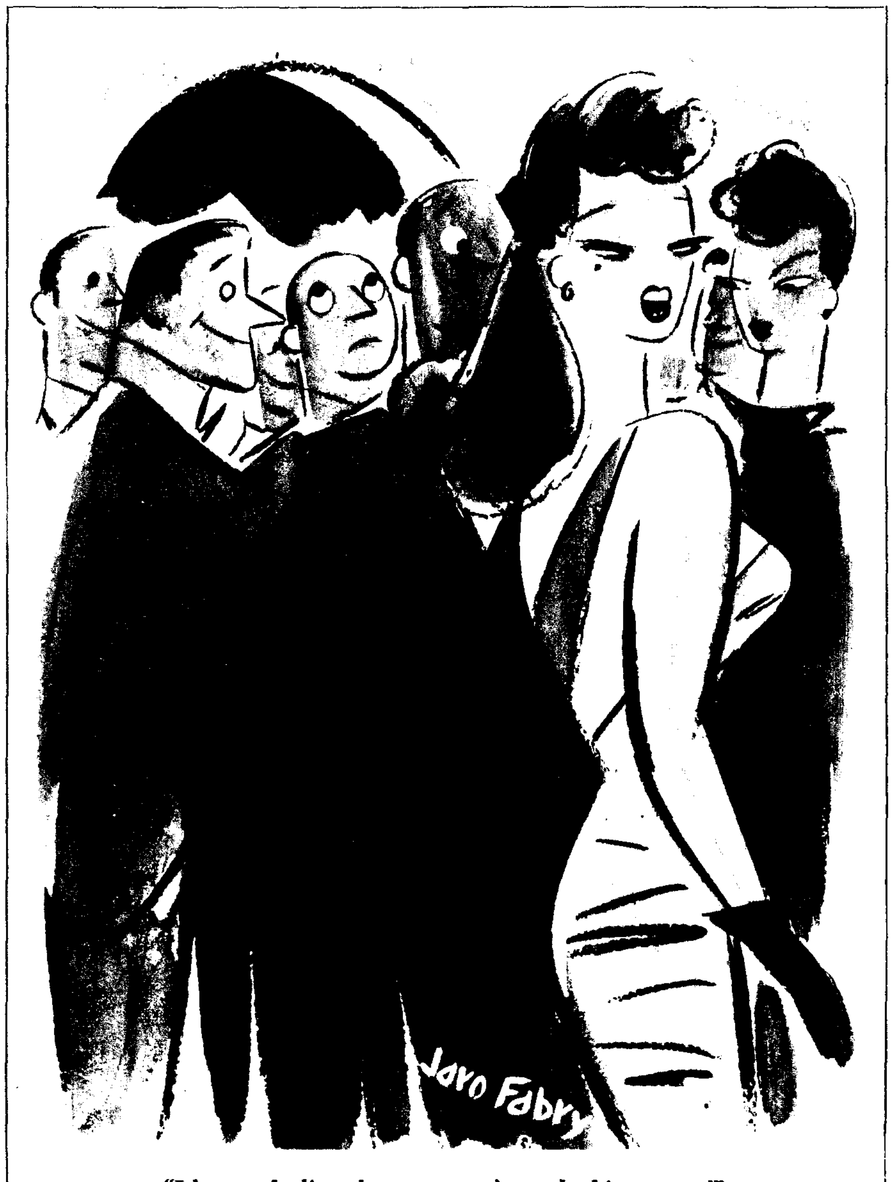
There was a helpless note in his voice that gave Sally a return of strength.

"Well," she said kindly, "why don't you begin with what's bothering you?"

"I'll tell you what's bothering me," said Henry. "Jim Gilmore!"

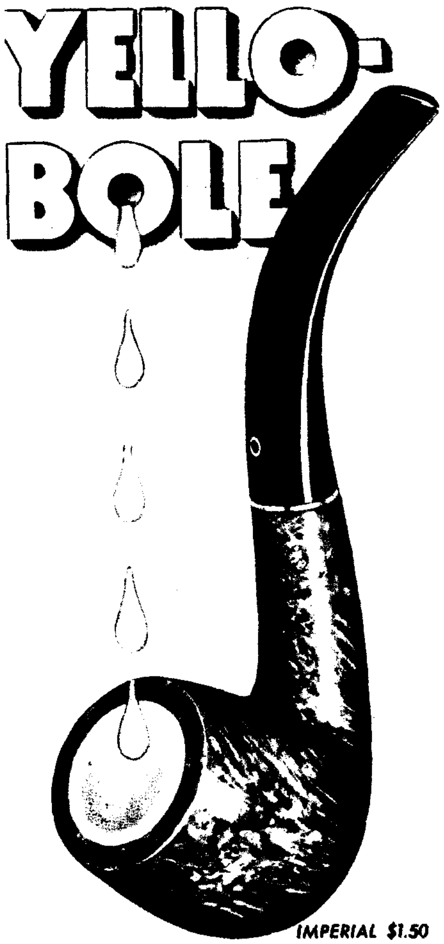
Sally found this beyond everything, including the supernatural. Then she thought she saw the light, a little late.

"I know he can't be very congenial, Henry," she said. "I'm afraid this whole excursion was sort of a bad inspiration,



COLLIER'S "I have a feeling that someone's not looking at me!" JARO FABRY

3¼ surface inches of HONEY make the difference



IMPERIAL $1.50
Full Bent Shape

More than 20,000,000 sold

That's real honey you see – inside the Yello-Bole Pipe. And what a difference it makes in your enjoyment! Its pleasant aroma and mildness have won the complete approval of millions of men who have tried Yello-Bole since 1932. These men give better testimony than we ever can, of the lasting satisfaction of the Yello-Bole Pipe. Yello-Bole Pipes are at your dealer's, in various shapes.

"No breaking in—the honey treatment of Yello-Bole Pipes makes them mild and agreeable even on the first smoke, when you'd expect a new pipe to taste 'new'."

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Est. 1851, 630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 20.

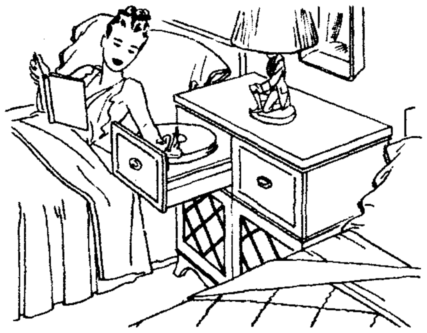
"Where Pipe-Making Has Been a Tradition Since 1851."

$1.50 IMPERIAL — this seal in bowl, ◎ this mark on stem

$2.50 PREMIER — ● this seal in bowl, this mark on stem

A Lear
Radio-Phonograph
just finger-tip high

The Chairside Console radio-phonograph combination—nine-tube performance from five tubes plus rectifier. Automatic record changer handles both 10" and 12". Record storage space. Available in Sheraton design in hand-rubbed mahogany veneers or in modern blond finish.



Just the right height to make playing easy.

You'd hardly think so, but tucked in this trim and petite console of Sheraton design is a Lear superheterodyne radio receiver, a fine automatic record-changing phonograph, and a spacious cabinet for records.

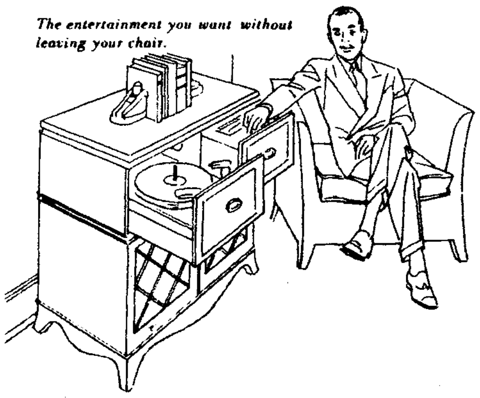
At chairside, bedside or tableside, it puts your choice of entertainment at your finger tips.

Lear engineers designed and built this beauty with skill and understanding drawn from sixteen years of building aircraft radios—radios that have to be as fine and reliable as it is possible to make them.

This, we believe, is why this compact console or any Lear Radio you choose will give you the complete satisfaction you have a right to expect.

LEAR, Incorporated, Home Radio Sales and Merchandising Division, 110 Ionia Avenue, N. W., Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.

The entertainment you want without leaving your chair.



LEAR *The Name Men Fly By*

but I just thought it might be rather a—"

"No, no, no," said Henry impatiently, "I like him. I mean I would like him ordinarily. But he's got everything and it gets my goat, if you want to know! *I* haven't any home, or any wife, or any child—"

"But Betsey *Ann*—" marveled Sally feebly.

"I'd like my own children," said Henry, expressing the sturdy faith that keeps the race alive. "Besides, they'd behave better. . . . Look; Jim Gilmore's about my age. He's all set. I haven't a thing."

"Why, Henry," protested Sally, honestly forgetting herself in the face of a completely new and patently unhappy Henry. "Why, Henry, that simply isn't true. Look what you've accomplished. Look at that tooth you found. I know I don't really grasp the whole idea of it, but I know it means your name—"

"Will you tell me what good it does a man to belong to the ages, in a footnote? You only live once. And I'm not."

SALLY said bewilderedly that she'd always thought he lived exactly as he chose. That that was one of the unusual things about him. "And this afternoon," she added, "you said all those things about cellars being man-killers and homes being—"

"I know it," said Henry, "it made me mad; the whole setup. All of a sudden I could see *you* in . . . I'll never have any money. I've been thinking about the whole afternoon, and the fair. You seemed different. I suppose you weren't, really. But I'm sort of used to thinking of you as just—well, there. But you know, Sally, sometimes in a different place you *see* people differently. It works on you."

"My goodness!" exclaimed Sally, her voice sepulchral.

Her hands felt clammy; she felt rolled in a heavy surf of utter confusion. "But it doesn't make sense," she said.

"That's about what I thought you'd think," said Henry philosophically. "But I had to clear it up."

They paced on, rhythmically.

"This afternoon," said Henry, just as Sally was about to speak, "when that infernal child yelled and you came tearing out in that pink thing, with your hair all soft, you looked so *beautiful* . . ."

"I thought," said Sally unsteadily, "that was just one of those things—"

"There are some things," he said offendedly, "there are some things that—well, let it go. It didn't mean the same to you; I could see that, later. Only," he said wistfully, "it seemed for a moment as though you *did*—but I guess I'm a mug."

"Oh, Henry," cried Sally, "we're a couple of mugs! What makes you think I have to have a lot of—electric mixers! I don't give a whoop for cellars!" she wound up passionately.

Henry smiled for the first time and looked at her tenderly. "Nobody knows what they want until they can't have it," he said gently.

Tears came to Sally's eyes.

"But, Henry," she said piteously, "that's just it. I want *you*."

"Sally, darling," he said, "darling Sally. Maybe not cellars and vacuum cleaners but other things, like the dress you have on. You'd find out later—when you *didn't* look as though you were waiting for a doorman to call you a taxi."

"I would too," said Sally.

"It doesn't make sense," said Henry, "you were right the first time."

"But that's not what I was talking about at all!" said Sally, while Henry unconsciously pressed her so tightly to his stiff shirt front that she felt scratched. "I'll tell you what I was talking about someday . . . maybe. Henry, I don't believe you really love me—"

She stopped, transfixed in full tide of emotion at having so naturally pulled out this great ultimate stop on the pipe organ of love.

"Sally!" protested Henry, his voice cracking and his shirt front crackling under added strain.

"Then what are we worrying about?" said Sally, with difficulty.

"I forget," said Henry, and steered her jauntily through a convenient, open French window.

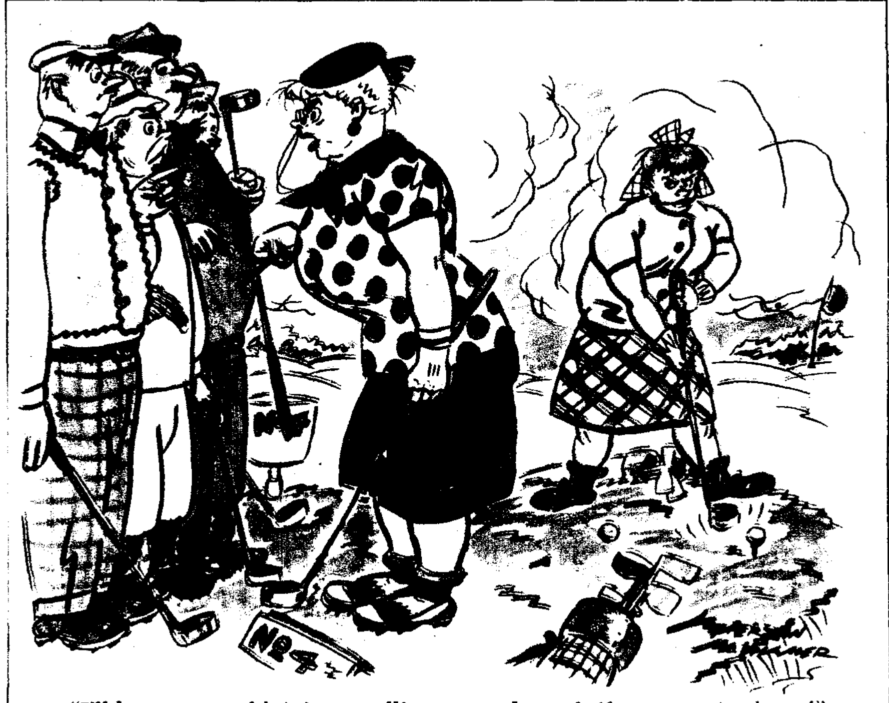
Bess Gilmore saw them disappear toward the darkness of the terrace, took note of their dazed expressions. She decided immediately on a really good silver tray. Because she doubted, and it somehow added to her comfortable sense of accomplishment, that digging up bones paid for much solid silver.

THE END

BARBEROUS

Undoubted result
Of the dollar haircut:
What once was a frequent
Is now quite a rare cut.

—RICHARD ARMOUR



"I'll bet you wouldn't keep yelling to go through if we were in shorts!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

Now, My Floors Stay Beautiful... with LESS CARE!

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ Gives Floors The Same Longer Lasting Beauty That Makes SIMONIZ So Famous For Cars

Longer lasting beauty saves work—that's why millions of housewives are switching to now famous Self-Polishing SIMONIZ. So easy to use . . . just spread with cloth or mop applicator . . . it shines as it dries without rubbing or buffing. And no scrubbing thereafter. A damp cloth wipes up floors sparkling clean . . . free from dust and dirt, soiled spots and spilled things. Always, cheery linoleums and rich finishes show their full natural beauty . . . because Self-Polishing SIMONIZ on your floors is crystal-clear. No wonder millions of women are choosing Self-Polishing SIMONIZ for their floors. Get it today . . . try it . . . and see!

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SIMONIZ
FOR FLOORS
Shines as it Dries
LONGER WEARING BEAUTY

Shines . . . as it Dries

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere **THE SIMONIZ CO., CHICAGO 16, ILL.** *Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes*

Self-Polishing SIMONIZ FOR FLOORS

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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TRADE MARK REG.

THE BACK SEAT SNOW MAN RIDES ALONE
SORRY PAL – BUT A DANDRUFF SNOW MAN ALWAYS TAKES A BACK SEAT. YOU'D BETTER LEARN THE JERIS WAY TO WELL-GROOMED HAIR.
LOOKS GOOD! FEELS GOOD! SMELLS GOOD! AND ALL MY LOOSE DANDRUFF IS GONE.
I'M LICKED! EDDIE'S IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT NOW. JERIS MADE IT TOO HOT FOR ME!
JERIS KEEPS HAIR WELL-GROOMED
FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF
ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN
AND IT'S NON-GREASY
JERIS Antiseptic HAIR TONIC
NOW JERIS KEEPS MY HAIR WELL-GROOMED —ALWAYS FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF

Firetrap U.S.A.

Continued from page 16

Our homes and cities may be the most "modern" in the world. They—and their contents—are also the most inflammable. "The United States has become the world's foremost firetrap," Herbert A. Friede, a leading fire-prevention engineer of Washington, D. C., told a meeting of fire chiefs this summer. He wasn't just throwing more rhetoric on the flames. In case of a bombing attack, most fire-prevention engineers agree our cities would offer greater conflagration hazards than those of England, France or Germany.

"No other nation permits such indiscriminate use of inflammable building materials," says Fred Shepperd, engineer manager of the International Association of Fire Chiefs.

Early this summer, the nation was shocked when 80 died within a week in Chicago's Hotel La Salle and the Hotel Canfield in Dubuque. The La Salle was widely advertised as "fireproof." So, Shepperd points out, are blast furnaces. In both hotels, unprotected vertical openings, in the form of open stairways, elevator shafts and dumbwaiters served as perfect flues through which smoke, flames and heated gases mushroomed quickly upward.

"Such fires will occur again and again," predicts Shepperd, "as long as we fail to 'bulkhead' our buildings as naval architects 'bulkhead' ships." This applies with even greater force to American homes, most of which have hollow walls that carry the fire from basement to attic and clamp the occupants in a closing vise of flame. Of all our firetraps, the home is most dangerous. Every other minute a home catches fire in this country. Firestops in hollow walls and stout fire-resistant doors for all stairways are fundamental precautions that could cut our home losses to a fraction.

The damage to homes last year ran to $120,000,000. But at a time when Americans are crowded in attics and basements and even in converted garages and chicken coops, that doesn't begin to express the real loss. It's a vicious circle in which fires lead to more overcrowding, which in turn causes still more fires—and more deaths. The death rate in homes right now is 15 a day.

Millions of new homes, schools, office and apartment buildings are going up as soon as we get the materials to build them. If no move is made to require a few basic, structural safeguards (which will add slightly to the building cost) we'll go right on building more firetraps.

Fire Plays No Favorites

In a burning building, flame moves upward as in a stove. But flame can also spread horizontally, as in a forest fire. Last June, for example, in Medford, Oregon, a blaze starting on the second floor of a fruit cannery devastated seven square blocks of the city. There are no cities in the United States that can claim immunity from this same hazard.

For a people who have used fire in more forms for a wider variety of purposes than any community on earth, Americans show an appalling ignorance of what it is or how to handle it safely.

Fire is simply what happens when oxygen combines with other substances. What happens, of course, is heat. Sometimes the amount is very small or gradually dispersed—as in the oxidation or rusting of metals. But when the process is faster, as it is when oxygen begins combining with oily rags, soft coal or moist hay, enough heat can accumulate to liberate gases and cause them to burst into flame. That's all there is to "spontaneous combustion." It's hard to trace after the damage is done, but it probably accounts for thousands of fires put down to "causes unknown."

Flame, which most of us identify with fire, is only burning gas made visible by foreign particles heated to incandescence. As a killer, it's far less dangerous than two other by-products of fire—unburned gases and superheated air. Every year, thousands of fire victims die without a mark on them. Many never knew there was a fire.

Ten minutes before noon in a New York apartment building, Mrs. Selma Watkins of Flat 7-B stepped out into the corridor on her way to the street. She pushed the elevator button, then stepped over to the mail chute to post a letter. The letter was never posted. As her hand reached the opening, Mrs. Watkins dropped dead.

At the same instant, the elevator stopped abruptly. Ben Smith the operator was also dead. Both were killed by superheated air which billowed up the elevator shaft and mail chute from a trash fire in the subbasement many floors below.

Hot Air a Fatality

In a matter of minutes, even small fires can heat the air of a room to temperatures over 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, hot enough to ignite wood or cloth on contact. One breath of it is enough to sear the lungs and cause respiratory edema or "dry land drowning."

In most fires, large amounts of gas produced by heat are not burned. Like superheated air, they can travel far to kill. One fine May morning it happened in Cleveland's modern, bustling Crile Clinic. At 11:30 A.M., a nurse carrying an instrument tray stepped out into the hall from one of the offices and suddenly collapsed.

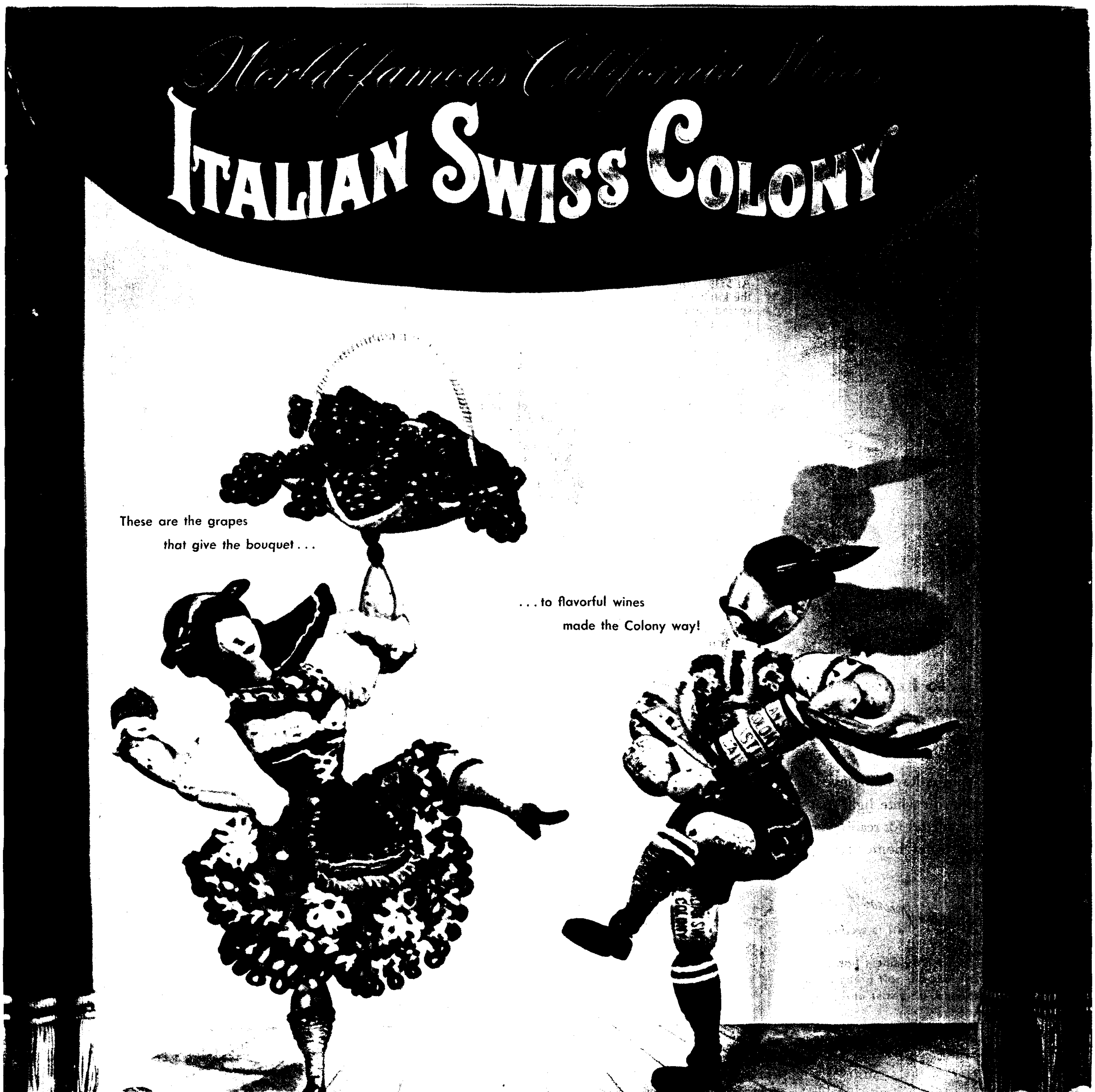
Few heard the clatter of steel on the marble floors. For at that same instant, death struck without warning in every part of the building. In the examining rooms, doctors fell beside their patients. In waiting rooms, mothers died holding their dying babies. Within seconds, 125 persons in the building were dead or doomed to die of poison gas which puffed through ventilator shafts from the X-ray storage room in the basement. The heat from a 100-watt electric light globe, left dangling against the open filing cases, probably set off the nitrocellulose film.

As a result of that fire, back in 1929, film manufacturers switched to the far less inflammable and slower burning cellulose acetate. But there is practically no organic substance in common use in office, home, factory or school that does not give off some variety of poison gas.

Commonest and deadliest is carbon monoxide, impossible to detect by smell or smoke and produced by incomplete combustion of anything containing carbon, such as wood, clothing, leather, drapes or carpets. Other poison gases are hydrogen sulphide, which kills by suffocation, and hydrocyanic acid gas, used for criminal executions. In Boston's Coconut Grove night club fire, they helped run up the death total to 492. The same gases can turn your home into a lethal chamber—unless, of course, you have ever troubled to learn the first principles of escaping from fire.

If awakened in the night by the smell of smoke or cries of alarm, what would be your first impulse? Naturally, to jump out of bed and open the door to see what's going on. Don't do it! The same impulse killed many of the victims of the Hotel La Salle fire. It's an invitation to death that's waiting on the other side of the door in the form of poison gases or of superheated air that can ignite everything in its path.

If you're caught in a fire, you can dou-



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ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

These are the grapes
that give the bouquet . . .

. . . to flavorful wines
made the Colony way!

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GENERAL OFFICES
SAN FRANCISCO

GOLD MEDAL LABEL
Italian Swiss Colony
CALIFORNIA
BURGUNDY

is the act that *always* brings applause: *you* simply serve your guests a wonderful wine made by the skilled vintners of California's world-famous Italian Swiss Colony. Here, wine-growing is really an *art* . . . an art handed down through *three generations!*

At your next dinner party, give your guests one of the Colony's delightfully dry Gold Medal Label dinner wines. Its bouquet will bring "bouquets"—to *you.* And its *flavor* will be the signal for "Encore!" You'll also enjoy Gold Medal Label sweet dessert wines. Try them—will you?

P. S. . . . means Private Stock, another group of famous wines from Italian Swiss Colony.

If you are looking for luxury, look for the Private Stock label on Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines and dry dinner wines.

I'm all out for

eye comfort

...indoors too!

...so I choose this pastel green bulb for *filtered* light!

Verd-A-Ray bulbs give me the soft white light that's wonderful for reading and all other home lighting.

SEE for yourself AN 18 SECOND TEST

Verd-A-Ray filters light rays as does this soft green background. It's *easier* on eyes.

Compare the same type on this glare-reflecting background.

Notice the comfort when you return to green. That's how Verd-A-Ray assures more comfortable seeing. Get Verd-A-Ray today at your favorite store.

BUY *GREEN* FOR THE SOFTEST LIGHT YOU'VE SEEN

VERD-A-RAY

VERD-A-RAY CORPORATION • Toledo, Ohio

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ble your chances of coming out alive by following this simple rule: "Never open a hot door." Instead, follow these simple directions:

Feel the handle or top panel first. If the door isn't hot, brace your foot against the bottom and open very slightly, holding your hand over the crack and keeping your face turned away. If there's a rush of air, close the door quickly. Your chances of rescue through a window are far better than the chance of escaping through a burning interior.

In Auburn, Maine, early last year, fire started in the kitchen of a boarding home for the small children of war workers. At 5:39 in the morning, a nurse went into the kitchen for milk. A blast of hot air spread flames throughout the house and 16 infants, asleep on the first floor, died in their cribs. . . . In Detroit, two small boys, occupying a second-story bedroom, were awakened by cries of "fire" from the street. Instinctively, they rushed through the door and into the hall where hot air from below dropped them at the head of the stairs. They might have stepped out through the windows to the porch roof where rescue would have been easy. But these children had never been told what to do.

Early this year in Elizabeth, N. J., a housewife had a fine idea for saving money. Instead of sending her husband's suits to the dry cleaner, she stuffed them into her new electric washer, filled it with gasoline and turned on the switch. Her house didn't exactly burn. It was literally blown off the lot.

If we're really serious about cutting down America's fire losses the best place to start is in our own homes. Almost overnight, we could spare millions of dollars worth of property and hundreds of lives —merely by following a few simple rules of common sense and good housekeeping. Take gasoline, for instance. One pint of it can fill a house with 200 cubic feet of explosive air. The spark from a cat's fur is enough to set it off. Your best bet is to abandon home use of gasoline altogether. This precaution would wipe $14,000,000 a year off our yearly fire bill, save 200 from death and over 1,000 from injury.

Our houses are full of electrical appliances. By taking the trouble to use them properly, we could prevent 9 out of every 10 of our 70,000 annual electrical fires and save another $40,000,000. Housewives forget to turn off the electric iron.

The bill for that small oversight alone ran to $1,625,000 last year. The costliest mistake with electricity is overloading the circuit. Pennies in your fuse box and a big drain on the juice simply turn your house into an electric toaster.

The greatest fire hazard of them all, in or out of the home, is matches and smoking. Together they cause 30 per cent of our fires. Too many cigarettes and cigars and matches fail to go out when we're through with them. Up in smoke with them goes $200,000,000 a year in property.

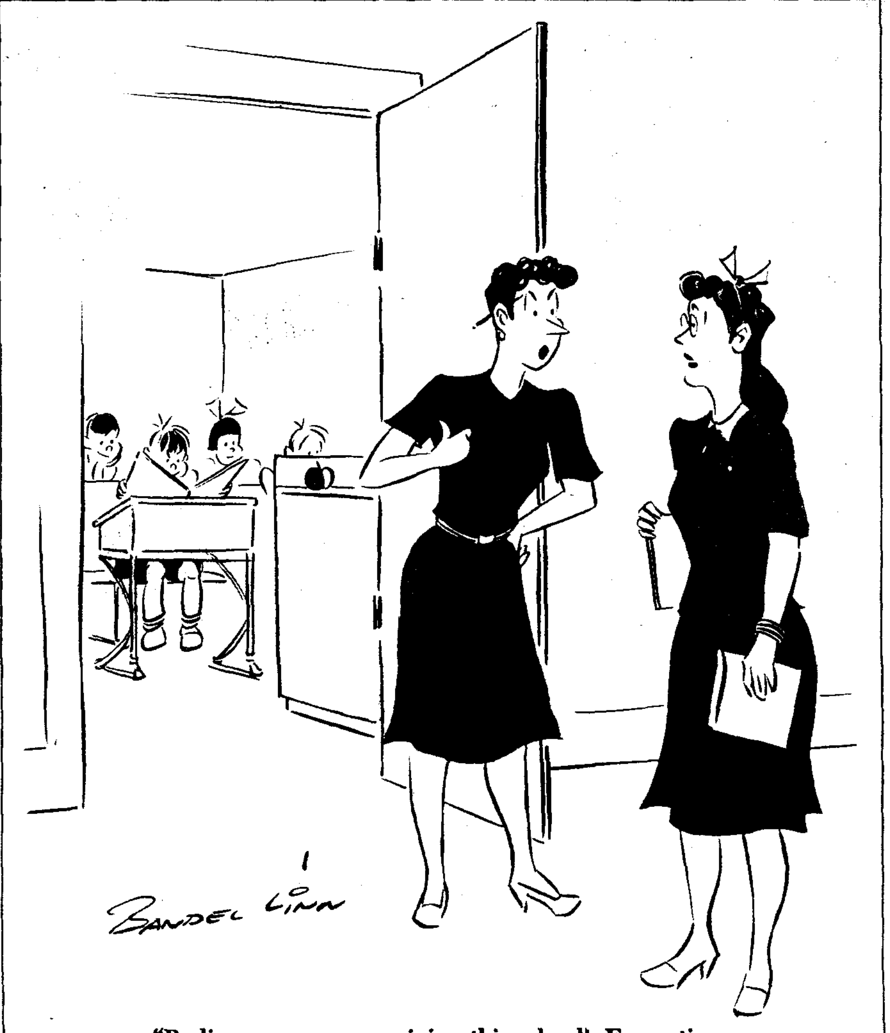
Blaming the Individual

To resolve to give up tobacco and matches makes about as much sense as giving up electricity or gasoline—or fire itself. The blame lies with the users.

Of all crimes, none is held in lower repute than incendiarism. The firebug may burn for profit, malice or the pathological thrill of flames. When death results from the fires he starts, he can be tried and executed for murder.

However, 99 per cent of our fires are caused by ordinary citizens. Against them, the law is helpless. The fires they start are not called crimes but "accidents." But to those soon to die in flames and to the children, parents, husbands, wives or sweethearts left behind, such a fine distinction is small comfort. To each of us, our fire record puts this question: Where does carelessness end—and crime begin?

THE END



COLLIER'S "Radio programs are ruining this school! Every time a pupil answers a question he wants to get paid!" BANDEL LINN

SAFE "BREAK-IN" FOR THAT NEW CAR

•

You can drive at normal speeds immediately

•

New and reconditioned cars are expensive and hard to get today. It will pay to "break-in" the motor safely.

Unlike engines of years ago, today's high compression engines have close tolerances and clearances. Accumulation of gum and sludge formations can quickly prevent full lubrication, hamper valve and ring action, cause premature wear.

RISLONE added to the oil in the engine crankcase, leads the regular oil to the tight fitting parts where it cannot go alone. RISLONE absorbs gum and sludge formations, assuring full lubrication —and prevents sticking valves and rings. RISLONE aids in the scientific "break-in" period, prolongs engine life and permits normal driving speeds immediately.

There's no substitute for

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RISLONE is backed by more than 25 years of scientific research, experimental and development work. It is recommended by men who know most about engine care. RISLONE is nationally distributed through 168,000 car dealers, electrical service stations, and reliable garages and filling stations. Accept no substitutes. THE SHALER COMPANY, Waupun, Wisconsin, U. S. A., and Toronto, Ont., Canada—Makers of World Famous "Hot Patches," The Safest Tube Repairs Known.

The Worm That Eats Its Tail

Continued from page 17

"The little boy walked to the water and was suddenly swept into the waves by the undertow. I took off my sunglasses and plunged in after him. I brought him back to the woman; she was speechless with terror." He then described how terror had dislodged the shoulder strap of her bathing suit.

"Madam," he said, "here is your son."

"He's not my son," she said, "I'm his aunt and you—you are Joe Weejo, the famous chef!"

Joe cursed his impetuousness in throwing away the sunglasses. He said, "My secret is out. I'll never get to the hotel without being hounded by fans."

"I have an apartment near here," she said, "you can come up and get changed." Then followed a description of the apartment and a romantic interlude. "You wouldn't believe it," he said, "but that woman was . . ." He named a movie actress you wouldn't believe.

We did believe it or rather we wanted to believe it, which is the same thing.

Well, it seemed that she couldn't keep her mouth shut, and soon all Atlantic City knew that Weejo was there. He was kept so busy signing autographs and fighting off women that he came to Philadelphia and got a job, pro tem.

WE SAW a lot of Joe Weejo that summer and we'd cluster nightly in front of Julie's boardinghouse and listen to long lectures on women. It wasn't because Joe was sex-obsessed. He was perfectly willing to talk for hours on the intricate art of icing a cake or the proper way to cook a lobster, or the Weejo solution to the Unemployment Problem, which even at that time was in the hands of certain prominent people in Washington. But we weren't interested in these things and we wouldn't listen to them. Joe desperately needed someone to listen to him. I was passing through the stage of secretly reading Moll Flanders, and all of us were discussing the metamorphosis taking place in Esther Hubman, the *femme fatale* of the eighth grade.

Joe told us things that interested us and we reciprocated by keeping the whereabouts of this celebrity unknown to the world. And the stories he told! The wealthy but sterile government official who wanted a child badly and was well known to all of us if Joe cared to mention his name. He sent his chauffeur to pick up Joe, and the chauffeur carried him to a beautiful mountain retreat where the official's wife was waiting. After the official's wife gave birth to a beautiful baby boy, the government official walked into the restaurant where Joe was working and, with tears in his eyes, handed Joe a crumpled one-thousand-dollar bill. A week's salary.

And the stories went on and on, and they were all lurid, fantastic variations on the same theme, but, God knows how, they had a faint trace of beauty and wistfulness in them. Possibly because the women were all beautiful and of high estate and possibly because Joe spoke of them reverently and of his relationship in their lives much as Michelangelo might speak of his frescoes in the Sistine Chapel.

After this summer, I entered a small Catholic prep school and began to see less and less of Joe Weejo. Besides, I wasn't very interested in listening to Joe. I was beginning to explore other fields of literature. And then, too, I was now a writer. Weren't my stories beginning to appear in the school paper? And didn't Brother Clement send back my modernized version of Macbeth with the notation, "You have promise, Joseph."

I was coming back late one evening after football practice when I saw Joe's dumpy figure racing up to meet me.

"I hear you want to be a writer," he said. I modestly refrained from telling him that I already was a writer. "What kind of stuff do you want to write?"

"I'm writing short stories," I told him.

"That's okay," he said, "but, personally, I'm getting a little tired of publishing short stories." The old spell was again being woven.

"You've published a short story?"

"Several," he said, "under various pen names. I don't want the world to know that Weejo the Chef is also a writer."

"I'd like to see them," I said.

"You shall," he said. "But at present I'm working on a novel."

"Is it good?" I asked.

"Magnificent," he replied evasively.

I saw an outline of Joe's novel but I don't remember it. I also saw numerous short stories he claimed to have written. All had been published in obscure little magazines and each bore a different name. Joe talked to me a good deal about writing, and as graphically and as interestingly as he had talked about sex. He also talked to me about religion and philosophy. He talked about Dickens, he talked about George Meredith, he talked about Aristotle. "There," he said, "was another smart Greek." Sex wasn't mentioned now. Though occasionally I'd ask him if he had had a good time over the week end, and he'd wink significantly and lead me to assume that he had an affair with a duchess or at least a millionaire's daughter.

I was also having a great deal of success at the time in English 1-E with poetry. I was turning in long ballads about the wreck of the Graf Zeppelin and small verses about the efficacy of prayer. I told this to Joe.

"I am also a poet," he said. "I will write you a poem to turn in to your English class that will amaze your teacher with its brilliance." He did. I read it and couldn't understand a word, so it seemed to me that it might be an excellent poem. I still have it. The first stanza went like this:

She slowly orchidaciously emerged
From her patchoulied bower
Passion's pentatapody of eager dunches
Her subtle soul submerged
Impatiently awaiting love's bright hour.

BROTHER CLEMENT gave me an F in English that week and a rather confused sermon on the Sixth Commandment. When I told Joe Weejo of the poem's reception, the talks on literature ceased. I didn't see much of him after that until the incident at Cooper's Bar.

Joe had been drinking at Cooper's one Saturday night and had been sitting on his favorite stool at the end of the bar. He got up and went out to the men's room. When he came back Major McGowan was sitting on the recently vacated stool.

"That's my seat," said Joe.

"The hell it is!" said the Major.

"Get off!" said Joe and he pushed Major McGowan off the seat. Then Major McGowan pushed Joe.

"I'll kick you," said Joe and named a vulnerable spot in the McGowan anatomy as his target. He kicked and missed. Major McGowan, in turn, kicked Joe in an equally vital spot in Joe's anatomy.

"Why don't you be a gentleman?" said the bartender.

"Dammit," said Joe, "I'm always a gentleman."

"Get out, you Greek bum," said Major McGowan.

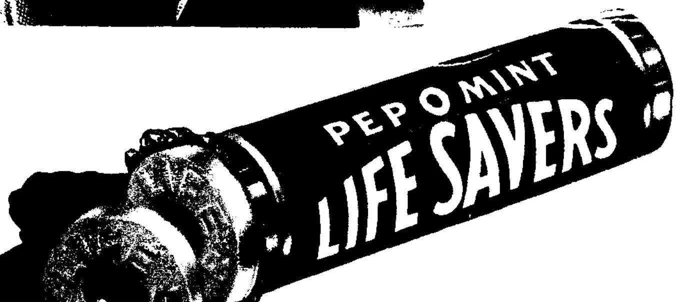
"May your right arm drop off in a year," said Joe. "And it will, because

If he's retreating like this

Instead of entreating like this

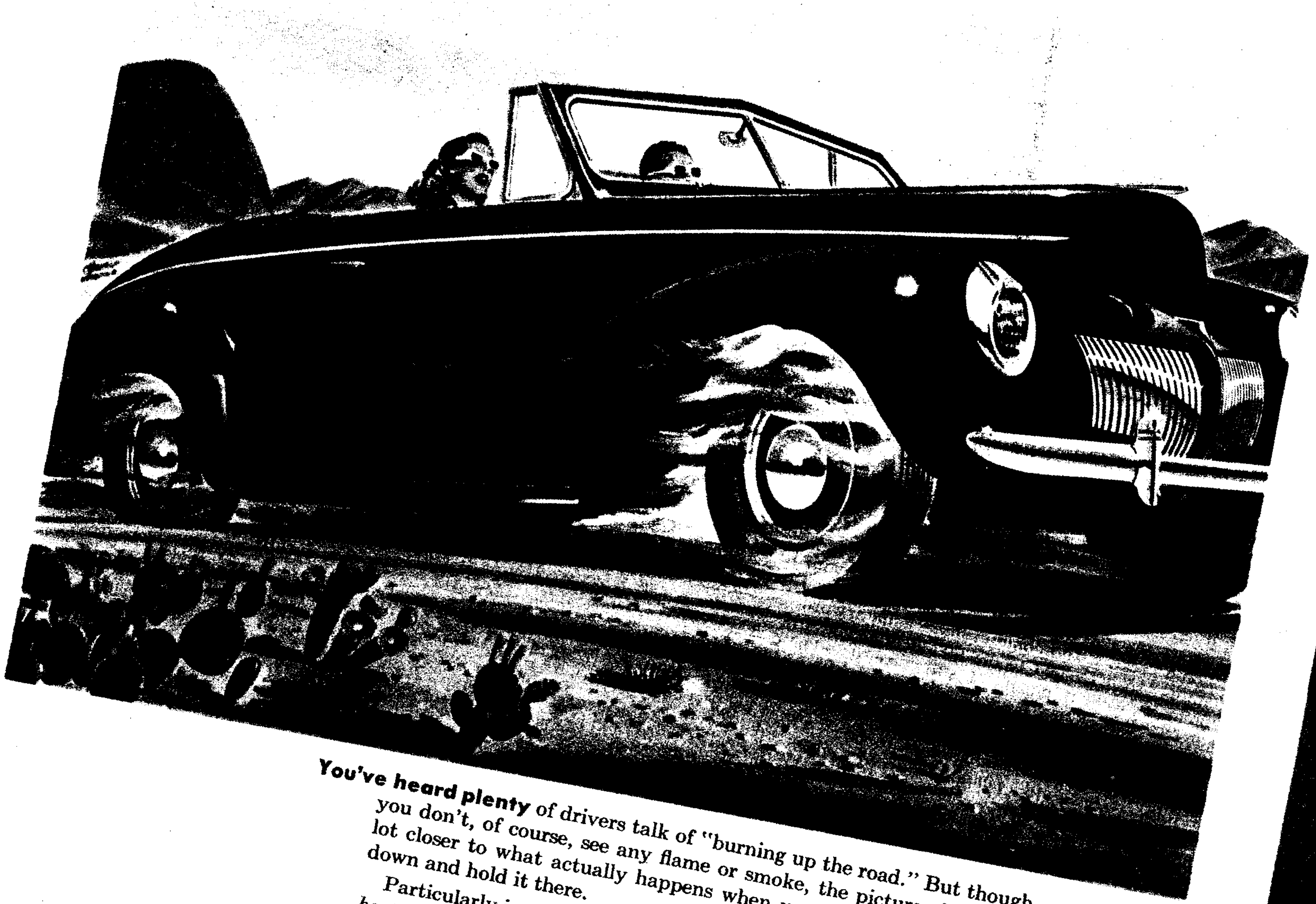
TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



Only 5¢

You don't stay first *unless* you're best



If y

You've heard plenty of drivers talk of "burning up the road." But though you don't, of course, see any flame or smoke, the picture above is a lot closer to what actually happens when you shove the accelerator down and hold it there.

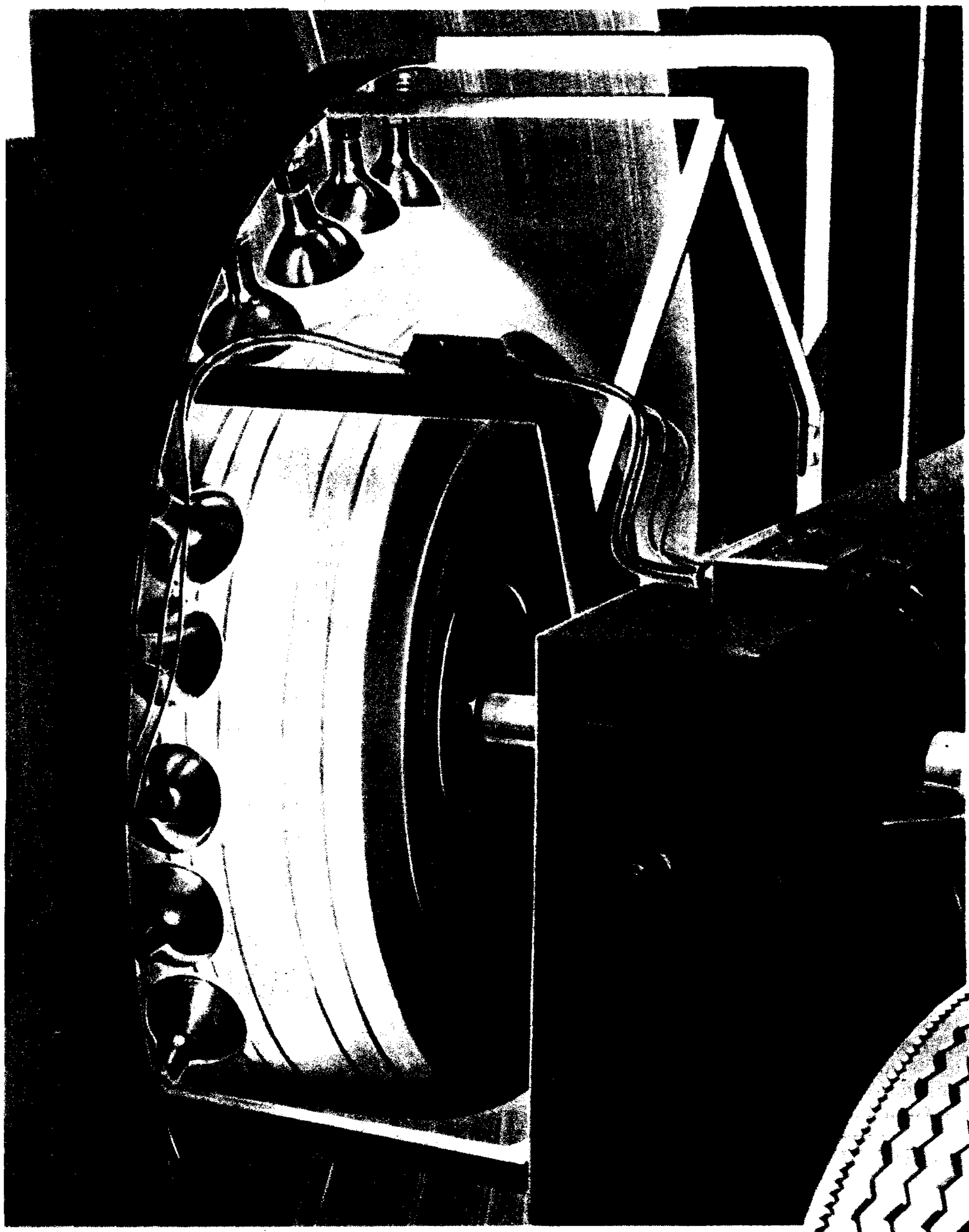
Particularly in very warm weather, your tires get mighty hot—*and heat is a tire's worst enemy.* Heat burns the "life" out of the rubber. Heat burns the strength out of the cords.

More than any other single factor, heat shortens the life of the automobile tire. And speaking of heat . . .

First—every year for 31 years

GOOD

All-Weather T. M.—The Goodyear T. & R. Co.



More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind

ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!
Goodyear tires size 6.50 and larger are made of rayon cord.

GOODYEAR
DELUXE ALL WEATHER

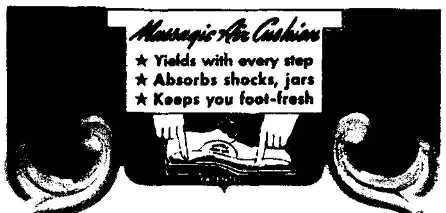
and were under those lamps—ouch! The infrared rays are keeping t Goodyear tire at 212°—hot enough to boil water!

Held against the revolving drum with a pressure equal to that of a e on a fully loaded car, it's as if the tire were speeding along the ghway hour after hour—while being literally cooked in this steady, rciless heat.

This is how Goodyear tires are tested to prove that they will stand at—*and stand it long after ordinary tires have failed!* Here's one re proof of the fact that the Goodyear tire is the best tire on the rket today!

Here's one more reason why, in 1946, Goodyear holds its place for 31st consecutive year as America's first-choice tire!

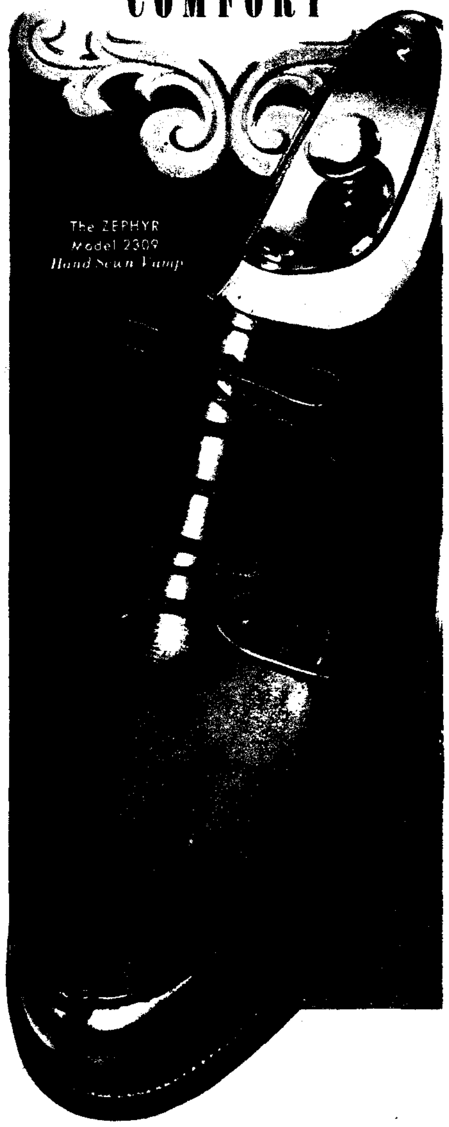
'EAR



Ease your feet ankle-deep into

MASSAGIC

COMFORT



Foot-fatigue vanishes as your feet sink into the refreshing comfort of Massagic's resilient air cushion and supporting Arch Lift. This *built-in* comfort teams up with smart styling and superior craftsmanship to give Massagic Shoes top rating for good looks and all-around shoe satisfaction.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO.
Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

WEYENBERG
MASSAGIC
Air Cushion Shoes

He won't change from shoes to slippers—because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort

when I say something, it always happens."

"Why don't you get out of here?" said one of the men at the bar.

"Who said that?" asked Joe. No one answered.

"A curse on him, too," said Joe, and he walked out.

After that, Joe spent much time at the public library and would frequently carry ponderous volumes into Julie's boardinghouse. I met him one day.

"Why are you looking so gloomy?" he said.

"I just got kicked off the freshman football team—too light."

"That's a shame," he said. "I can tell you how to get back at your coach."

"I don't want to," I said. "But how would you do it?"

"Cagliostro," he said, and tapped the worn book he was carrying. "Notice how pale McGowan looks?"

"No."

"It's witchcraft that does it. McGowan's arm is doomed."

"What do you mean?"

"Come upstairs with me—I'll show you."

We went up to the room. The curtains were drawn and there was a faint smell of incense.

"Did you ever hear of the 'Worm of Oroboros'?" he asked. I hadn't.

"It's a worm that eats its tail, a mystic symbol," he said, "that helps sorcerers. I could make the spirit of Lucifer appear right in this room!"

"Don't bother," I said.

"McGowan is doomed," he said.

"How are you going to manage it?"

"With this," and he pulled out a small piece of wax that was shaped roughly like a man. "Notice the resemblance to McGowan?"

"Yes," I lied.

"Well," he said, "I get a small piece of McGowan's fingernail, a piece of his shirt and a hair from his head. I make magic with it."

"Major McGowan is practically bald," I said.

"I'm working on that problem now."

I DIDN'T know quite what to say to my friend. "Well, good luck," I said.

"Thanks," he said. "And don't tell anybody what's going on. The world must never know that Weejo is a witch."

"Can I watch sometimes?"

"Okay. It may prove to be very educational for you. You can never tell when it might come in handy. I'll let you know when I complete the preliminaries."

"How's it coming?" I asked him a week later.

"Pretty good, but I ran into a slight problem. I don't know whether to read the incantations in Greek or in English. Since Greek is an older language, I think it might be more intelligible to the devil. But I've solved the hair problem. McGowan and I speak to each other now, and tonight I brushed off his coat for him. Look," he said, and he pulled out a white envelope.

"What's in it?" I asked. "Salt?"

"Dandruff," he said, "from McGowan's coat. Come on up to the room, I'm going to start ruining McGowan now."

We went up. The thick, tightly drawn curtains darkened the room so completely that the furniture looked almost comfortable. Holy pictures and some crude gargoyle figures hung on the wall. Near the door, a small hot plate held a lopsided tin boiler half filled with stagnant water. A tired-looking alligator skin rested wearily on the sagging bed.

"Now," said Joe, "we go to work."

He plugged in the hot plate, took off his shirt and put an old blue bathrobe over the twelve-dollar undershirt. He then put a cone-shaped paper hat on his head. He looked more festive than daemonic. He lighted a small incense burner and the perfumed smoke curled sinuously over the paper hat. He put a handful of herbs in the tin boiler and then took a piece of chalk and made a large circle on the floor.

"The worm that eats its tail," he said. He put a small stool in the center of the circle, took out the wax figurine of McGowan and sat down.

"I call upon thee, Osiris and Hecate and all the gods of power and darkness to bring pain and terror and humiliation to my enemy McGowan. Give him great pain here"—and he put a pin in the wrist of the figurine—"may he suffer the torments of the damned"—another pin in the elbow.

By the time he had finished, the wax arm was bristling with pins.

I watched this procedure for several days. There was no noticeable change in Major McGowan, but Weejo began to look very pale and sniffled constantly. It seems he was allergic to incense.

The school term ended and I went away to a summer camp.

I CAME home from camp late one night in August. The next morning when I went down to breakfast, my brother and sister were sitting at the table. My sister was singing Comin' Through the Rye. She got to the line, "All the boys they smile at me," when my brother interrupted. "Smile at you!" he said. "I've seen them laugh in your face."

This started a family argument, which was interrupted by the entrance of my mother and Mrs. McDevitt, a neighbor.

"Keep quiet!" said my mother. "Isn't there enough excitement in the neighborhood without you two yelling at each other?"

"What happened?" I asked.

"Oh, hello there," said my mother. "Did you enjoy the camp?"

"As I was saying," said Mrs. McDevitt, "I think Julie was perfectly right. I wouldn't keep him in my house one minute."

"It's your friend Joe Weejo we're talking about," said my mother. "Julie threw him out of the house. He was acting like a crazy man—muttering to himself, cooking in his room, and stinking up the place with some sort of weed he was burning. He's all packed up now and ready to get out."

"And good riddance," said Mrs. McDevitt; "but it's a shame about poor Major McGowan."

"The worm that eats its tail!" I shouted.

"What?" asked my mother.

"Nothing," I said. "What happened to Major McGowan?"

"It happened yesterday," said my mother. "Weejo was screaming upstairs in his room and disturbing the whole house. Major McGowan and Julie went up to tell him to keep quiet. When they went in, he ranted and raved and told them to get out. Julie got frightened and started to run out of the room but she knocked over a saucepan filled with some grease Weejo was cooking. Major McGowan rushed over to see if she was hurt and slipped on the grease."

"Was he hurt?" I asked.

"He broke his arm," said Mrs. McDevitt.

I walked out of the house and saw Joe standing in front of the boardinghouse. He was surrounded by suitcases and was carrying a small overnight bag, a cook book, and a copy of Witchcraft in the World Today. He smiled when he saw me.

"You," he said, "I'm glad to see. The others always laughed at me, and only you had faith in me." There was a slight pause for dramatic intensity. "Take one look at McGowan's arm and know that Weejo never lies."

"The Worm?" I asked.

"The Worm," he whispered. "But don't tell anybody about this, the world must never know. . . ."

THE END

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QUICK RELIEF. Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients. Absolutely safe . . . gentle as a tear. Murine gives tired eyes the feeling of "hours of rest" in seconds.

MURINE

FOR YOUR EYES

Chaos on the Coast

Continued from page 22

a day were going out to people as payments for not working, while industries and farmers were yelling for help. Taxes were the third highest in the country and the state was heading, slowly and surely, for a point at which it would be paying out more to idle people than its cost of state government.

"There must," said President Asa V. Call of the State Chamber of Commerce, "be a halt to the creeping paralysis of 'social benefits.' We have reached the point where those who work are strained to support the idle and shiftless."

In 1945 more than $365,000,000 had been siphoned off from workers' pay checks to support armies of idlers—and even the workers were getting tired of it. Still, new work seekers poured in. And with them came hordes of people who had heard you could work half a year in California and get paid for doing nothing the other half.

The society column of the Los Angeles Times reported recently the experience of a Benedict Canyon matron, whose new $200-a-month cook left early Wednesday morning and showed up again late that evening. To the matron's polite "How come?" the cook explained:

"Oh, I never work Wednesdays; that's the day I go downtown to collect my $20 unemployment insurance!"

With jobs going begging, the California Unemployment Insurance fund was headed for bankruptcy. It had been built up to a huge sum during the war years; by early summer this year it was more than $15,000,000 in the red. In one month alone—April—doles to nonworkers amounted to more money than was taken in from workers during the first four months of the year.

In other words, California workers had to pay insurance premiums for four months to support thousands of people who, in many cases, just didn't feel like working for one month.

Under California law any worker may work twenty-nine weeks a year, pay a total of $14.50 into the unemployment insurance fund, and draw $18 a week for twenty-two weeks—a total of $396, tax-free. Under another setup a worker can "invest" $15 in the fund and draw $20 a week for twenty weeks. People working steadily were beginning to wonder, by summer, how long they would have to support around 200,000 nonworkers, many of whom wouldn't take jobs offered them by the United States Employment Service and other agencies.

Since mid-August, 1945, nearly a million workers on the Coast have been "mislaid" by state and federal employment bureaus, that is, the bureaus have completely lost track of them. In southern California alone the number unaccounted for is 333,000. During the war years the workers contributed for unemployment insurance. From V-J Day to March 21st this year, 439,955 of them drew unemployment pay at the rate of $20 a week. Then the figure dropped rapidly, and in a few months it was down to 106,570. What happened to the other 333,385?

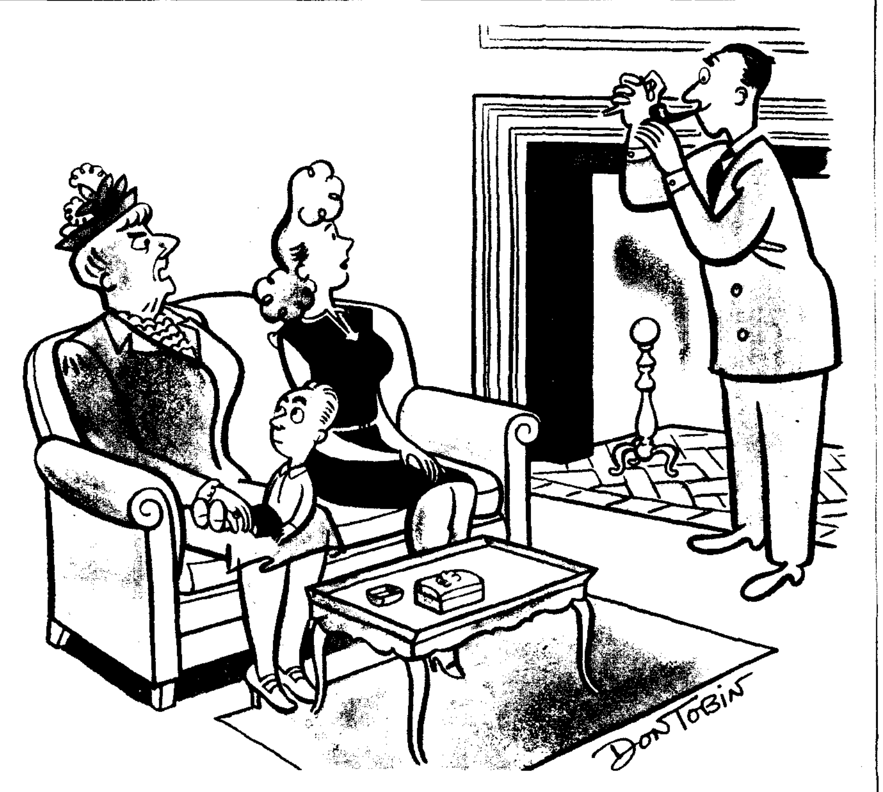
Lowdown on War Workers

Well, some of them went to work; others retired after getting all they could out of the unemployment fund; thousands set themselves up in business; still others are living on their wartime savings; a few have bought small farms and are doing it the hard way. But they haven't gone home.

When the Japanese war shut down in August, 1945, it was expected there would be a quick drop in savings accounts, a cashing of War Bonds. War workers would be taking their cash and heading for home. But it didn't happen that way. There was a slight, moderate traffic flow east for a few weeks. Then the tide turned, and it has been running strongly westward ever since. Savings accounts in the Coast states actually showed a rise for some months as newcomers brought in deposits.

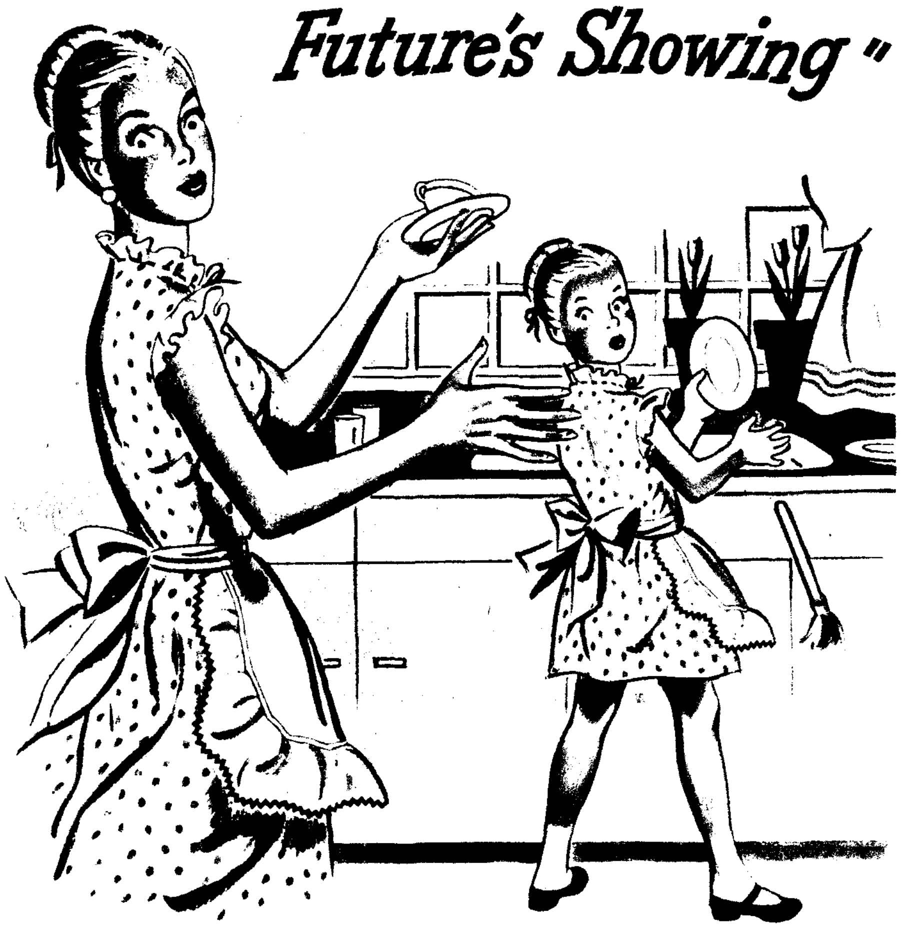
In early 1946, long before any normal tourist season, westbound traffic into Washington, Oregon and California was more than double that of the same period in 1945, when war plants still were yelling for more man power. In the first three months of this year more than a million new settlers flowed into Coast states; in California the increase was 150 per cent above 1945.

Henry Greminger, senior quarantine



"I suppose you're the one who taught him to call me 'Grandmother-in-law'!"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN



"Hey, Lady, your Future's Showing"

"My future? . . . what are you using, a crystal ball . . . or a ouija board?"

"Neither, Lady. Isn't your future made up of your husband, your darling daughter, and your home?"

"Yes, indeed! . . . and it looks rosy to me."

"As far as you can see, yes. But suppose something happened to your husband. What would your future be like then? Could you continue to live as comfortably as you do now . . . without worry . . . or hardship?"

"No-o-o . . . perhaps not. But there's our Social Security, and I could get a job."

"Yes, Social Security would help, but I'm afraid you'd need more than that. And if you took a job covered by Social Security that paid you more than $15 a month, you wouldn't receive any income from Social Security."

"Oh, dear, my future doesn't look so rosy after all."

"Cheer up, Lady, the answer is simple! Just call a Mutual Life Representative. He'll show you how Mutual Life's 'Insured Income' Service can brighten up that future . . . and keep it that way!"

"What's 'Insured Income', may I ask?"

"It's the modern way to team up Social Security with life insurance to assure you the maximum benefit from both. It will show you how you can be sure of the money you will need for the comfort and security you want. And both you and your husband can then look forward to a comfortable retirement income when he's 65."

"Sounds good, Mister. I think we'll be calling that Mutual Life man tonight. That sort of a future's too good to miss!"

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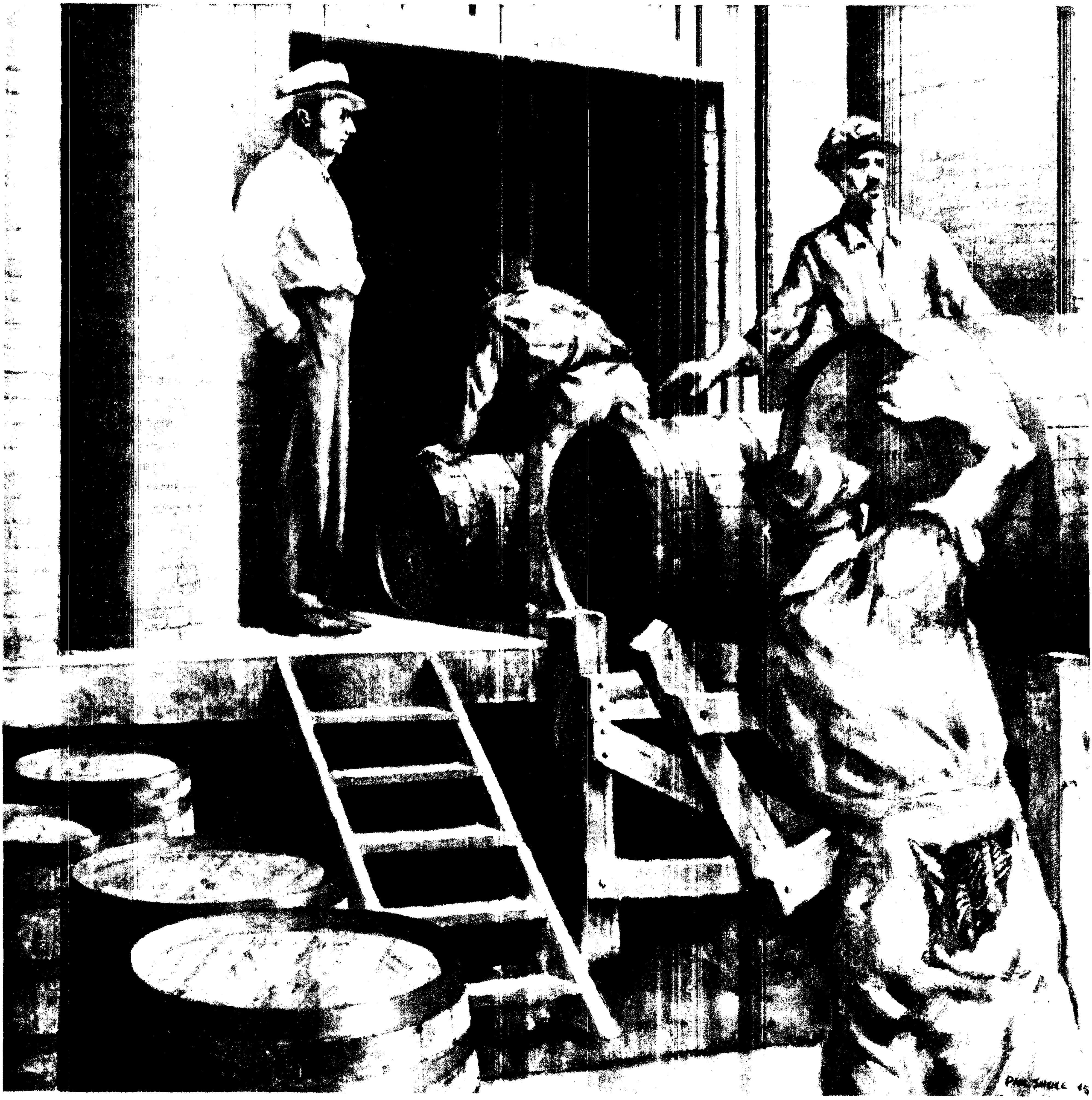
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Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

HIRAM WALKER
SINCE 1858
IMPERIAL
Hiram Walker's Blended Whiskey

86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old. 30% straight whiskey. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

officer for the Department of Agriculture at Los Angeles, says the influx of cars since V-J Day has topped anything in history.

Most used of the routes into California is that which crosses the border at Blythe. In July, 1945, last wartime month, 12,169 cars carrying 39,491 people entered at Blythe. In December the total had zoomed to 29,793, carrying 82,179 people.

Mr. Greminger, who has been with the Department of Agriculture since 1929, says this surpasses anything he has ever seen. California's "golden" tourist year of 1931, when more cars than ever before entered the state, can't approach the "Go West" boom of today.

In many cases, late in 1945, the per-month rate doubled that of 1931. In January, 1946, the rate was holding at 27,120 cars. In February it fell slightly, but normally for a late-winter month, to 23,447. It grew fast as summer came and apparently will last into the winter.

These figures show a trend felt at other points of entry—Daggett, which admitted 102,341 cars in 1945; Yuma, with 113,410, Parker, 10,610, Yermo, 145,311 At all these points of entry, according to Greminger, trucks loaded with household goods, and house trailers, are plentiful. They indicate that people are coming to California to take root.

As the spring advanced and the snows melted in northern passes, the flow started through them, too, headed for the west side of the Cascades—Puget Sound, Columbia River and the Washington-Oregon coastal strip. This flow dwindled with summer, but started again in early fall this year.

Population at an All-Time High

Despite the shutdown of plane and ship plants, Army camps, naval bases and air stations, population on the West Coast today is at an all-time high. In April an official federal off-year census showed Los Angeles to have nosed out Detroit for the title of America's Fourth City, with—as the local boosters say—only New York, Chicago and Philadelphia to lick. Lesser increases have piled up everywhere from Canada to Mexico along the narrow coastal strip.

Hundreds of people are living in old streetcars—two families to a car. People are jammed into hotel and housekeeping rooms. Yet scores of apartment houses are shut down—because the landlords say they can't afford any longer to rent at OPA levels. The buildings stand there, idle. In some cases they are converted into office buildings—office rents are unrestricted, and have more than doubled in six months.

"Sure, I'm human, but I have to live," the owner of one Beverly Hills block told us. "There used to be 18 families living here. I lost $300 a month on it. I stood it for four years—and then I evicted fifty-one people and turned the place into an office building. I'm about breaking even now. . . . What would *you* have done, Mister?"

It isn't only the mine-run citizenry that's suffering. We were talking to a slim blond movie star on a Burbank lot, and between takes she told *her* troubles.

"Five years ago," she said, "when a player's relatives came out—you know, we all have relative trouble—you just bought rooms for them at a hotel. Do you do that now? You can't get a room for love or money, and if you do, the relative stays there a few days and gets tossed out. So they come live with me! Look, I've got a nice nine-room place in Hollywoodland—and nine relatives living there, not counting my husband and my baby and the baby's nurse!"

Half the players in Hollywood have been "moved in on" during the summer by obscure cousins from Dubuque and forgotten maiden aunts from Punxsutawney—and by whole families from everywhere. Everyone knows it costs practically nothing to live in California, and all movie players get $3,500 a week, net after taxes.

Worse, this time the relatives aren't going back. Nor is anyone else, apparently. Since Japan and Germany quit, it is figured that around one hundred thousand men and women have gone into small businesses of their own in California, and at least half that number in Washington and Oregon. On September 1, 1945, there were 199,753 licensed retail outlets in the state. In April, 1946, there were 214,723—a net increase of almost 15,000.

These figures do not include new barbershops, beauty parlors, shoe-shine stands and service concerns, which probably total another 15,000. Because of the present shortage in various kinds of food, there are today fewer shops selling food and drink items than there were during the war. Sugar rationing and fat shortages have held back establishment of scores of new bakeries, confectioneries and soft-drink outlets, for example.

The capital that went into most of the new places came from savings accounts accumulated during the war by families working in plane plants, shipyards and other factories. Many of these workers had lived independent lives, back in the Middle West and South, for most of their lives; they never cared for factory regimentation, and, as soon as they could after the war, they set up in business for themselves instead of hunting new jobs.

There still is room in California for 35,000 new small stores and businesses, according to Director A. Earl Washburn, of the State Reconstruction and Re-employment Commission.

In 1941 there were 205,000 retail outlets in the state, but the population has increased so fast that there should be around 260,000 today to take care of people. This figure again doesn't include service businesses. There is cash in banks to establish the needed businesses, but the trials and tribulations of getting space, buying lots, building new stores, getting something to sell and battling with Washington bureaus is holding back thousands of small investors.

Despite this, business is expanding so fast that radio and newspaper advertisers, instead of selling their products, devote the time and space to pleading for homes, apartments, anything—to house their new battalions of incoming employees.

Many war plants, during the war, took thought about the future and planned, not only to find new things to manufacture, but ways to help their workers to new jobs. Northrop Aircraft, for example, was typical.

ANNUALS
CLASS A ARRANGEMENTS

COLLIER'S "Oh, dear, Colonel—I so hoped you'd return from Japan just bursting with ideas for flower arrangements" MARY GIBSON

ACME DE LUXE TOASTER
REA

COLLIER'S "But what will we feed it?" GARDNER REA

On January 1, 1945, Northrop was occupied entirely by war contracts, building Black Widow P-61 night fighters in large quantities, developing the monster XB-35 Flying Wing bomber, conducting research on jet missiles for the AAF.

Northrop had been looking forward to the war's end for two years. It seemed improbable that peacetime aircraft manufacturing immediately would absorb the 10,000 men and women on the plant pay roll. So Northrop started work on its Job Plan—gathering data on all its employees and making an inventory of the jobs which were likely to become available. Long before V-J Day the company's records had indicated that eight out of every ten persons who came to the war industry area of southern California wanted to stay there, rather than return to their home states after the war.

What happened at Northrop was a little unusual. In the months leading up to the end of the war the company had begun to diversify its interests. It absorbed several subsidiaries—a foundry, a half interest in a turbine research project, later an established concern manufacturing small engines, clutches, transmissions and developing small industrial trucks and motor scooters. Northrop Aero Institute, a new school for aeronautical engineers and mechanics, was formed as a division.

Result of this expansion program was to supply immediate work for a large portion of the skilled production workers whom Northrop had gathered to build war planes. Those for whom no jobs were available in the aircraft manufacturing plant shifted into one or another of the subsidiaries. Quite a few retired, particularly housewives and elderly people who had come out of retirement to help in the war effort.

Factory Jobs Still Preferred

Before the war only 15 per cent of Northrop's men employees had been factory workers, but 67 per cent had indicated they wanted to stay in factory work. Records of those who left Northrop indicated that generally they accepted jobs closely resembling those they had during the war, rather than return to their prewar occupations.

Just after V-J Day, the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce became interested in how many out-of-staters wanted to stay in southern California. It sponsored a survey, and discovered that the over-all ratio of men staying over men leaving was 11 to 1, ranging from 97 to 1 in sales and management occupations to about even comparisons in farming.

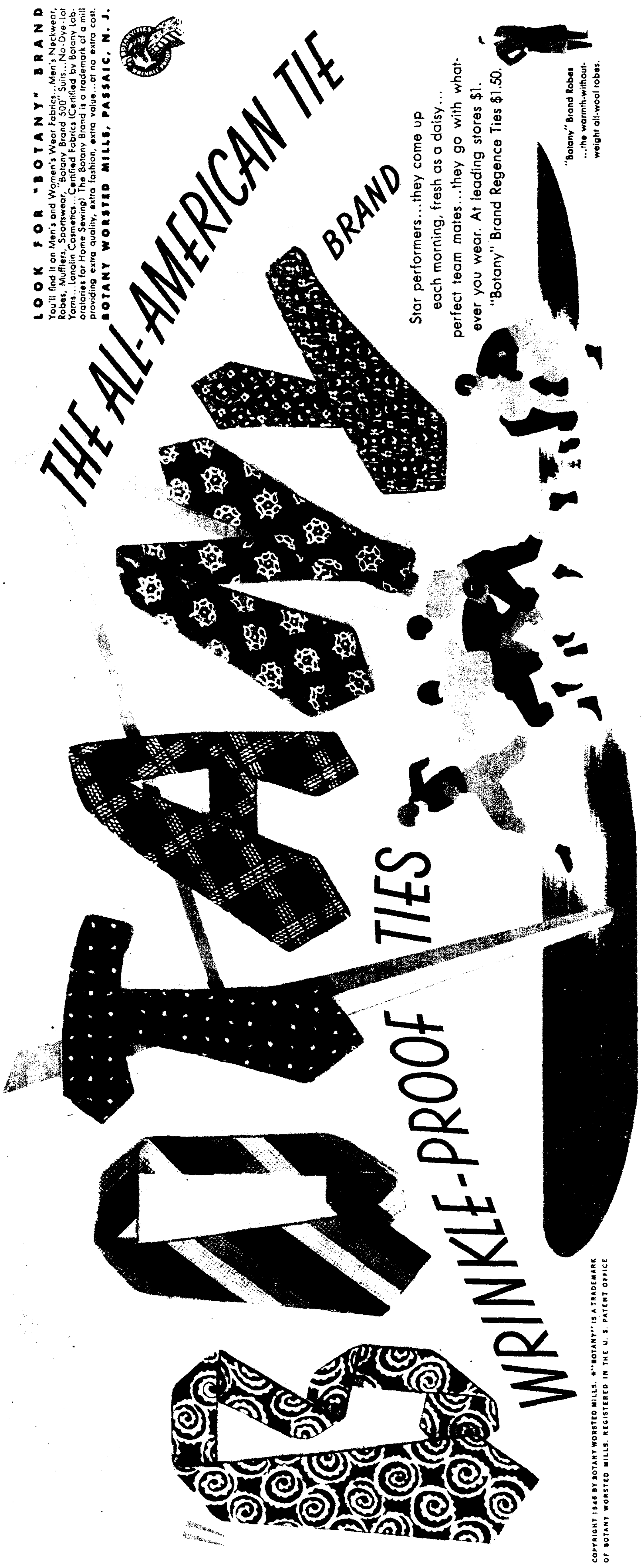
Among women 86 per cent have taken roots in southern California, and only 12 per cent were ready to leave prior to the war's end.

Most recent evidence indicates these people weren't fooling.

What has happened to typical war-working families may be illustrated by two cases:

Take the Woodhead family: Back in July, 1941, Herbert Woodhead, who had been working for his father, a contractor in Topeka, Kansas, came out to the Coast and got himself a job as a clerk in the Northrop plant at sixty-five cents an hour. A few weeks later, in September, his brother, Robert, got a chance to drive a wealthy woman to the Coast, gave up his job as a vacuum-cleaner salesman in Topeka and came out; he got a Northrop job at sixty-five cents an hour, as a trainee.

At New Year's, 1942, Robert went back to Kansas, married Ruth Walker, and brought her out. She got a job as an inventory clerk at eighty cents an hour. Herb's wife, Mary Louise, worked as a timekeeper trainee at sixty-five cents an hour and later Gene Woodhead, a brother who had been a grocery-store assistant manager in Lawrence, Kansas, came out and went to work as a



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stock clerk at ninety-six cents an hour.

Today, Robert is a production planner at $1.67 an hour and Ruth is a housewife. Herbert is getting $1.40 an hour in a similar job. Mary Louise has quit. Gene, who worked only a few weeks, is back in Kansas.

The boys' father and mother have joined their sons in southern California and the father now has an interest in several small stores. Robert has a home of his own, has learned to fly, has a baby and a third interest in a plane. The Woodheads are settled on the Coast for life, they hope.

Herbert, now 28, is part owner of a service station which he bought, with a fellow employee, out of savings.

Or, take the Hoels: They were from Denver, via San Francisco. John was an assistant manager of a Denver grocery. He came out in March, 1942, and got a Northrop job at seventy-seven and a half cents an hour and worked up to a stress analyst at $270 a month. His wife still works as a clerk at ninety cents an hour.

Jane, a sister, got a war job as a receptionist and worked up to $1.10 an hour. David, a brother, left Denver in '42 and when he quit Northrop a few months ago was making $350 a month as an artist. John and David, with their savings, have started a commercial art business in Los Angeles and are doing well. Jane married and went to San Francisco.

The stories of these families could be multiplied ten thousand times, from the shipyards of Tacoma, Seattle, Vancouver, Portland, down through San Francisco Bay to San Pedro and San Diego.

There is apparently one small cloud on the industrial horizon. It is the relatively high cost of manufacturing in the West. This showed up before the war with concerns which had Coast assembly plants as adjuncts to main Eastern factories. It was attributed mainly to the lower production efficiency of Western workers: They couldn't be regimented as easily as Eastern factory hands; they took more time off for play; the unit cost of things made by them was above that in Atlantic Coast plants.

During the war, when all thought of cost was forgotten, this angle was submerged. It is coming out again. Already, one Los Angeles plant of an Eastern concern has shut down and thrown two hundred and fifty workers into the labor pool. Reason: Labor inefficiency made production costs too high.

How far this trend will go is anyone's guess. It still is economical to ship to the West Coast via Panama, and the minute Western production outlays go above a certain figure, this is what will happen.

The build-up of East and West coasts of the United States was not started by the war; only accelerated. The movement, which tended and still tends to depopulate the middle of the country, was started by the Panama Canal, which was opened in 1914.

This canal, by providing a cheap water route between coasts, made living, building and manufacturing costs cheaper in the Pacific and Atlantic states than in those between the Rockies and the Appalachians. It cost far less to ship lumber from Seattle to New York than to Kansas City or Omaha; machinery, clothing and manufactured products from the East could be sent around to Coast ports more economically than to Pittsburgh or Chicago by rail or truck.

Prosperity vs. Trouble

With price regulation lessened and economic law controlling once again, this process continues. It will normally be cheaper to live within a few miles of tidewater than inland. This will draw population to the coasts—and population growth makes prosperity—or colossal trouble.

If all the other headaches aren't enough, there is the water problem: Southern California was using far more than her allotted share of Colorado River water, and any time other states wanted to hold her to her bargain, she would face a water famine.

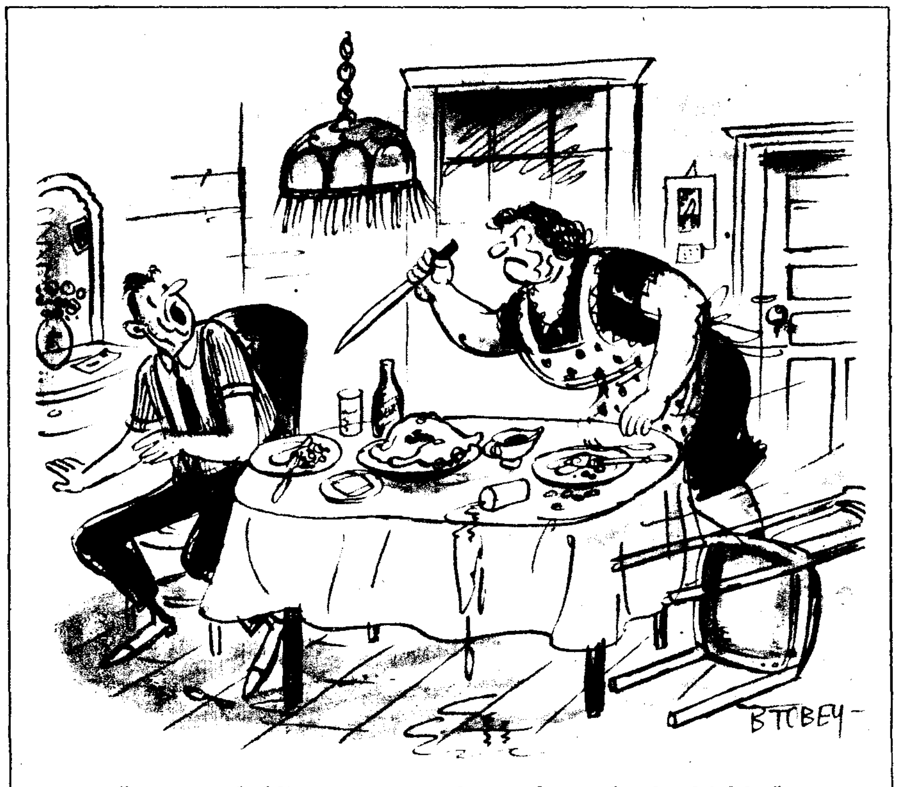
Ironically enough, in the past quarter of a century, scores of millions of dollars have been invested in "flood control" —meaning concrete sluiceways to carry off flood waters, and dump them into the Pacific, instead of saving them for use.

And the wells were giving out or salting up. Hundreds of them, near the Coast, were so low that the Pacific was seeping in, making the water useless either for household use or irrigation. A commission was studying that one.

Meanwhile, the Coast goes roaring on, more and more people crowd in, real-estate prices are more inflated than anywhere in America—and, unless there is a quick boom to furnish jobs, what may happen no one knows . . .

. . . And many people don't like to think about it.

THE END



"I was just kidding, Momma—I've got lots to be thankful for"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

1946 Football Forecast

Continued from page 20

training caused him to alter his plans for a career. He decided that he wanted engineering and that school Y was the ideal place for him. So Tom turns up at school Y. This squad is strengthened, while school X is weakened. Many unexpected changes of this sort will occur during 1946.

Another imponderable is that it is hard to gauge just how rapidly, or how slowly, college stars will revert to their original form if they have been away from football for three or more years. This point was vividly demonstrated last year when fullback Len Will returned to Columbia.

Will, who was an outstanding fullback in 1940, had been serving as a captain in the Air Force. When he came back to Columbia we were in the midst of preseason training. Everybody remembered the Will of 1940 and assumed that additional maturity would work in his favor. Nobody thought particularly of his years away from football. We had an early scrimmage with Mitchel Field and it was evident that Len had lost something. Fortunately, Will was the type of man who recognized the problem and he plugged unceasingly until, by late in the season, he was his old crashing self.

My coaching associates have also discovered that it takes the ex-G.I. longer to condition himself after years in service. Such leading coaches as Frank Thomas of Alabama, Paul Bixler of Ohio State, Bernie Moore of Louisiana State, Howard Odell of Yale, Dick Harlow of Harvard, Dana Bible of Texas, Harry Stuhldreher of Wisconsin and Ike Armstrong of Utah all agree that without spring or summer training the returned G.I. will be handicapped in reverting to form this season.

Frank Leahy, the Notre Dame coach, says from his experience: "We found the ex-servicemen being bothered with leg ailments as they strove to get into condition. If what happened this spring is an indicator, then those boys will be fortunate who have gone through six weeks of drill in April or May. Those returning for the first time later on will probably be members of the Charley-horse league for several weeks."

Spirited Competition

One aid in the G.I.s' comeback effort will be the spirited fight for varsity places. The older G.I.s are not going to permit themselves to be calmly pushed aside by newcomers who may have played for the past two years. And when forty and forty-five crack men are competing for starting posts, everyone is stimulated. When a man is battling to prove himself and to regain what he once had, all temperament disappears. The only time you will see real temperament this year will be in the rare instance when there is a lack of competition for varsity jobs, which will seldom apply.

To my mind, the typical attitude of the returned veteran G.I. toward football was vividly expressed by Bill Schuler, a Yale lineman, when one of his coaches asked him how he felt about coming back to the bruises and bumps of the game. Bill, a Southerner, replied, "What do you think Ah fought the war for?"

There are far more positions open in football today than there were in the first World War postseason period. Then a team could carry on niftily with fifteen keymen. Today, with the bewildering speed of the game, the freer substitutions permitted, the specialization that has developed, and the wide-open phases, a first-rate team requires thirty men. The returning G.I. will discover plenty of niches available once he recaptures his stuff. By next year he will have no trouble. And, since about 90 per cent of the G.I.s will still be in school, football will march to new highs in 1947.

The sport this season will present rare contrasts in personalities. On one team you may see an eighteen-year-old sophomore end who never before left Yonkers, and, next to him, a twenty-six-year-old lineman whose wife and kids are enthusiastically cheering him from the stands. And, on the same front wall, one might spot a tackle like plucky Fritz Barzilauskas of Yale who is representative of so many war heroes in football. Barzilauskas, a former Nazi war prisoner, dropped from 220 pounds to 165 as he was forced to march 1,000 miles from camp to camp. Now Barzilauskas, back at Yale and 220 again, will march on one of the strongest lines the Blue has ever had.

As Coach Paul Brown, former Great Lakes' pilot, points out, chronological age will not be as important as psychological age, which is pretty intangible. So nobody can foretell specifically what will happen.

Record Ticket Sales

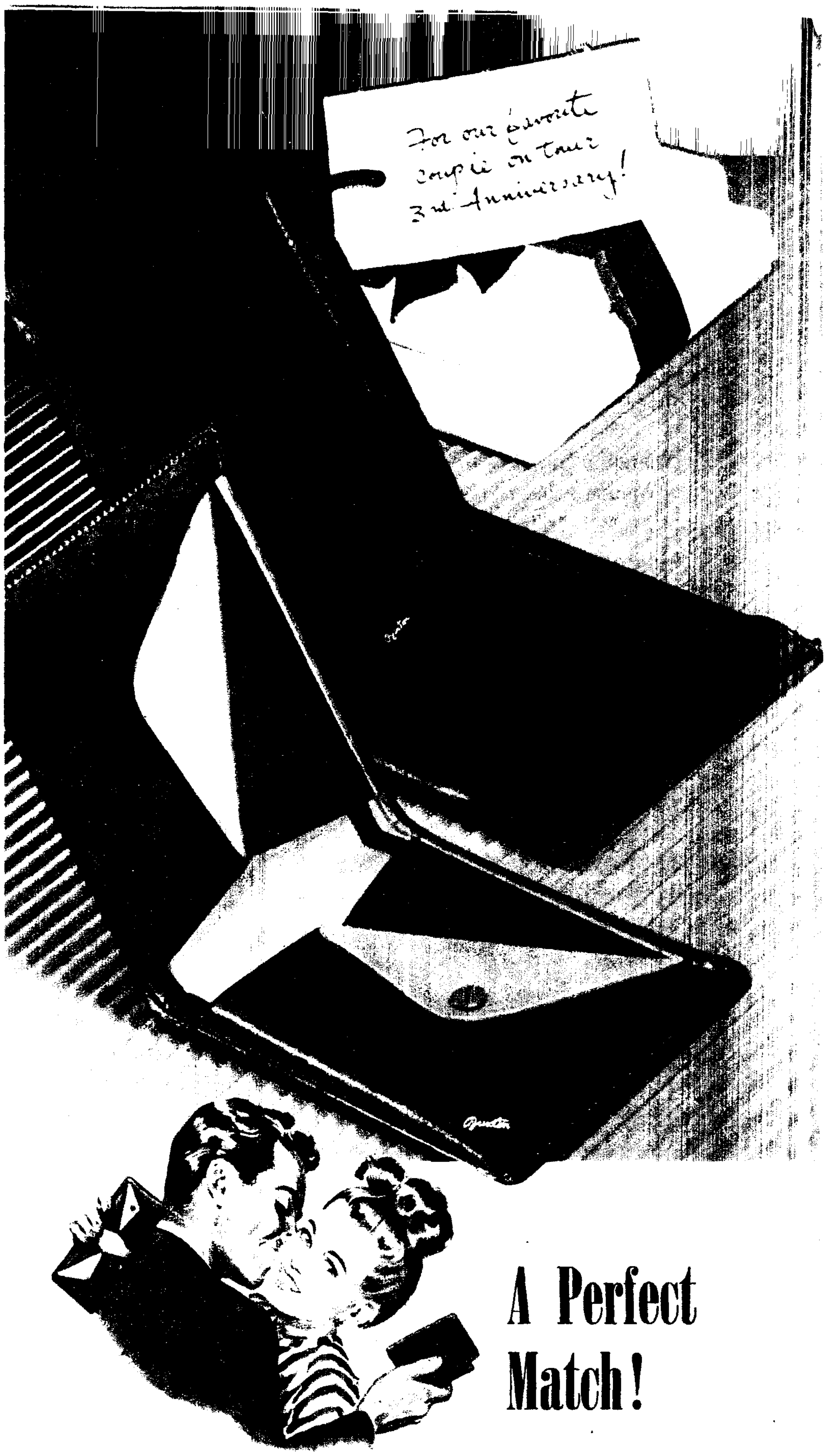
The public apparently feels, though, that there'll be plenty of action, for all ticket-buying records are being smashed. By last June, there were already 100,000 ticket requests for the Army-Michigan game at Ann Arbor. Ohio State offered football tickets for sale early in the summer—within a few weeks three big games were sold out. That sad-eyed man who goes around talking to himself at the Yankee Stadium these days is vainly trying to figure out how to squeeze 300,000 ticket requests for the Army-Notre Dame game into a stadium that seats 80,000. That's the story all over the country.

And the rules will mirror the daring spirit of the times. Changes in the playing code will bring about new advanced offensive and defensive maneuvers. Coaches experimented during the war but lacked the man power to capitalize on the potentialities of many new formations. So watch for a combination of plays that will be fast-breaking, deceptive and a pleasure for everybody to see except the opposition. Laterals will sprout all over the gridiron. The long gainer will be the primary thought in every team's mind—the value of first downs as such will decrease in the 1946 strategy.

Personally, I would hesitate to rate any teams when so many individual players are unknown elements. Courageous Dick Dunkel has that angle figured out scientifically and statistically and I wish him the best. I foresee too many variables shaking the roots out of early calculations. But I heartily concur with Coach Tex Oliver of the University of Oregon that the weakest team in any conference this autumn will be strong by prewar standards.

The stars who performed on service teams went through the mill of facing All-America huskies, professional luminaries and established competitors. And they gained savvy. This G.I. re-enters college football more resourceful, more confident, more able than ever.

From the service crucibles that have sharpened the abilities of players, fans will see young men like Claude "Buddy" Young. Bill Reinhart—now at the Maritime Academy in Kings Point, L.I.—coached the Fleet City (Calif.) Bluejackets, with Young as star, last season. Reinhart, who coached Tuffy Leemans of the New York Giants when the latter was a college back, insists that Young is the greatest running back he ever saw. (If he can run better than Cliff Battles, he surely can run.) Young, a 5-foot, 5-inch, 160-pound physical phenomenon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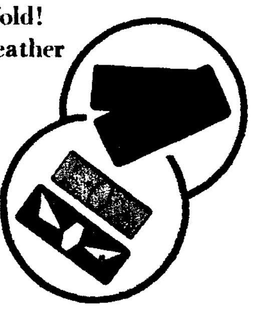

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of speed and power, scored thirteen touchdowns when he was an Illinois freshman two years ago. His further experience apparently has brought him to new heights.

Young is at Illinois and so is Alex Agase, an All-America guard of some years ago, and Julie Rykovich, a halfback on that wonderful Notre Dame team during the war. On the basis of this personnel, one might assume that Illinois would be the team of the year. But you can't figure that way. It is possible that Illinois will be the underdog against Notre Dame in that big early-season classic at Champaign, Illinois, on September 28th.

Notre Dame, it appears, is so strong that you cannot make anybody in South Bend believe other than that the Irish will conquer Illinois and, perhaps, surprise Army. Frank Kosikowski, an end good enough at Fleet City to supersede pros Bill Daddio and Perry Schwartz, is at Notre Dame. And Johnny Lujak, the passer; racing Emil Sitko, the left halfback; George Tobin of the Iowa Seahawks, and Marty Wendell, center, are among the forty or fifty top-notchers on the Notre Dame squad.

Wendell was converted from a fullback to a center at Great Lakes and Coach Paul Brown called him the best line backer-up in the country. That's a tip-off, too, on the development of a player. Wendell became a center; other boys shifted to new positions; fair players blossomed to great all of a sudden; the football grain ripened wherever the service game was played. And, really, it is hard to single out a Young or a Charlie Justice of North Carolina; or a Clyde LeForce of Tulsa; or a Mickey McCardle of Southern California; or any one of dozens of others as the boys who will rise and shine.

Remember, too, that many of the eighteen-year-olds or boys a bit older who starred in 1945 are not going to be pushed off by the returning crop of gladiators. My two eighteen-year-old backs, Gene Rossides and Lou Kusserow, will take a lot of pushing off by anybody. And the same for a brilliant passer like Harry Gilmer of the University of Alabama, who stood out in the team's Rose Bowl victory. Yet, one observer states that Gilmer might have trouble making the first team this year. This I doubt. But it helps you understand why the crystal ball of football is so clouded this season.

New Problems for Coaches

Coaches, too—like Wallace Wade of Duke, General Bob Neyland of Tennessee, Tex Oliver of Oregon and many others who were in service—will unquestionably benefit from their experiences with the G.I.s. Yet, the coaches will face many complexities that they would not encounter in a normal year. Here is one example. My former sharpshooting star, Paul Governali, happened to play for El Toro Marines under Dick Hanley. One afternoon the exasperated Hanley roared out to his assorted crew: "I wouldn't mind if you guys were all pros, or all college men, or all high-school kids. It's hard to speak the same language to you all."

Hanley, the old Northwestern coach, must have been eloquent enough, for El Toro Marines finished second for the Coast service title by a whisker—Buddy Young's whisker. However, the coach will be in for his interesting—and dark—moments this fall.

With all of this massive flow of material into the colleges one of the major questions of the season is how the mighty Army team will be affected. Army and Navy, you know, did not add any G.I.s of consequence. Meanwhile, Army is riding the crest of a wave that earned it eighteen consecutive victories and what might be considered two national championships in a row. And those pleasant, fun-loving boys, Doc Blanchard and Glenn Davis—who scored 222 of the 412 points that Army tallied last year—will be in action again. So will backs Arnold Tucker and Shorty McWilliams; ends Barney Poole and Hank Foldberg; center Herschel Fuson and other mainstays. Only in replacements does West Point seem, in any way, behind its former, unmitigated power.

But so perceptibly have Army's rivals skyrocketed in strength that I consider Earl Blaik to be confronted with the toughest coaching job in the country. Nobody has a more formidable schedule.

Notre Dame, Michigan, Duke, Penn and Navy possess the man power and determination to trip the Army colossus. They now sport squads fiery enough to match Army period for period. But there is much that they must overcome. Army has been playing as a unit for two full seasons and has the refinements of the T down to a T. Davis runs outside and Blanchard crunches over inside; Army explodes ferociously in the first ten minutes, and the game is a nightmare thereafter.

Opponents Gunning for Army

That description applied in 1944 and 1945 but Army, at present, is in the position of a champion for whom everybody is gunning. A slip anywhere along the line could spell disaster for them.

We at Columbia have an engagement with Army in our fourth game. For the occasion, we should offer the best collective backfield that I have had since I have been at Morningside Heights. Don Kasprzak, back from service, a passer of the Luckman and Governali tradition, Rossides, Kusserow and sturdy Yablonski will be quite a foursome. If our line holds up comparably to the backfield we should be stronger than a year ago when we had a good season. But so will everybody else. Don't get me wrong—I am tickled about it as it all spells sparkling football and the greatest season of all time.

Speaking of all time, I believe that I would be willing to rate Army as the best college team ever if it comes through unscathed this fall. But I am not picking Columbia or any team to beat them.

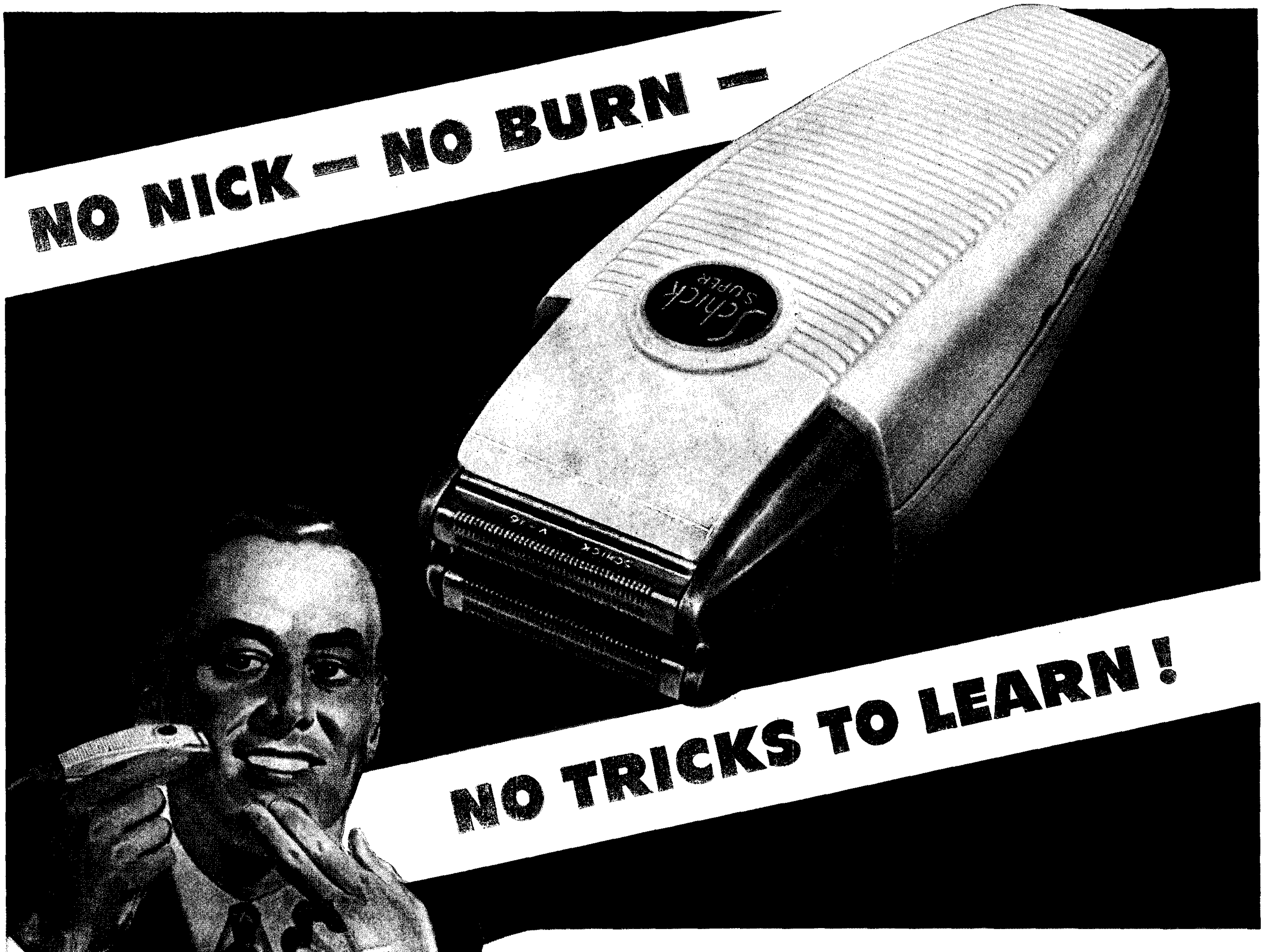
With the 1946 kickoff so near, I think that the words of Tom Hamilton, the new Navy coach, are particularly appropriate as to the general outlook. Hamilton did as much as anybody in the country to keep football alive during the war when he was head of the Naval Physical Fitness Program, so he is a man who has his pulse on things. He remarks:

"Because of the G.I. Bill of Rights many boys will have an opportunity to attend college and to play football, something they might not have had were they not in service. This group, added to the many returning college stars who have eligibility left, plus the group of high-school stars coming up, will make unequaled talent available this year." Tom asserts his own Navy team will be green, but scrappy as usual.

Football will come out fighting in 1946. It is only right that we should witness the best and most aggressive game in our sports history. Hard, heads-up football was played after the first World War and then de-emphasis set in like a virus. That was a big mistake. Our draft for World War II showed how many of our young men were below par and how much they were softened. Football calls for ruggedness and that is what we need. There should not be any, and will not be any, de-emphasis in football in this postwar era.

This season fifty million American spectators, observing the G.I.s coming back into football, may expect to see the unexpected—and they will not be disappointed. They'll come home cheering.

THE END



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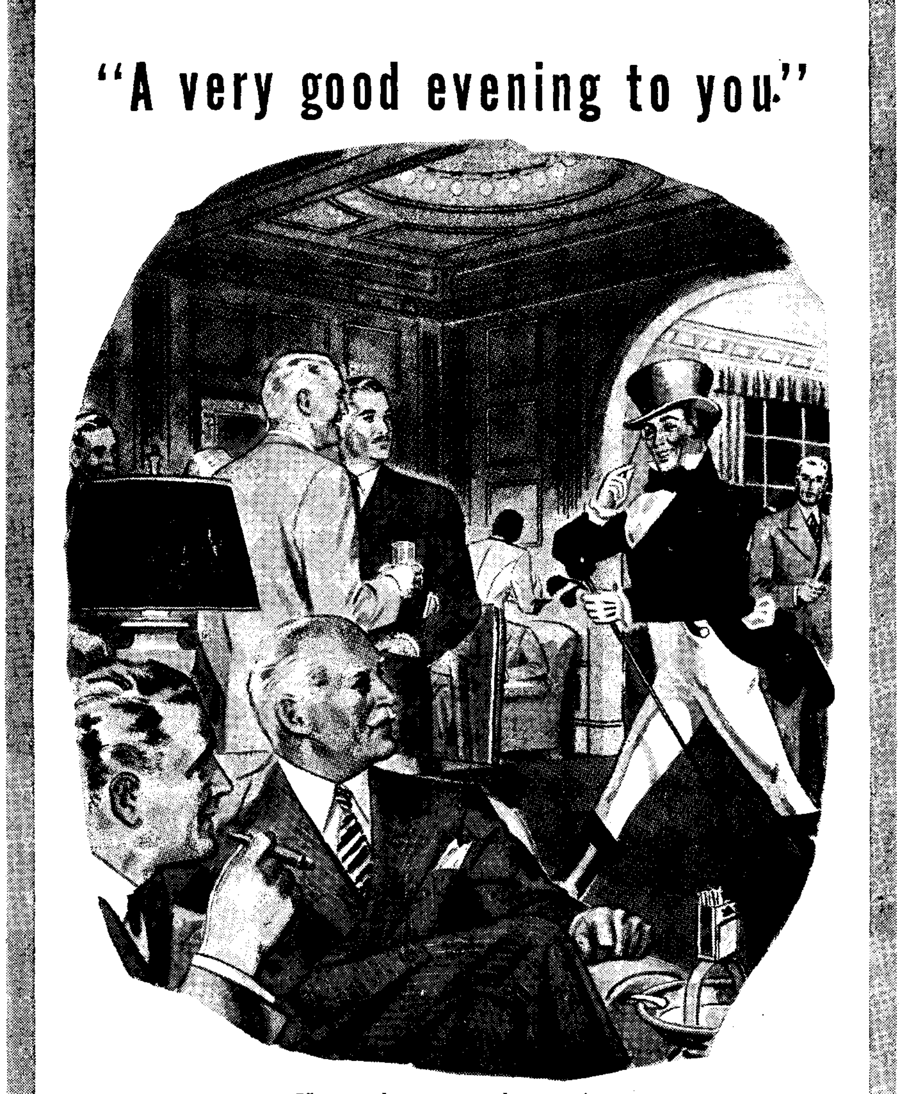

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The Golden Mold

Continued from page 23

real restaurants, with milk; stores with glass windows and things to buy; people who smile. Imagine, a whole week in civilization!"

"You two come in here!" Blankenship's voice commanded, queerly metallic.

Lieutenant L'Esperance stared in wonder at the intercom on her desk. "How does he always know?" she asked.

"Because your personal security is bad," the intercom said. "You leave the key open. Now come in here. I've got a job for you."

In the inner office Blankenship, a round man with baby-pink skin whose spectacles could not quite conceal the steel in his eyes, slowly tapped a black lighter on his desk. "Fine soldiers!" he commented. "You should see your faces. No Switzerland!"

"But I thought—" Maui began.

"No Switzerland," Blankenship repeated. "I just got a call from Major Cruver. You know him, Maui. He runs the laboratory at the Station Hospital. They just found his assistant dead in her billet. Chloroformed. Murdered."

"Isn't that a job for the Criminal Investigation Division?" Maui said.

"Sorry, Maui, but I'm afraid this case is more C.I.C. than C.I.D. The girl has an Austrian background. Can't tell what's behind it. Anyway, you know how we stand on experienced personnel. A year ago I could have put twenty good men on the job. Six months ago any headquarters would have four or five good investigators." Lines of worry and weariness appeared around the colonel's eyes and mouth. "We're awfully short, here in Austria," he added quietly, "but then I guess we're short everywhere."

THE colonel and Maui Nickel had watched the energy, confidence, and discipline that are born of pride of unit rot away in the occupation army, to be supplanted by greed and carelessness. Bobby had not seen the full span of it, but she had seen enough to understand that her uniform no longer clothed her in dignity, and against this she rebelled.

For the colonel it was worst, because he was Regular Army. For Maui it was bad, because he remembered the days of hope and glory from Mateur to Rome, and from Toulon to the Remagen Bridge. At first his disgust had prodded him to get out of Europe, and retreat to the bright, perfumed forgetfulness of his native Hawaii. Then he had discovered Bobby, a girl courageous and stubborn, and he himself had grown stubborn. The bond that held them together—that caused the colonel to attach them to him like part of his kit when he was transferred to Vienna—could hardly be called idealism. It was simply a determination to do their job as well as they could.

"About this killing?" Maui said.

"Her name was Theresa Werner. She was the biochemist in the laboratory. Carried the rank of captain. She was born here and spoke perfect German."

"I knew her," Maui said. "Met her two or three weeks ago at the Saturday night dance at the Bristol. Cruver introduced us." He recalled a slender girl of perhaps thirty with brown eyes, tawny hair and delicate features. He remembered her particularly because she had been inquisitive about his job—so inquisitive that he had taken the time to look up her 201 file the following Monday. "She came to the United States with her parents after Dollfuss was shot. She was a Columbia graduate. Enlisted right after Pearl Harbor, served in England first, and then Paris. She had a pretty swell record."

"You seem to know a lot about her," Bobby remarked, "considering that you only danced with her twice. I noticed. She was lovely."

"There's going to be one hell of a flap about this," Blankenship said. "I'd like to see it cleaned up in a hurry. Better get going, Maui. You, too, Bobby." . . .

They ran down three flights of stairs, because that was quicker than using the wheezing elevators, and climbed into Maui's trim Fiat, which he used rather than a jeep because it was inconspicuous at night. They drove past the shell-pocked university, and up the Ringstrasse to the riddled Rathaus. "I think this will be thrilling," Bobby said, tilting the car's mirror to restore her face. "She may have been killed by Nazis, or maybe she was mixed up in a spy ring."

They turned into Josefstadt, swung into a side street, and stopped before the hospital's main entrance.

WAITING on the steps, his dark suit encased in a white apron, was a man as tall as Maui, and broader, with handsome, regular features. "You are Captain Nickel?" he inquired. His English was good, but the accent unmistakable, and Maui knew he would be one of the hospital's civilian employees.

"Major Cruver asked that I bring you to the house of Captain Werner." He strode down the steps. "It is this way, please." He led them across the street and down the block, his shoulders swinging.

"Wehrmacht?" Maui asked.

"No. *Luftwaffe*. Flak battalion," the Austrian said, without turning. "But my profession is biochemist, like poor Captain Werner. What a terrible tragedy! . . . It is the next house, now. Formerly it was a pension. Now it is a billet for the American officers."

At the door was Major Cruver, a dark man built solid and stocky as an old-fashioned safe. "Hello, Nickel," he said. "Glad you're here. Blankenship told me not to move anything, and I haven't." Cruver tried to light a cigarette, but his fingers would not behave, and Maui held a match for him. "Come on, we'll go to Theresa's room," Cruver added. "It's here on the first floor."

They walked back through the hall, past a game room and a library, and before they reached the captain's room Maui's nose was offended by the heavy, cutting stench of chloroform. In front of the door stood another officer, perspiring and red of face, a silver bar on his collar. "This is Lieutenant Rosethorn, Captain Nickel," Cruver said. "Rosethorn works in the laboratory, too, and I think he'd better go back there."

"I think I'd better stay here," Rosethorn said, "and protect my interests. Nobody's going to pin this on me."

Maui pushed open the door and stepped inside.

It was a large room, furnished with drab, outdated pieces. It had its own small kitchen and bathroom, and its own entrance opening on the courtyard in the rear. It was neat to the point of bareness, except for the girl's body, curled up in front of the desk like an overtired child in deep sleep, and the capsized chair beside her.

Theresa Werner had died in her uniform, and the bed had not been slept in. Maui was sure the autopsy would show that she had been killed the night before. He stepped to the door opening into the courtyard, stooped, and saw that it was unlocked. "We'll try these knobs for prints," he said, "inside and out."

The Austrian, who had been standing in the hall, just outside the doorway, observant but unobtrusive, said, "I am afraid, Herr Captain, that you will find there the prints of my fingers. It was

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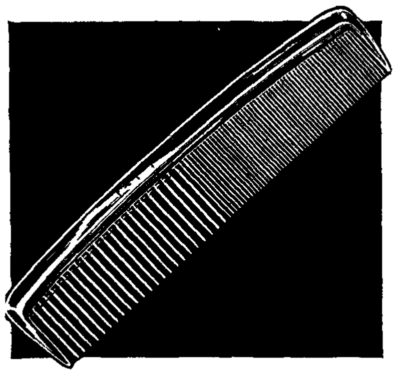

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through that door that I entered this morning, when the major sent me to bring Captain Werner. This door was locked from the inside, and my knock was not answered, so I went to that one."

"That's right," said Cruver. "I sent Otto—he's Otto Speck—to get Theresa when she didn't show up this morning. The inspector general's office is scheduled to make a complete inventory today, and Theresa had immediate charge of the drug stocks. Only Theresa and I had keys to the strong room. For that matter, you'll probably find my fingerprints on the knobs as well, because that's the way I came in this morning."

Maui turned to Rosethorn. "And what about you, Lieutenant? Did you leave your prints there, too?"

Rosethorn's face flamed a deeper red. "Yes, you'll find mine there, too," he admitted. "I came around just before dinner to ask her for a date. She wasn't in—as usual. I took a look through the back door to make sure. She liked a little higher rank than lieutenant. Didn't she, Major?" he added pointedly.

"We'll talk about that later," Maui said. He prowled around the room, his eyes busy, and finally, satisfied, knelt beside the body. A heavy towel was twisted under her head. Her lips were burned and swollen, and her face discolored. There was a bruise under her right ear, and another on the left side of her throat. When the murderer entered, Maui reasoned, she was at the desk, writing. Since she didn't rise, she must have known him. He probably went to the bathroom, soaked the towel in chloroform, approached her from the rear, grasped her by the back of the neck with his left hand and rammed the towel against her face with the right.

MAUI inspected the desk. Except for an uncapped fountain pen, it was bare. In the desk drawer was a box of plain stationery. In the wastebasket was a single crumpled ball of paper. He took it out, and it crackled open in his fingers. It was half covered with a woman's graceful writing. It read:

Dear Tommy—I hardly know where to start, except to say in advance that I am terribly sorry. I am sorry because I know this is going to hurt you. I am not ashamed for what I have done, for it was dictated by my heart, but now I am being forced. . . .

The word *forced* was scratched through, and the word *blackmailed* written above it, and then Theresa Werner had obviously decided to start afresh, because that was all.

Maui read the unfinished note again, and at the same time noticed that Bobby, who had been investigating the bathroom and the kitchen, was now going through the drawers of the dressing table. "Major," he asked, "did Theresa call you Tommy?"

"Yes," Cruver said. Maui handed him the note, and he read it.

"Well?" Maui said.

"I don't understand it. I don't know what she's talking about."

"Rosethorn," Maui said to the lieutenant, "I think you and Otto Speck can go back to the hospital now. Send over a stretcher, and have somebody get ready for an autopsy."

When they had gone, he said, "Major, how long had you been in love with Theresa Werner?"

Cruver sat down on the edge of the bed and put his head in his hands, so they could not see his eyes. "Ever since I saw her," he said. "Ever since she joined us."

"And how did she feel about it?"

"Oh, she'd *let* me take her to the Bristol once in a while, but that was as far as it went. I always felt there was someone else. I always suspected it was Rosethorn. He's strictly no good—a gold brick and a lush. Now it sounds like it wasn't him, either."

"But that note? That note sounds as if you had been pretty intimate, and she was throwing you over. If that's what was happening, you might have been jealous enough to kill her."

The major raised his head, and his hands were steady now. "Captain Nickel," he said, "I didn't kill her. She never harmed me—or anyone else, so far as I know—and I loved her. That's all I have to say."

"I think that's enough," Maui said. "I guess you'd better go back to the hospital. Call the MPs, and tell them to send over somebody to guard this place after I leave."

THEN the orderlies came. They straightened Theresa Werner's body, lifted it on the stretcher and took it away; and Maui and Bobby were alone.

Until this moment she had been silent, but now she spoke. "She didn't live here!" Bobby said. "This was her billet, but she didn't live here! Everything is here—all the necessary clothes and toilet articles—and yet nothing is here. All the little personal things a girl has in her room—they aren't here. Like letters from home, and a tray full of loose bobby pins, and an electric iron, and stockings with runs that you're going to fix some day, and—well, stuff you wouldn't understand."

Maui grinned. "That's right. And you don't see any snapshots anywhere, or pictures of her family. What else did you notice?"

Bobby was fascinated by her own intuition and logic. "No pajamas under the pillow or hanging behind the bathroom door, and there's not a speck of coffee, or cocoa, or tea in the kitchen. There's no liquor, either, or beer."

"She probably dropped in here every day, but she lived somewhere else," Maui concluded. "Let's go."

"Where?"

"If we find out where she really lived, we may find out why she was murdered."

It wasn't easy. They went back to the hospital and talked again to the major and Rosethorn, who appeared honestly surprised at Maui's questions. They did not believe Theresa Werner had a second life. She came to work on time every day. She ate in the hospital mess. It was true, of course, that they did not know what she did with her evenings, except when she appeared for the Saturday night dances at the Bristol.

Maui tried questioning the nurses who lived on the second and third floors of the billet. They had seen Theresa Werner come in evenings and leave mornings. They had considered her snobbish. She had had no friends among the nurses. . . .

It was noon when Maui and Bobby left the hospital. Otto Speck waited for them at the car. "If the captain will permit," Speck said, "there is something I feel I must tell."

Maui was alert as a hunter who sees a branch quiver when there is no wind. "Go ahead."

"It is Lieutenant Rosethorn. He quarreled with Captain Werner."

"When? Over what?"

"On a Sunday a month ago, possibly. Each Sunday I am alone on duty at the laboratory, but usually Captain Werner comes during the afternoon to make available whatever drugs are needed from the strong room. On this Sunday Lieutenant Rosethorn also came. He demanded alcohol. Captain Werner would not give him any. He swore at her. He said she was a petticoat tyrant and one day he would wring her neck."

"That's very interesting—very," Maui said. He noticed that Speck, without his apron, was an exceedingly well-groomed man. "But tell me, do you know whether Captain Werner ever stayed anywhere except in her billet?"

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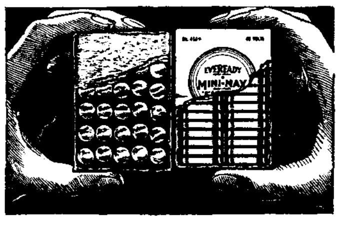

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Speck's mouth opened in surprise. "Anywhere else? Why, no. It is not possible."

"Thanks," Maui said, and climbed behind the wheel of the car. Bobby got in beside him, and they drove slowly back down the street until they reached Josefstadt.

"I haven't liked that Rosethorn from the first," Bobby said.

"Rosethorn? So far we can't convict him of anything but being a drunk."

Then he passed a sign that read Motor Pool—USFA. He jammed on the brakes, said, "Wait a minute, Bobby. I've got an idea," and hurried into the garage. The motor-pool dispatcher, a sergeant, vaguely remembered having sent vehicles for Captain Werner, but he had not done it often.

"Where did she go?" Maui asked.

It was something they'd have to look up, the dispatcher said. She'd only requested a vehicle a few times. He began thumbing his way through a ledger. "Here's one," he said. "I remember now. She always asked for transportation to the same place, across the canal in the Russian zone. It's on Wallensteinstrasse. Number 482."

THE house on Wallenstein was easy to find; it was more pretentious than its neighbors, stoutly constructed of gray stone, and comparatively undamaged. There was a brass plate alongside the door—Dr. Rudolf Fles.

Maui knocked, and a man came to the door, a spare man in his forties, the length of his face accentuated by a Vandyke beard.

"You're Dr. Fles?" Maui said, stepping inside. "We're from American Army Intelligence."

"I'm Dr. Fles, yes. Is there something you wish? I do not speak very well English."

"Do you know Theresa Werner?"

The doctor put his hand on Maui's arm. "Please!" he said, his voice tense. "Where is she?"

"I'm asking the questions. You're answering. First I want to take a look around this place. Every room. Start with your office. It's here on the first floor, isn't it?"

"Yes, but—"

"Get going."

They walked into the office, and Bobby continued through the door beyond, into an examination room. Maui was reflecting on the completeness of equipment when Bobby cried, "Maui, look there! Under that sterilizer!"

Under the sterilizer was a carton no larger than a shoe box. Stenciled on its side were the words: Penicillin—U.S. Army Medical Corps—3,000,000 units.

Maui whistled, picked up the carton, and looked inside. His fingers plucked out a tiny jar, in appearance like a midget milk bottle. "There's a hundred thousand units in here," he said. "About enough for four or five shots. At, say, ten thousand schillings a jar." He looked at Fles. "Had a pretty nice business here for yourself, didn't you?"

"Please!" Fles said. "Please allow me to explain. Where is Theresa? Have you arrested Theresa?"

Maui frowned. This was queer, very queer, and complicated besides. The doctor wasn't displaying either the anger of a jealous lover or the craft of a man who kills with premeditation. "You'll have plenty of time to explain later," he said. "Now let's go upstairs. Take me to Captain Werner's bedroom."

"I would rather not," the doctor said, fumbling at the buttons on his coat. "What have you done with Theresa?"

"Upstairs!" Maui ordered.

There were two rooms in the front of the house, a bath connecting them. Fles led Maui and Bobby to the larger room and said, "This room is Theresa's." Whenever he used her name, his voice was like a caress.

Maui noticed a uniform blouse hanging behind the door, the clean red-white-red shoulder patch of USFA on the sleeve; and within the room were all the things that had been missing from the billet—the small things that indicate a woman is at home. "Doctor," he said, "I think you had better sit down. There, in that chair. Doctor, did you kill Theresa Werner?"

Fles' shoulders slumped, and he seemed to collapse within himself and grow smaller. "She is dead," he said in German. "She is dead, then?" He shook his head, like a man hoping to wake himself from a nightmare. "It is not right for her to be dead."

"But she is dead," Maui said. "She was murdered. If you didn't kill her, you probably know who did."

"No. Who it was I do not know," said the doctor, raising his head. "But perhaps I know why. I must tell you everything, is it not so? It was the penicillin. I should not have let her take it. Yet what can a doctor do? There were the Rothmann children with meningitis, and the pneumonia of Herr Goss. Is it right they should be denied?"

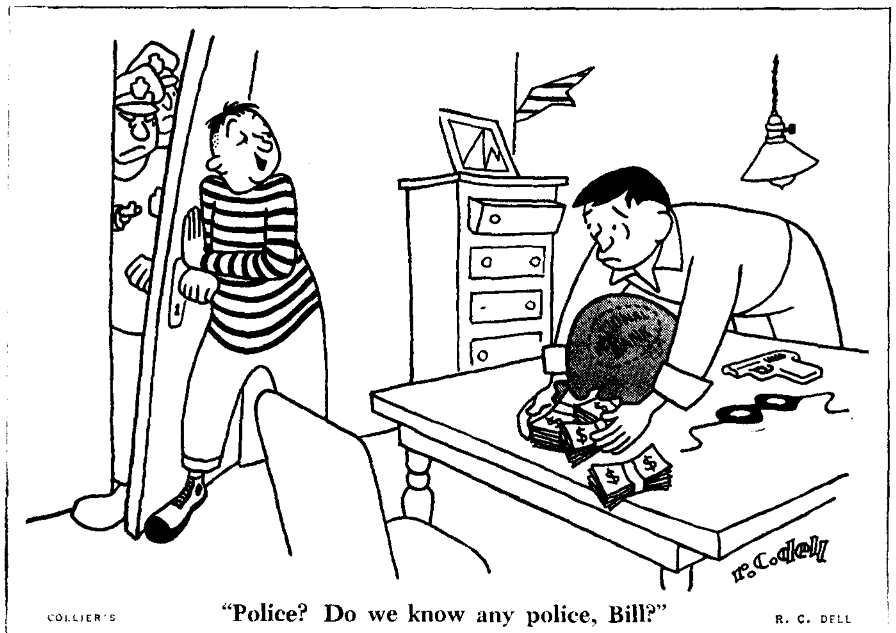
"Wait a minute," Maui commanded. "Start at the beginning. What were your relations with Theresa Werner?"

"Relations? She was my wife."

"Your wife!"

"I have known her all her life," Fles continued. "When she visited Vienna in 1938 we became engaged. Five months ago we were married. We kept it a secret, for if it was known she would have been sent back to America. Is it not so?"

Maui glanced at Bobby L'Esperance,



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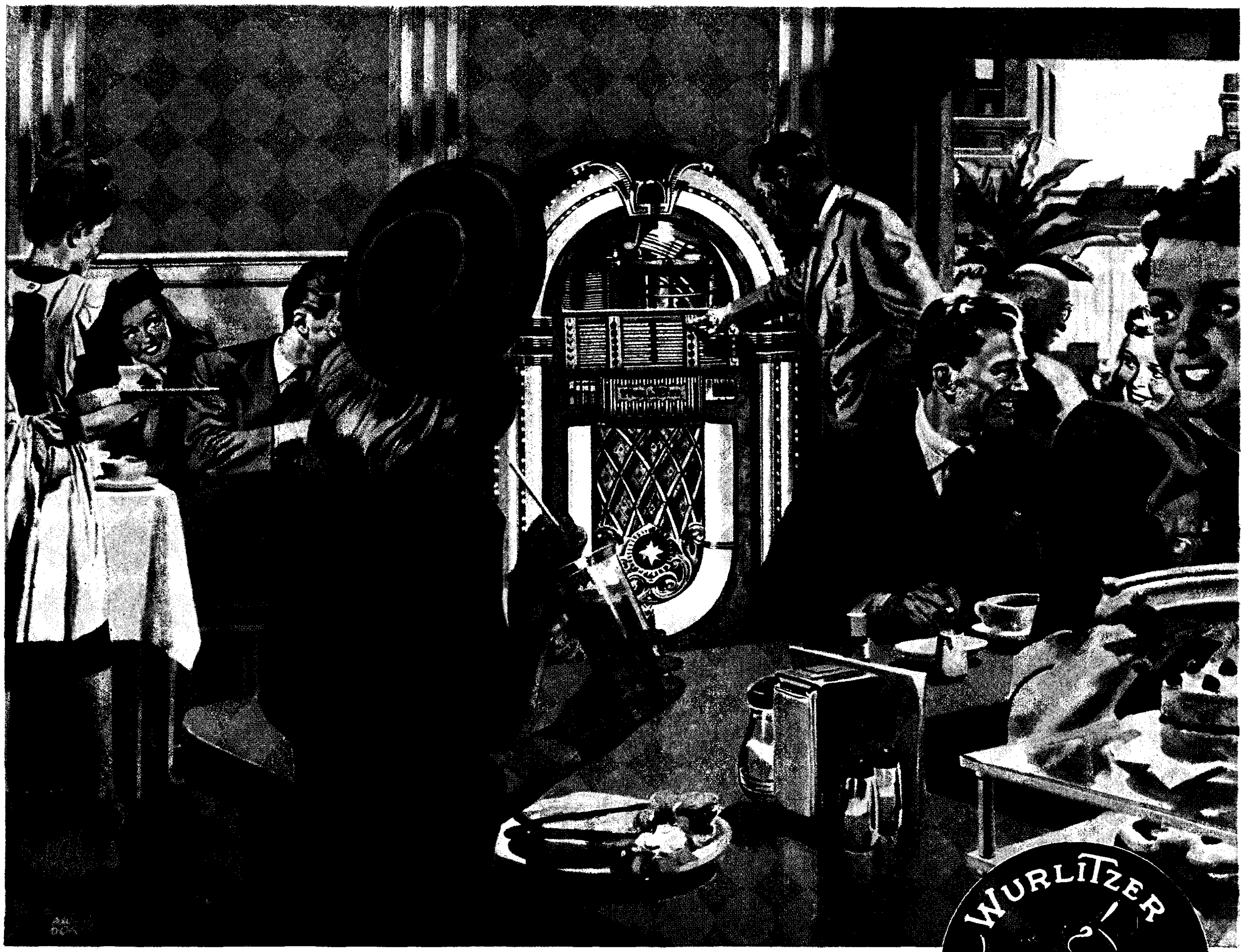

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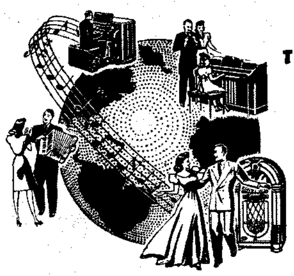

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and found that she was looking at him. "That is absolutely right," he said. "Women in our Army can't marry without the permission of their commanding officer—and that's hard to get."

Fles explained how, each night except Saturday, he drove to a corner a few blocks from her billet and waited for Theresa, and how each morning he dropped her at the same corner. They had agreed that on Saturday nights Theresa would go to an Army dance, simply to be seen. Last night Theresa had not appeared. This had frightened him greatly because they had both realized she was in constant danger.

"The penicillin," Maui suggested.

"The penicillin, yes. Several months ago in this neighborhood there was a meningitis epidemic. I complained because I had no penicillin, of which we read so much in the American medical journals, and I had not the money to buy it on the black market. On the next Sunday, Theresa brought me a carton. Only she and her superior, a major, possessed keys to the hospital storeroom."

Maui nodded. "That's right."

"Then, several weeks later, on another Sunday, she brought me a second carton—the one you saw in my examination room. I thought it was dangerous taking the penicillin, but she said the matter was dictated by her heart."

"Dictated by her heart," Maui repeated, remembering the phrase in the note.

"Later the trouble began," Fles continued. "At first she would not tell me there was trouble, but when two people are very close, nothing can be hidden. Finally she told me someone knew she had taken the penicillin, and was blackmailing her, forcing her to take more of it, and give it to him. Undoubtedly, he sold it. It is precious here in Vienna. When it is a matter of a child's life or death, people will give whatever they possess for your beautiful golden mold."

"Didn't she name the man?"

"No, she never used his name. She was forced to give him, altogether, six cartons. I urged her to tell her commander what she had done, but she could not bring herself to do it, because she was afraid of a military trial, and possibly prison. A few days ago she told me that today there was to be an inventory, and she feared the theft no longer could be concealed."

"The murderer," Maui said, "was afraid of the same thing. That's why he killed her." He had been standing opposite Fles, with his hands braced on a bureau. Now he straightened, and said, almost gently, "We'll go now, Doctor Fles."

Fles rose. "Captain, there is something I must ask. Is it possible—the body of my wife?"

"I'll try to fix it," Maui said. He hesitated and added, "About that penicillin. Just forget it."

WHEN they were in the car, driving faster than was safe back toward the American zone, Bobby looked at Maui's face, and saw that it was hard and dark, and said, "Maui, you frighten me when you look like that."

"I'm sorry."

"I'm tired," Bobby said. "And I'm hungry. And I'm confused."

"Are you?" Maui said. "This was a murder for money, and that kind of murder is never hard."

He stopped at the finance office a block from headquarters. The records showed that Lieutenant Rosethorn had not been buying money orders to send stateside. He had been drawing his full salary every month.

They drove to the hospital. Trotting down the steps, as if he expected them, was Otto Speck. He recognized their car, smiled, and opened the door for Bobby. "I hope the captain has had a successful day," he said. "In the laboratory we have been having a bad time. The inspectors have been here. Poor Captain Werner!"

Maui got out of the car, conscious of the fact that his knees were stiff and his shoulders taut. He wriggled his shoulders as if to loosen the muscles. "Hello, Speck," he said. "That's a nice suit you're wearing."

"Thank you, Herr Captain."

"A very nice suit, and good shoes. I'll bet that suit cost six or seven thousand schillings, didn't it, Speck?"

Speck's face continued to smile. "Ah, no. This suit is one from before the war, when one could buy good clothes for a small price."

"And the shoes, Speck? Are they prewar shoes, too? Aren't they new American officers' shoes, the kind you buy on the bourse for three or four thousand schillings?"

Speck laughed. "Could I speak to the captain a moment privately?" he said.

"Why, sure," Maui said.

THEY walked away from the car, and then Speck turned, and there was no smile on his handsome face. "A captain," he suggested, "does not make a large salary."

"Not very much," Maui agreed.

"Yet the captain"—Speck's eyes flicked at the gold bars on Maui's sleeve and the fading ribbons on his chest—"can go home any time he wishes. If the captain went home with, say, fifty thousand dollars, he would be king, is it not so?"

"I suppose," Maui said.

"I can give you the fifty thousand dollars any time you ask for it."

Maui was silent.

"Oh, no, not Austrian money," Speck went on. "American dollars. You will have no trouble with it. You can have a house, a car, go to Hollywood."

"How nice."

"You are interested, then? You will consider it?"

"Yes, I am considering it," Maui said. His right hand moved smoothly, as if for a cigarette, but instead it drew from under his arm a pistol—a very large pistol. "I am considering blowing your middle out, but that isn't legal unless you make a quick move. I hope you do."

Otto Speck didn't move or talk—not then. He moved and talked a great deal that night, and the next night, after Maui delivered him to the provost marshal.

It was two days before Maui reappeared in Blankenship's office. "Captain Nickel," the colonel said, rather formally, "that was a pretty fair job." He kept his eyes on the cipher messages on his desk. "It was such a good job that even the general thinks it was a fair job. So does Washington."

"Can we go to Switzerland?" Bobby asked.

"Not yet we can't," said Maui, remembering the man with the birdlike features. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, Bobby. Tonight I'll take you to the Café de l'Europe. That is, if you take off that uniform and make like a woman."

"Is it interesting?" Bobby asked. "Can you dance there? Is it one of those famous Viennese places with fascinating characters?"

"We'll borrow some penicillin from Cruver," Maui said, "and I think we'll have fun. But there won't be any dancing. There's an interesting character, though, who thinks Americans will do anything for money."

The colonel laughed and bent over his messages. Tomorrow a fresh draft of men would be in from the States. They would be green and inexperienced. Some of them would be lazy, and some of them would get into trouble. But enough of them would be men who took pride in their work and had a certain conviction about their mission—men like Maui Nickel—and the job would be done.

THE END

4 Reasons Why

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Established 1870
DISTILLED
DRY GIN
90 PROOF
Distilled from American Grain
Distilled and Bottled by
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION
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1 Fleischmann's "Dry" Dryness! Not just dry—FLEISCHMANN'S GIN is "dry" dry . . . without the slightest trace of "sweetness." In fact, tests show it's 100% dry—a connoisseur's choice, yet *priced for you to enjoy!*

2 Fleischmann's Taste! It's light! It's delicate! A taste found only in FLEISCHMANN'S. It's made with the aid of costly imported botanicals—distilled by a process of *continuous distillation.*

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4 Fleischmann's Mixability! It's priceless—for making perfect drinks! The secret is simply that FLEISCHMANN'S provides the ideal "base" for Martinis, Tom Collins, *for all gin drinks!* It's "balanced" at 90 proof—just right!

DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN. 90 PROOF

You find all 4 only in

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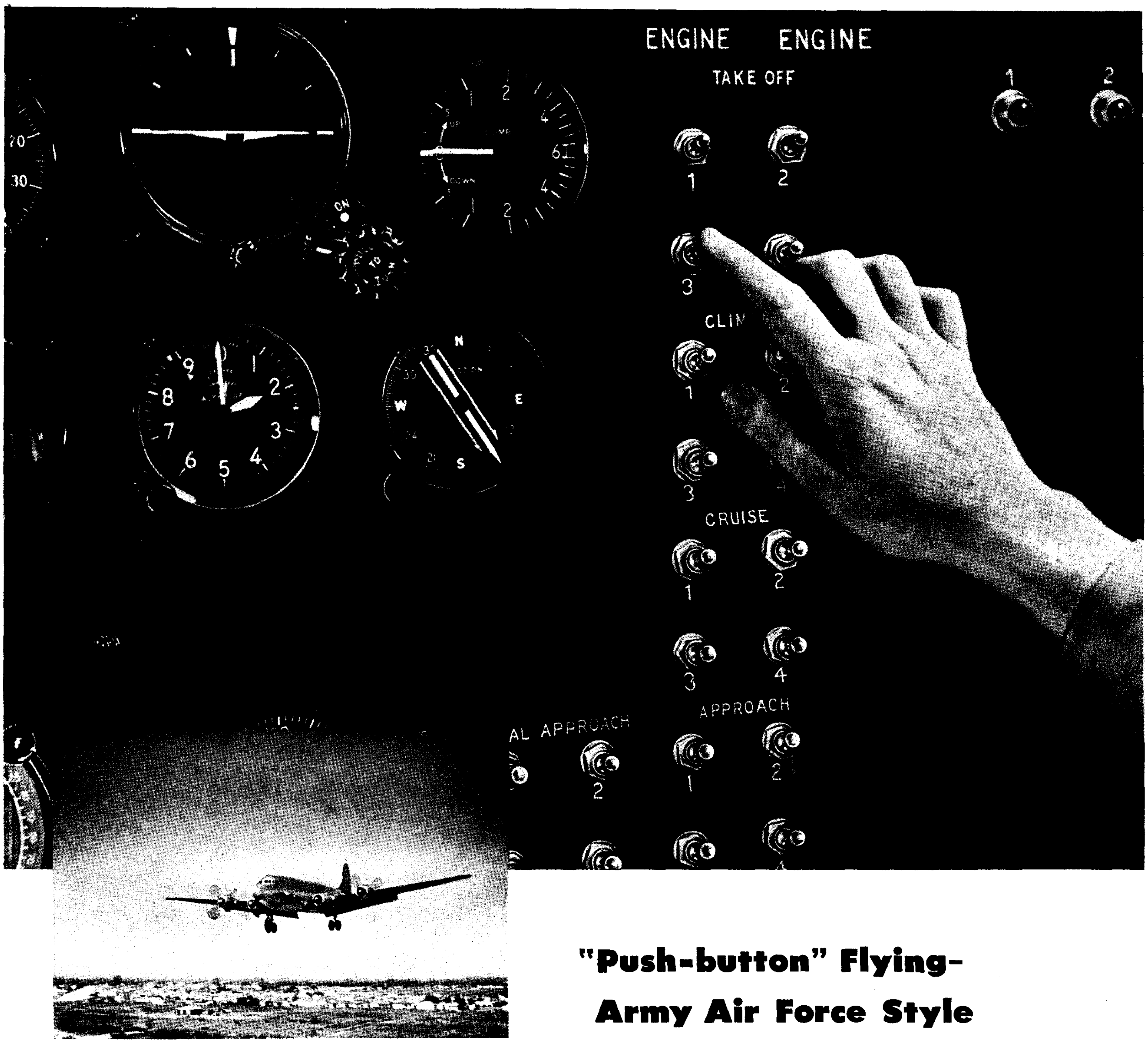
America's First Gin

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, NEW YORK.



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At the U. S. Army's All-Weather Flying Base, Wilmington, Ohio, two Army airmen climb into a big 4-engine plane. The pilot flicks a series of "flight planning" switches, then presses a button. After that he leans back and relaxes. *His work is done.*

Automatically the plane takes off . . . wheels retract themselves . . . wing flaps are raised . . . at the right altitude the ship banks into a turn . . . heads for Newark Army Airport, 650 miles away.

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An impossible dream? No. The "Automatic Flight Controller," developed by the Army Air Forces, will enable any airplane equipped with it to fly a given course in any weather!

It's just one of the myriad Air Forces achievements that are advancing aviation with breath-taking speed . . . such achievements as radio-controlled pilotless aircraft . . . the coast-to-coast record of 2470 miles in 4 hours, 13½ minutes, set by a jet-propelled P-80 . . . the world's non-stop distance record of a B-29, 8198 miles from Guam to Washington . . . radar forecast of the movement of storms . . . the XS-1, first airplane in the supersonic speed range, propelled by rocket engines . . . a huge new bomber with twice the size, load, range and performance of the B-29!

Thrilling things are happening all through our peacetime Regular Army. The young American who joins the Army today has the proud privilege of sharing in the world's foremost program of scientific research. Allied with civilian and industrial technicians, Army men are pushing forward new developments that will be of incalculable benefit to mankind.

Here is a career that will appeal to every keen young man with ambitions in the field of science . . . an almost unlimited opportunity for training. Enlistments for 1½, 2 or 3 years are now open to men aged 18 to 34, inclusive (17 with parents' consent). Full details are available without obligation at any U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

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U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE—CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW

Stranger Than Truth

Continued from page 15

listed his name among important donors, but modestly and secretly he always tried to help those less fortunate. Only I, among his multitudinous friends, knew that every month he privately and secretly gave away two thousand dollars in cash. So great was his modesty that none knew of this except I, who kept his personal checkbook. These withdrawals were never entered as anything but petty cash withdrawals and he never tried, as many would, to deduct the sum from his income tax. Once, when I questioned the practical value of his scruples, he took me to task by reminding me that the recipients of such charity would be embarrassed were their names known to anyone except himself.

"How grateful they must be for your generosity and understanding," I remarked.

"We cannot always expect gratitude, Miss Eccles."

I am often filled with melancholy as I ponder the cynicism and distrust with which others regard the nobility of this man. But I comfort myself with the thought that he is so big that our little natures do not distress him overmuch.

Because I have been so close to this great man, Mr. John Ansell has asked me to contribute a chapter to his book on Noble Barclay. That this request flattered my humble person I admit frankly since I have had little time in my life for literary pursuits. I admit also to some bewilderment anent the subject of my reminiscences. Why does Mr. Ansell particularly request my memories of the trifling "incident" regarding Mr. Warren G. Wilson? But, as Mr. Ansell suggests, it is ever the duty of one who knows the truth to challenge the spread of rumor.

On that fatal Friday, as I remember, I returned from luncheon at 1:30. No sooner had I entered my office than the telephone rang and one of the switchboard operators informed me that she had a message for Mr. Barclay. While he and I were out for lunch, Mr. Warren G. Wilson had telephoned to say that the date was on and he expected to see Mr. Barclay at his apartment that evening. As is my habit, I went immediately into Mr. Barclay's office and made a notation on his desk calendar.

Mr. Barclay had an appointment on Wall Street that afternoon and did not return to the office until 4 o'clock. A few minutes afterward he buzzed me. I picked up my notebook and hurried into his presence.

"Where did this come from?" he demanded and pointed to the lone message on his calendar pad.

"It came in while I was at luncheon. I received it from the switchboard," I replied.

"Thank you, Miss Eccles," he said and dismissed me.

Evidently Mr. Barclay communicated with Mr. Munn on the interoffice telephone for I had hardly seated myself at my desk when that individual came hurrying through my office and disappeared into the private sanctum.

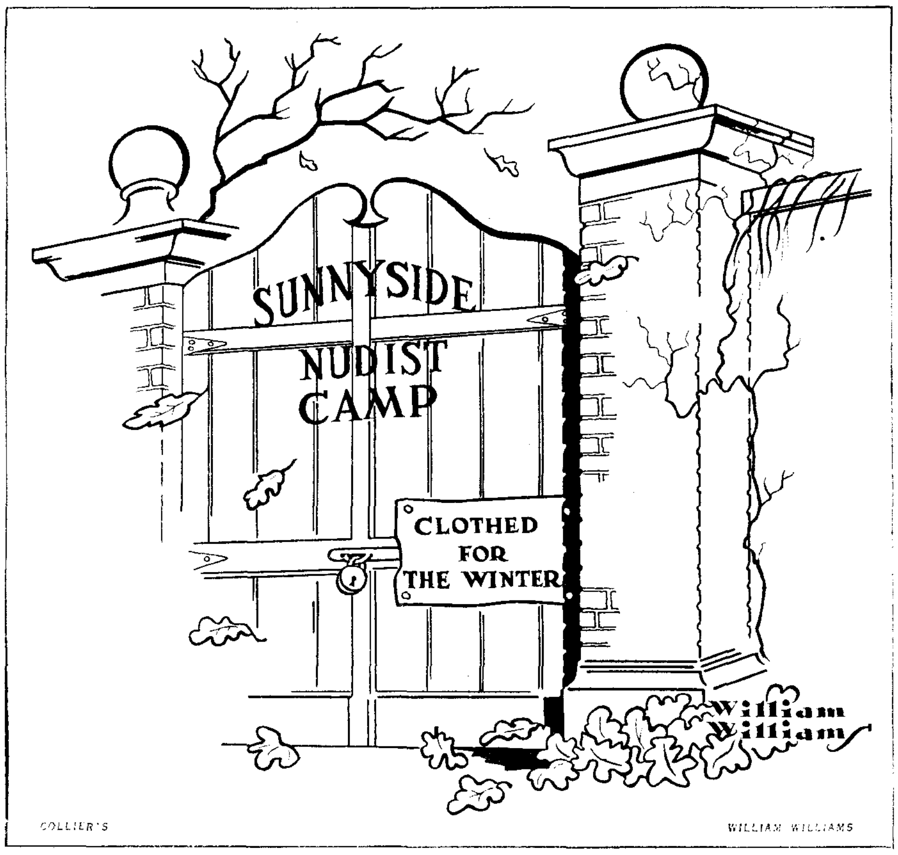
I SET to work. Among my tasks was the unpleasant one of arguing with credit departments of the stores patronized by Mrs. Barclay who could never systematize her shopping. My telephone and Mr. Barclay's were on the same line, but I always knew when he was using the wire because the small green bulb in the box on my desk would light. On this day I was careless and did not observe that the line was in use. Picking up the receiver I unconsciously indulged in an innocent bit of eavesdropping.

Mr. Munn was talking. He said, "You're a filthy liar."

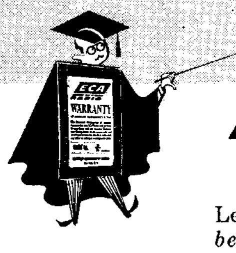
"As sure as my name's Warren G. Wilson, it's the truth," a strange voice said. This was followed by coarse laughter.

My sense of honor forbade me to hear more. I returned to my duties only to be interrupted again. Mr. Barclay wanted to see his daughter. Eleanor was not at her desk in the office of Truth and Love Magazine. I was to locate her immediately. After a few unsuccessful attempts, I discovered that she was in our Photographic Studio, helping to pose models for illustrations. A few moments later, in response to my request, she hastened past my desk and disappeared into her father's office.

Their conference did not break up until after six o'clock and I saw no more of them that day. The incident, no doubt, would have been erased from my mind had not a curious coincidence fol-

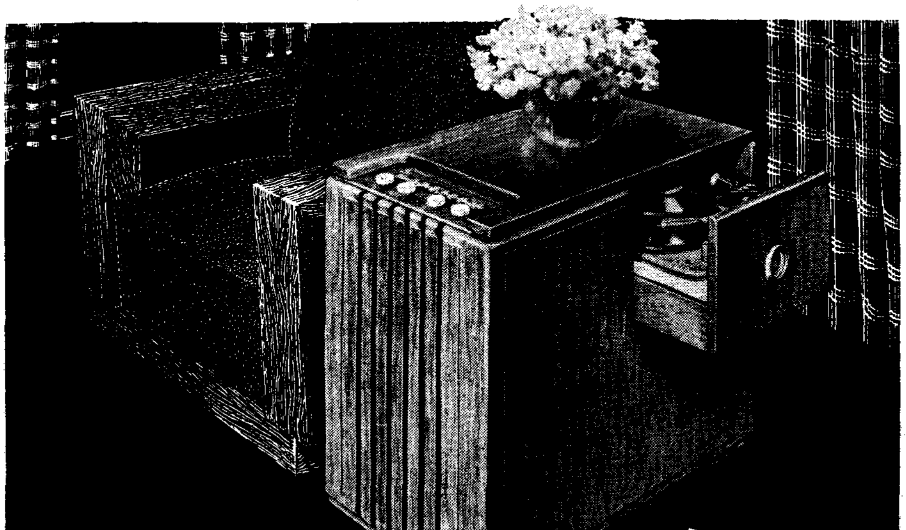


Opinions on radios may differ -but facts-Never!



ECA Radio is first to give you the facts with an informative Warranty Tag*

Learn the *facts* . . . *compare* . . . then judge for yourself *before* you buy. That's the intelligent way to choose a radio . . . the ECA way . . . made possible by a Warranty Tag of Accurate Performance Rating attached to every ECA Radio. New ECA Radios have already reached many homes . . . listeners are acclaiming their glorious, life-like tone . . . their smooth, dependable performance. *Naturally* . . . because, compact table model, or luxurious console, *every* ECA Radio is precision-built of quality components — to provide supreme listening pleasure — now, and for years to come.



ECA RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION CHAIRSIDE AUTOMATIC MODEL 121. Magnificent wood cabinet with hand-rubbed finish, brings new beauty to your living room. Gentle, noiseless record changer slides out *either* side . . . plays 12—10" or 10—12" records automatically. Large storage space for albums. No lid to lift . . . perfect "table-top" for lamp, vase or books. AC only.

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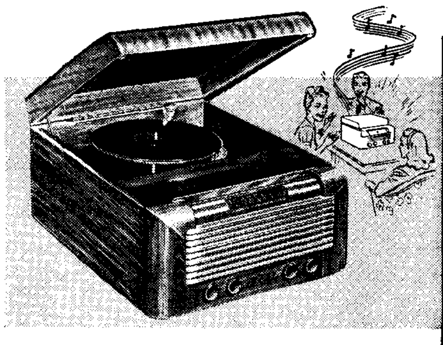

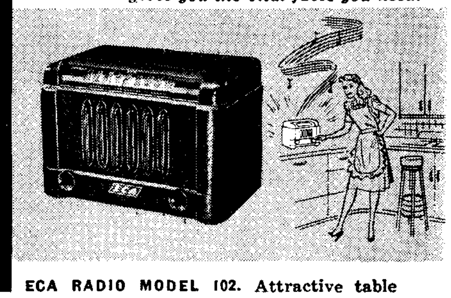

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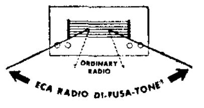

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Transmits to every part of the room all the bass and treble tones and overtones that give music rich, thrilling beauty.

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Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation —

☐ Name of my nearest ECA Radio dealer.
☐ Free booklet describing latest ECA Radio models.

Name ....
Address ....
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Look what's getting the

This is the Buick Model 56-C — *the trim convertible sedan on the Series 50 Super chassis. Also available in the Roadmaster Series. White sidewall tires, as illustrated, will be supplied at extra cost as soon as available.*

SORRY if it disappoints you, lady — but we fear those "Oh, boys!" from the sidewalk aren't called forth entirely by your charms alone.

For the plain fact is that when you pilot a car as stunningly smart as this new Buick convertible, you're bound to find that passers-by stop, look — and whistle.

Not that you should mind, of course.

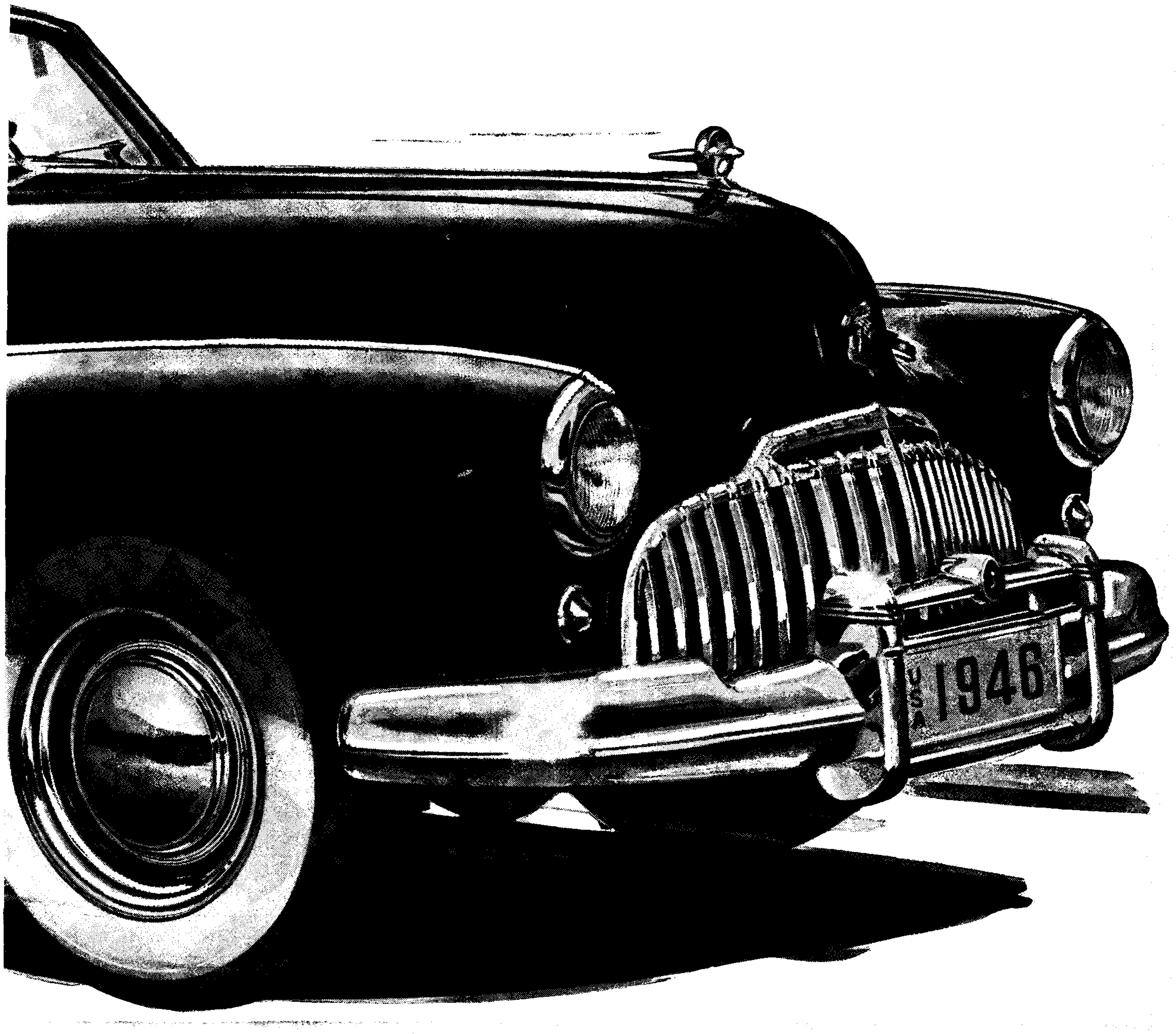
Because *you* know that you've got your hand on something that gorgeously lives up to super-lovely appearance.

You know these long, sweeping lines are only a hint of the lively lift in the Fireball straight-eight at your slipper's command.

You know how this solid, steady-going, sure-footed look comes gloriously true in the panthergaited action of soft coil springs on all four wheels.

And if they call the styling "smooth," what would

Wolf-Calls now!

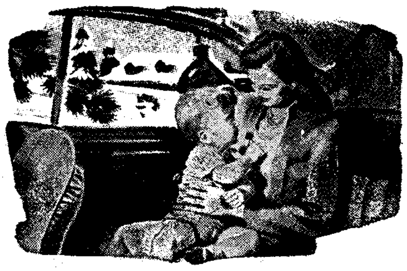


they say of the velvety action *you* enjoy from cylinders Accurite-bored and honed to filament-fine exactness?

Naturally you make a proud picture rolling down the street!

But all others can see is the beauty—you know what it means *to have and to handle* a Buick.

And that's something—because this season that means the best Buick yet!



How will you have your weather?
Summer or winter, Buick's venti-heater means springlike comfort inside your car. Ask your dealer about this temperature conditioner.

What other car has so much that clicks for Forty-Six!

SMARTNESS—that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.

POWER—from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.

OIL SAVINGS—from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.

FLASHING ACTION—of light, lively Fliteweight pistons.

STEADINESS—from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.

GLIDING RIDE—from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.

COMFORT—of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.

SURE FOOTING—of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.

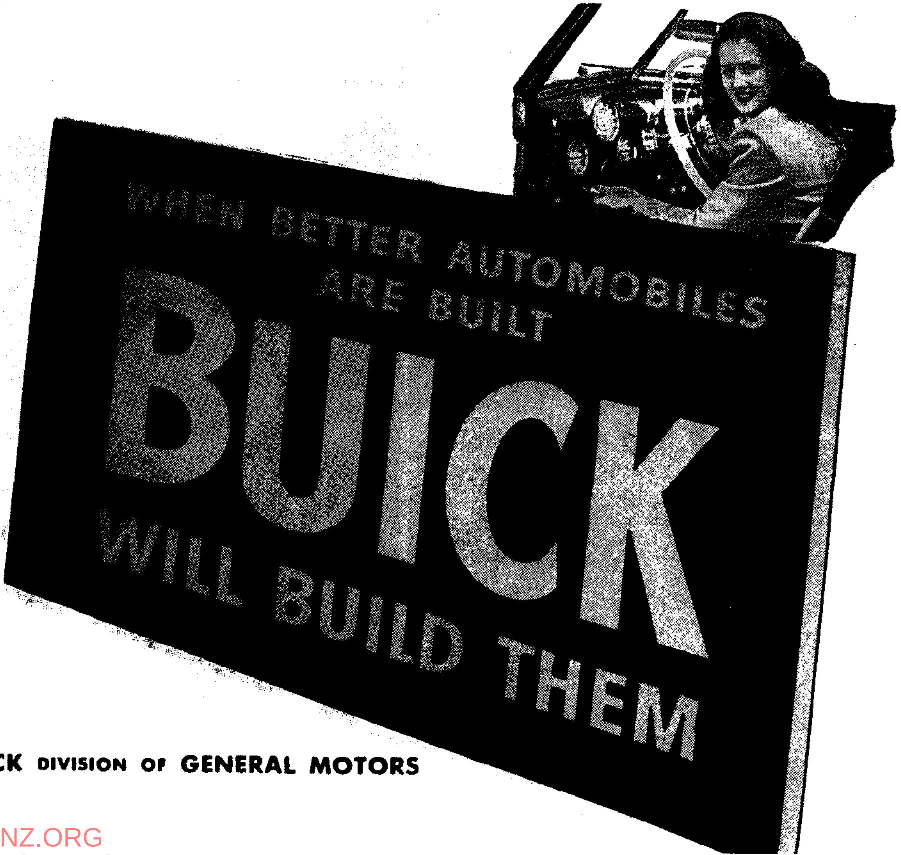
CONTROL—through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.

CONVENIENCE—of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.

PROTECTION—of fender-shielding front and rear bumpers, originated by Buick. Built for new bumper jack.

* * * * *

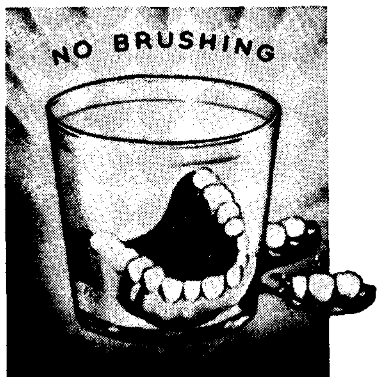
It's all done with buttons!
The top goes up or down—windows are raised or lowered—the front seat moves backward or forward—all through push-button controls. These operate only when ignition is on, so all can be locked securely.


WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK
WILL BUILD THEM

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

False Teeth Wearers
You can't "Brush-Off" Denture Breath

Soak plates in Polident to keep them odor-free, hygienically clean!



Soak plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or longer, rinse, and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into corners brushing never seems to reach, keeps dentures clean, bright, odor-free!

DENTURE BREATH is a serious social problem. It may make your close presence distasteful to friends or family, and give you away to others who would never guess you wear false teeth. You can't "brush off" DENTURE BREATH!

Brushing dental plates with tooth pastes, powders or soap may scratch delicate plate material, *60 times softer than natural teeth.* Food particles and film collect in these unseen scratches—causing offensive DENTURE BREATH!

With Polident there's no brushing, no fear of DENTURE BREATH. Daily soaking keeps dentures sparkling clean, odor-free. Polident is recommended by more dentists than any other denture cleanser. Costs less than 1¢ a day to use. 30¢ and 60¢ at all drug stores.

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily*

TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN... AND ODOR-FREE!

LOOSE PLATES?

Amazing NEW CREAM Holds Even Lowers Tight All Day

The makers of Polident have developed a new cream for holding false teeth tight. Its gripping power is so sensational that they guarantee you double your money back if it doesn't hold your plates tighter, longer than anything you ever tried before. If you have used old-fashioned holding powders and found that you had to apply them three or four times a day, didn't like their taste or messiness, then new Poli-Grip is for you.

Pleasant to use, dainty and economical. With Poli-Grip you can laugh, sing, eat what you want without fear of embarrassment.

Remember Poli-Grip holds plates tight, no matter how they fit. 35¢ and 60¢ tubes at all drug stores.

POLI-GRIP
POLIDENT

GUARANTEED BY POLIDENT

lowed. That being Friday, the next day was Saturday. Mr. Barclay was absent from the office. Certainly a man so unstinting of his energy was entitled to an extra half holiday each week, which he usually spent in the country with his wife and small sons, while faithful myrmidons kept watch over his affairs from 9 A.M. until 1 P.M.

Eleanor was also absent that morning, but unofficially. She had simply failed to appear in the office. For that reason I was involved in an argument with the Photographic Studio. Shortly after I had settled at my desk, Mrs. Harden, who is in charge of the Studio Property Room, telephoned to inquire about a gun.

Yes, a gun. This may sound melodramatic but it is a comic facet of our work in the confessional magazine field. Since many of these stories published in our magazines are true confessions of crime, it is necessary in posing illustrative photographs to use firearms. And in order to have this equipment when necessary, we have an ever so amusing little arsenal adjacent to the studio. Although the guns are not loaded, they are considered lethal weapons and when an editor or subeditor as assistant, in posing pictures, wishes to use such property, he signs a requisition. The love story which Eleanor was working on evidently required the pictorial display of a .22 (what this is, I confess, I have never been certain). The point was that she had this pistol in her hands when summoned to her father's office.

Mrs. Lola Manfred, Eleanor's superior on Truth and Love Magazine, reported that the gun was not in the office they shared. She suggested to Mrs. Harden that Eleanor might have carried the gun into Mr. Barclay's office and left it there. Hence, I was involved in the search. No gun was visible. I hunted high and low, but was unable to find anything of that description.

While engaged in this search, I was reminded of the trivial duty of removing each day's sheet from Mr. Barclay's calendar. On this particular morning I had meant to tear off three sheets, Friday, Saturday and Sunday. To my surprise I discovered that Friday's page had already disappeared. A mere detail, it seems. But to my inflamed mind an unusual detail since Mr. Barclay never performed such trifling duties for himself.

Let me say here, before any further suspicion is engendered in the reader's mind, that the gun was discovered that very Saturday morning on a window sill in the Photographic Studio. Mrs. Harden had telephoned Mr. Munn about it, asking if he had seen the gun in Eleanor's hand. He replied in the negative but offered to assist in the search. Shortly after, the weapon was discovered and we all had a big laugh over our "gun hunt."

It was not until the following Monday morning that I learned from the newspapers that Mr. Wilson—yes, our own Mr. Warren G. Wilson—had been murdered. In self-defense, let me remark that it seemed perfectly natural for me to comment on this when Mr. Barclay came into the office.

"Did you see the morning papers?" I inquired. "Aren't you shocked about your friend, Mr. Wilson?"

Mr. Barclay, usually the most considerate of employers, snarled at me. "Never mention his name again, Miss Eccles. Not to me or anyone else. Do you understand?"

"But, Mr. Barclay," I argued, trying to explain what I considered a normal interest in the sensational occurrence.

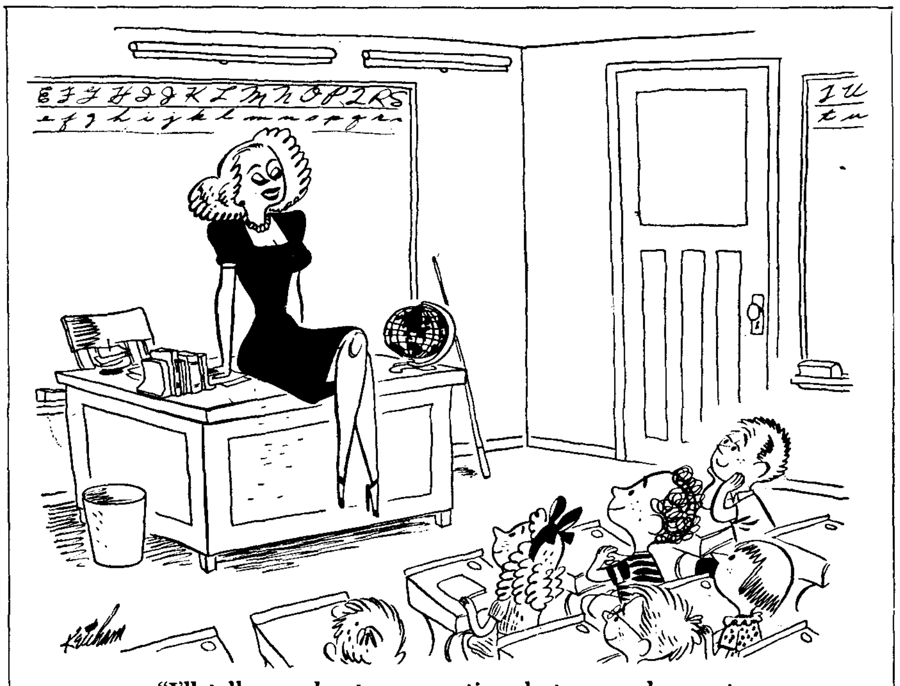
"You are never to speak Wilson's name again, neither to me nor anyone else. I never knew the man. He was trying to annoy me. You'll forget the whole incident, Miss Eccles."

IT WAS easier to pledge my word than discipline my unruly thoughts. Each day thereafter Mr. Wilson's name was in the newspapers. I tried to conquer my curiosity but it did seem strange that Mr. Barclay, whose first rule for daily living is to face the truth and speak it aloud. should insist upon such unnatural suppression of a trifling coincidence.

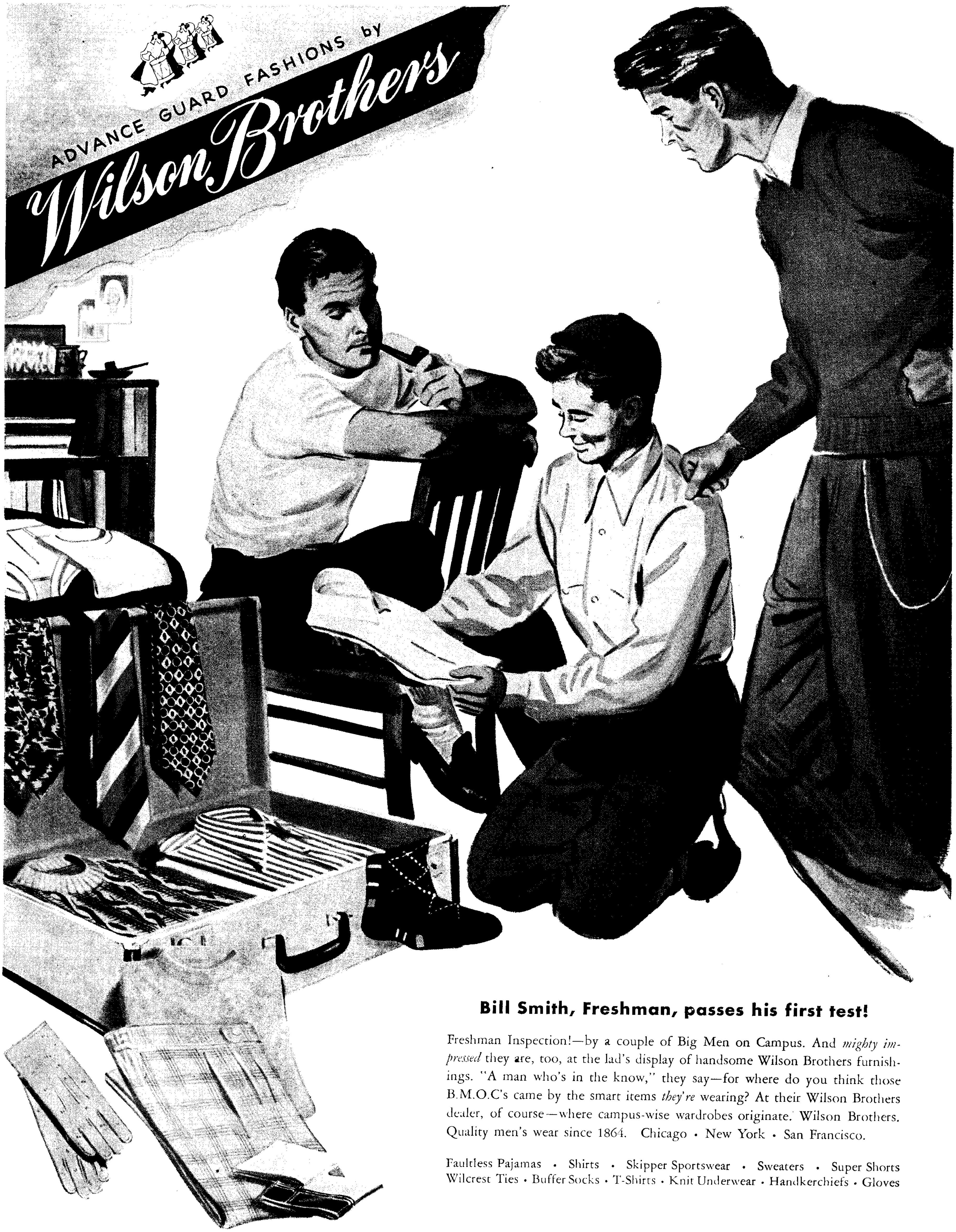
I was almost ill with worry. Mr. Barclay's admonitions to silence contradicted the most elementary precepts of his creed. The only explanation with which I could satisfy my gnawing curiosity was that he was shielding another. I repeated and repeated over again his wise words regarding the sacredness of the secrets of others. I realized then that I, also, must conceal what I knew in order to shield some unknown innocent.

Months passed. The name of Warren G. Wilson was almost buried in my unconscious mind when John Ansell, unwittingly, I believed, chose his murder as the subject for the Unsolved Mystery Department of Truth and Crime Magazine. I was not surprised when Mr. Barclay rejected the story. I thought the matter would be buried for the nonce. But Mr. Ansell was a rebel in our midst. Challenging authority, he demanded a reason for the rejection of his story. When Mr. Barclay withheld the answer to his impertinent questions, Mr. Ansell tried to force the information out of me.

But Grace Eccles was too clever for him. Using feminine wiles I made a tact-



COLLIER'S "I'll tell you about my vacation, but remember, not a word of this must reach the Board of Education" HANK KETCHAM



Bill Smith, Freshman, passes his first test!

Freshman Inspection!—by a couple of Big Men on Campus. And *mighty impressed* they are, too, at the lad's display of handsome Wilson Brothers furnishings. "A man who's in the know," they say—for where do you think those B.M.O.C's came by the smart items *they're* wearing? At their Wilson Brothers dealer, of course—where campus-wise wardrobes originate. Wilson Brothers. Quality men's wear since 1864. Chicago • New York • San Francisco.

Faultless Pajamas • Shirts • Skipper Sportswear • Sweaters • Super Shorts
Wilcrest Ties • Buffer Socks • T-Shirts • Knit Underwear • Handkerchiefs • Gloves

Choice of a lifetime...

Golden Wedding
Golden Wedding
Blended Whiskey

Treat yourself to the finest Golden Wedding in more than half a century. Linger over its lighter, finer flavor. It's the discriminating whiskey drinker's *choice of a lifetime.*

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BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. JOSEPH S. FINCH & COMPANY, SCHENLEY, PA.

ful excuse about a telephone call and managed to get rid of that inquisitive little gentleman. Although I gave him no reason to suspect that his questioning had unnerved me, I felt quite ill and knew I could not continue with my duties unless I unburdened myself partially or wholly of the heavy load that had been fermenting within me.

Let me add here that I suspected no one of intrigue. At this time I sought nothing more than relief from the pressure of self-distrust. What guilty untruth about myself was I hiding behind the suspicion of others?

WHILE I was pondering the matter and watching office personnel through the glass window of my own little domain, I noticed Eleanor Barclay among the girls going to the ladies' room. This seemed divine coincidence. Who was more worthy of my confidence than Mr. Barclay's own daughter, and who could be trusted more completely to guard his interests?

I followed her to the ladies' room.

"Eleanor, I must speak to you," I said, locking the door.

"Is it necessary to barricade ourselves?" she inquired flippantly.

"Please do not be cynical, dear," I admonished. "When you know this organization as well as I do, you'll realize how many two-faced people there are in the world. There's no other place in this office where you can be sure of complete privacy."

"But somebody may want to use the toilet."

"I shan't be long," I promised. "I sorely need a short session of Truth-Sharing."

"Is it really necessary?" she asked ungraciously. "I want to leave early today, I'm going to have my hair done. I've got a dinner date, a particular dinner date."

This was inconsiderate since I had frankly appealed to her for sympathy but I generously overlooked it.

"I have something more important than a dinner date to discuss with you," I rejoined.

"Well, make it snappy," she retorted.

I was careful at the start to explain that I suspected no one of deceit, but was merely trying to purge myself of unworthy emotion. But I had hardly begun to describe my actions in relation to the telephone call when she interrupted.

"Is it true the switchboard operator made a mistake on that call and gave the message to Mr. Barclay instead of me, or was it you, Grace, playing one of your little tricks?"

Needless to say, I was shocked. "I was not aware until now, Eleanor, that you were acquainted with this Mr. Wilson."

Her cheeks wore an unbecoming flush. "He was calling me," she said. "That's how it all started. But I hope you don't think it has anything to do with the murder."

"Why, Eleanor!" I exclaimed. "That thought never entered my mind. It was simply that your father showed so much emotion over the incident and was so vehement in forbidding me ever to use Mr. Wilson's name again that I—"

"Why don't you do what you're told?" she interrupted harshly.

"I have never mentioned his name."

"What do you think you're doing now?"

"Truth-Sharing," I reminded her, "is different. Confessions are sacred. You know as well as I that the secrets of another person's heart, no matter how freely offered, are not yours to disperse."

"Okay," she snapped. "What else do you know?"

Oral truth-sharing has always been an effective cure when I am troubled. No sooner have I purged myself of foolish secrets and distressing fancies than I realize that their only substance was my own fallacious imagining. I felt a great deal better and would have flitted gaily out of the ladies' room had not Eleanor caught my arm and squeezed it painfully.

"Now that you've shared with me," she admonished, "never, never, never in your life mention this to anyone else." Her excitement was so intense that she threw her cigarette into one of the wash bowls.

Girls had begun to pound on the door, demanding admission. I took the cigarette stub out of the wash bowl where she had thrown it so thoughtlessly, creating a bad example for the untidy stenographers. With utmost sympathy I tried to help Eleanor unburden herself of those dark secrets which were obviously causing such conflict in her psyche. My efforts were rewarded with a proud and stubborn glance. Locking herself into one of the compartments, Eleanor refused to speak to me or to answer any of my sympathetic questions.

There was more rude pounding on the door and remarks of a vulgar nature were shouted through. Gently I addressed Eleanor but no answer drifted from her compartment.

I stooped and spoke softly, fixing my eyes upon her thin stockings and frivolous high-heeled pumps. "Eleanor, my dear, if there's anything buried in your unconsciousness, speak of it, share it with me. Don't let pride or shame inhibit you. Share the truth with your old friend."

"Go to hell," she answered.

Just then the janitor opened the door. I made my way through the throng of gaping stenographers and returned to my office. I did not see Eleanor again that afternoon but was informed that she had left without finishing her work for the day.

In spite of her lack of sympathy, this little session of Truth-Sharing had purged my spirits. For me the unpleasantness would have been completely over had not Mr. Ansell burst into my office a second time that day and demanded to know what information I had imparted to Eleanor in the ladies' room. When I refused to answer, he laid his hands upon me savagely. Had it not been for the fortunate coincidence of Mr. Barclay's appearance, I might have been the victim of brutality.

It was almost as if Mr. Barclay had known instinctively of my predicament. Was it mere chance that dictated my rescue? I prefer to think there was something deeper in the coincidence of Mr. Barclay's taking his brief case with him that night and then suddenly remembering that he would not need it and deciding to return it to the office. It was somewhat mystic as though my spirit had cried out to his, silently, and without perceiving the direction of his guidance, he had opened the elevator door at the crucial moment.

His powers of intuition must have perceived my distress, for upon leaving his brief case upon my desk, he kindly invited me to ride uptown with him in the limousine, a privilege which I do not often enjoy. Such typical Barclay generosity was manifest in another of his kindly gestures the following day when another unfortunate incident darkened the atmosphere of the Barclay Truth Publications.

THE office that morning was in a state of the wildest excitement. The previous night at ten o'clock one of the scrubwomen discovered Mr. Ansell unconscious on the floor of his office. Had not the night man summoned the ambulance so promptly and the doctor been so efficient, we might have lost our Truth and Crime editor.

Mr. Barclay did not arrive at the office until noon that day. Upon seeing me his first words were, "He's all right. Let them know it outside."

"Who's all right?" I inquired, not crediting Mr. Barclay with knowledge of the unhappy situation.

"Ansell," he answered briefly.

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Then you've heard about it?"

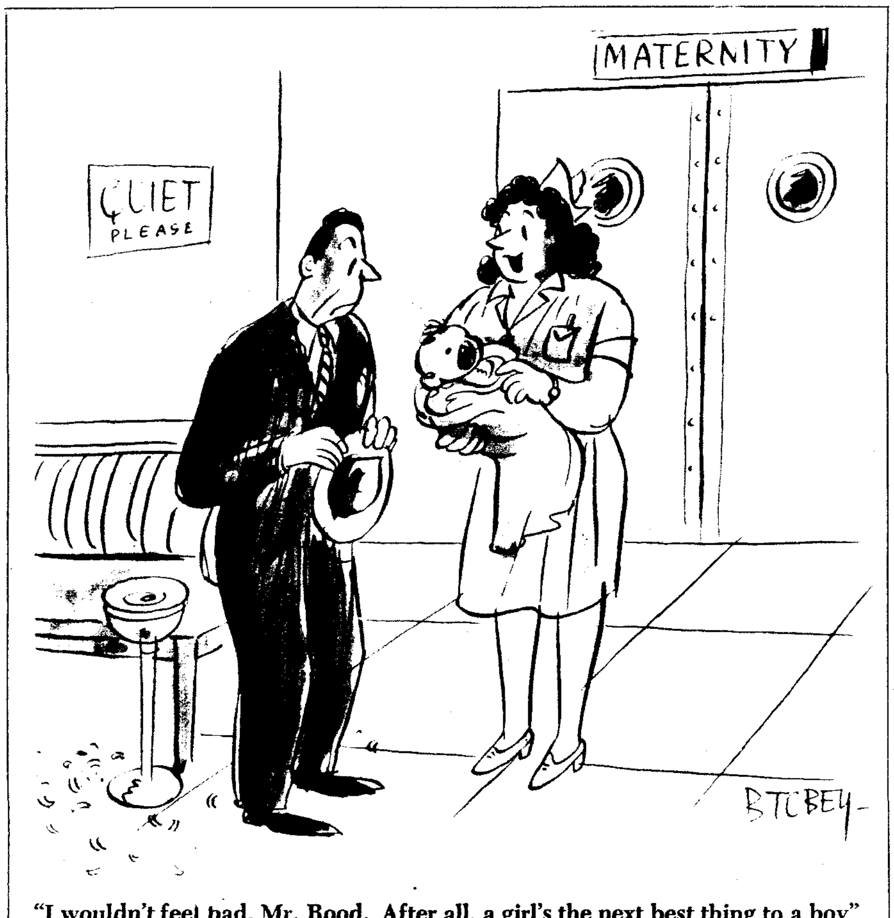
"Where do you think I've been all morning?" he demanded.

A few moments later I received a summons via the buzzer. "Will you get me some cash, Miss Eccles?" Mr. Barclay said. "I haven't a penny in my pockets."

"My, someone has been extravagant," I observed, treating the matter in a light vein. "Only yesterday afternoon I cashed five hundred dollars for you."

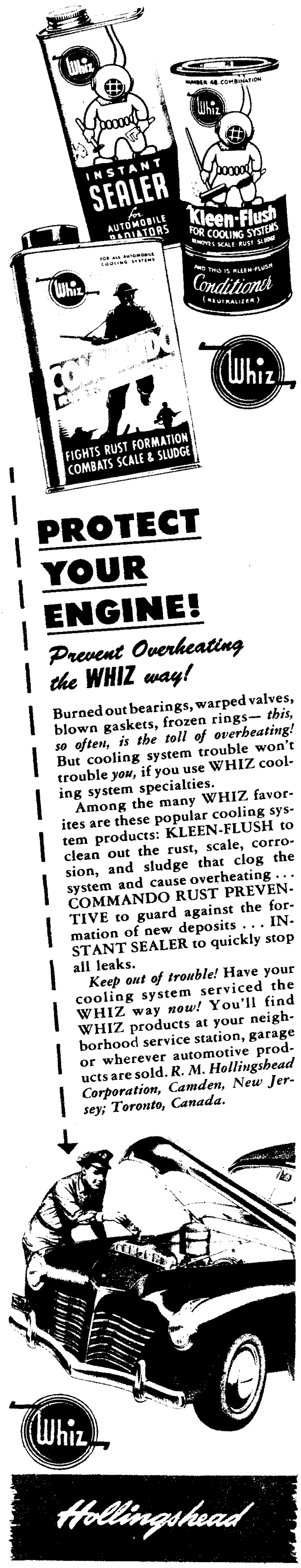
"Must I answer to you for that?" he asked with unusual severity.

"I was just making an observation," I remarked. "I do not mean to be inquisitive. You've probably been over-



"I wouldn't feel bad, Mr. Rood. After all, a girl's the next best thing to a boy"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY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GENERAL MOTORS

generous again. I've been wondering a bit about your penchant for giving away money ever since last May when we quit drawing that monthly two thousand dollars for personal charities."

The expression of his face was enigmatic. I hastened to fetch his checkbook. When he had signed a check and I had sent it down to the bank, he instructed me to ask Mr. Smith to come to his office immediately.

"Which Mr. Smith?" I asked, since there were several of that name among his acquaintances.

"Sometimes you're very irritating," Mr. Barclay rejoined in a manner unlike his usual magnanimous self. "Mr. Smith of the Barclay Building Grill, of course."

I CONSIDERED this unjust inasmuch as this particular Mr. Smith had never stepped foot into our offices. Heretofore his transactions had been negotiated entirely with the leasing agent of the Barclay Building, a subsidiary corporation. Instead of accosting Mr. Barclay with these facts which would have cleared me of his charge of obtuseness, I humbly performed my duties. Ten minutes later the required Mr. Smith entered the private office.

"I've good news for you, Smith," Mr. Barclay said as he shook hands with the restaurateur. "Ansell has promised not to sue. I've persuaded him to keep the matter quiet. No one will know except a few employees in my office and they will be requested not to spread the story. Of course, Smith, I'm sure it's not your fault but I urge you to be more careful in the future."

Mr. Smith professed not to know what Mr. Barclay was talking about. I could tell by his manner that my employer was not "taken in" by Mr. Smith's pretense of innocence, however. What transpired further I am in no position to say, as Mr. Barclay informed me that my services were not required. Twenty minutes later Mr. Smith left smiling and apparently pleased by the magnanimity of Mr. Barclay.

Again my buzzer sounded. This time Mr. Barclay dictated the following memorandum:

Memorandum
From the office of: Noble Barclay
To: All Employees

For the sake of our tenant, the Barclay Building Grill, and our friend, Mr. I. G. Smith, its proprietor, I am requesting you not to repeat the rumor that Mr. Ansell was poisoned by eating shrimps at the grill. Mr. Smith exercises the greatest care in preparing the dishes served in his restaurant, and would never allow food to be set before a customer if there were any question as to its freshness.

Unfortunately, it is not always possible to judge sea food. The shrimps cooked yesterday in the Barclay Building Grill kitchens showed no sign of deterioration, and no one was more surprised than Mr. Smith himself to learn that Mr. Ansell's sudden illness was blamed upon the food served in the grill.

Since Mr. Smith is not only our tenant but a good friend to all of us who eat in his restaurant, I appeal to your sense of good sportsmanship in asking that you use all possible discretion in keeping the story from spreading.

"Make ten copies and circulate them through the office," Mr. Barclay instructed. "Have them signed by every employee and then have every copy returned to me with the signatures."

While I was typing the memo, Eleanor burst into the office. She greeted me as if our last meeting had not ended in an impasse.

"He's all right, Grace!" she cried as if I had inquired as to some party's condition. "All he needs now is a short rest and he'll be back at work."

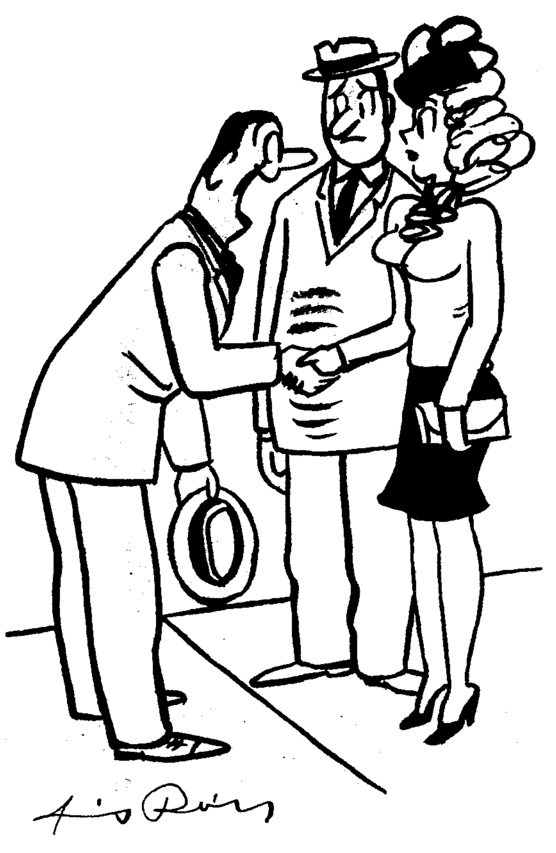
"Are you by any chance alluding to Mr. Ansell?" I inquired.

She nodded vehemently. "I thought I'd die when I heard he'd been poisoned. I guess I have a melodramatic mind because I—" She paused at the brink of revelation and changed her mind about voicing it. Shrugging her shoulders, Eleanor babbled on, "What a relief to learn it was only sea food. Hasn't Father been wonderful?"

"Noble Barclay," I replied, "is always wonderful."

"They called him early this morning to tell him one of his editors had been found half dead in his office. Father rushed to the hospital at once, and told them to do everything they could for Johnnie. I've never seen Father so wonderful."

"I am glad," I observed, "that you appreciate your father."



"Pleased to meet you. You've everything George said you have"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

Since I am in the habit of eating a light breakfast, I take my lunch early. As soon as I had finished typing the memo and had sent it, with complete instructions, to the various department heads I wended my way downstairs to the grill. As I passed him, Mr. Smith, who was deep in conversation with one of the automobile salesmen from the agency on the first floor of our building, raised his hand in cordial greeting.

Seating myself at my usual table, I consulted the menu. My regular waitress approached me and asked, "How about shrimp Creole, Miss Eccles? It's very nice today."

"How dare you?" I cried with the utmost indignation. "Do you think it in good taste to jest when one of your patrons almost lost his life by eating your contaminated shrimps yesterday?"

The waitress seemed surprised. "Shrimps! Yesterday?"

I was annoyed with Mr. Smith for failing to inform his employees of the unfortunate affair of Mr. Ansell's shrimps. Although I had typed the memo requesting employees not to spread rumor outside of our office, I considered it my duty to inform the waitress.

"But we didn't serve shrimps last night," she insisted. "We haven't had a shrimp in this place for over a week."

I tried patiently to argue with the stubborn creature but I could not convince her that I had spoken the truth. She even summoned other waitresses to back up her assertions. Naturally her friends took her side in the argument. This puzzled me. Although I would not take the words of ignorant working girls in preference to Mr. Barclay's interpretation of the case, my curiosity could not be appeased. My mind was riddled with questions that had no right to enter that holy ground. Doubtless I was at fault. Somewhere in my sly psyche was buried an untruth which I had not the courage to force out and boldly face.

If only Nature had endowed me with greater courage I should have purged myself by sharing known truths with the best of all confessors. Too timid to uproot the festering sores of buried doubt by laying my problems at the feet of Noble Barclay, I comforted myself with the excuse that a busy man occupied with problems of international import had no time for my petty concerns. This, however, was bare comfort. "Oft in the stilly night" have I wakened to wonder at the excessive discretion of my employer and his daughter. Was there not some hidden knowledge anent the connection between Mr. Wilson's death and the misdirected telephone message? Why was Mr. Barclay so stern in commanding my silence and rejecting Mr. Ansell's story?

Whatever the dark secret was, I knew it not to be mine. Nor did I cast the slightest shadow of suspicion upon Noble Barclay. With his unfathomable faith in humanity in general and his friends in particular, this paragon of honesty might readily have been victim of some cruel fraud. Even now, I tremble for him. Tragedy is the inevitable result of deceitfulness. Out of the roots of falsehood, evil flowers; that is the law of Nature and she is a stern taskmaster.

* * *

By John Miles Ansell

"Look, my pretty," I said to the nurse who enjoyed the adjective without deserving it, "I admire you but I can't afford you. I can't afford this expensive layout. How the hell did I get here?"

"Don't worry, Mr. Ansell. If somebody couldn't afford these things, you wouldn't be in this room."

I LAY back on the bed and tried to figure it out. Since my knees had given way under me in the office and I had felt myself hurled through space on the cannonball express, I was not clear about anything. My adventures with rock cliffs and crack trains had been delusions, and here I was in a hospital room that was not white and narrow, but done in muted colors and with a big corner window through which sunlight streamed.

They would feed me nothing but gruel. Along with the breakfast tray came Noble Barclay.

"How you feeling, lad?"

"I'm still trying to figure it out. Maybe I'm not bright. They tell me I lost consciousness and one of the scrubwomen found me on the floor. Didn't I hear the ambulance doctor say something about bichloride of mercury?"

"You must have been dreaming,"

(Continued on page 82)

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PLANTATION HIGHBALL—Put ice cubes into a ten-ounce highball glass and pour in one and one-half ounces of Plantation Bourbon Liqueur. Fill the glass to the brim with sparkling water. Stir well.

PLANTATION MANHATTAN—Pour two ounces of Plantation Bourbon Liqueur into a cocktail shaker. Add ½ ounce each of Dry and Sweet Vermouth. Put in ice cubes. Stir, don't shake. Strain into glass, serve with cherry.

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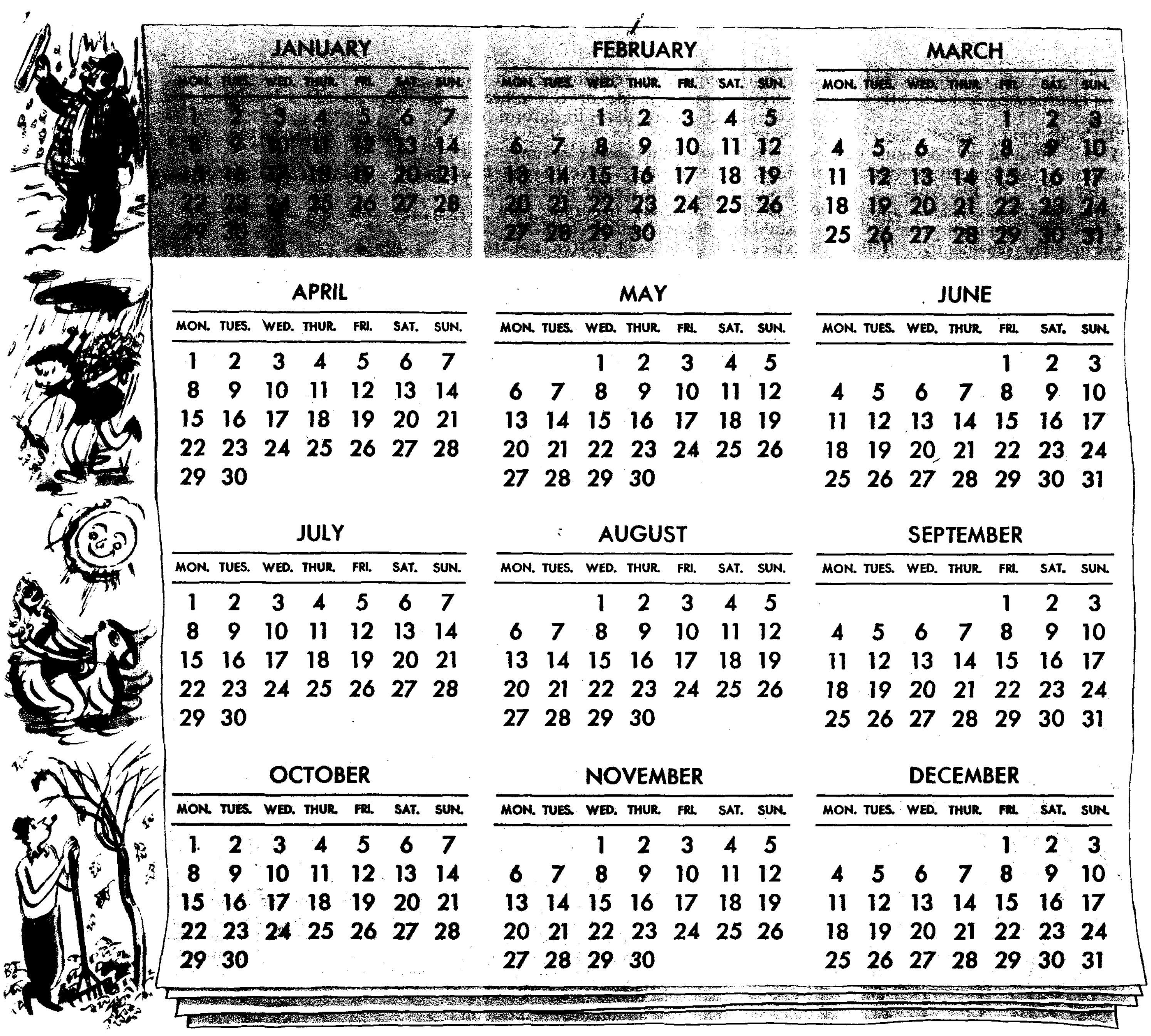

JANUARY

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FEBRUARY

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MARCH

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APRIL

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MAY

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JUNE

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JULY

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AUGUST

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SEPTEMBER

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OCTOBER

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NOVEMBER

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DECEMBER

MON.	TUES.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.	SUN.
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This calendar has two international holidays—New Year's Day, before Jan. 1, Leap Year Day before July 1

Goodby Friday the 13th

BY KYLE CRICHTON

The calendar by which we live is far from perfect. Why not have one based on common sense?

IF THERE was anything that one might think could be counted on in this stormy world it would surely be the calendar—the ordinary, day-by-day calendar. Of course it changes by the year and you're invariably looking at 1943 instead of 1946, but the thing has been in use for centuries and has rather a right to be considered sacrosanct.

However, we find to our amazement that *there are people* who are very much irritated by the calendar. Having arranged trips and discovered that the train had gone the day before, they are inclined to be petulant. They maintain flatly that just because somebody was a fathead away back in the ages we don't have to put up with the nonsense.

Among these people is Lieutenant Commander Willard E. Edwards, electronics officer at the Ford Island Base, Honolulu. In fact, he started being annoyed as far back as 1919 in Quincy, Massachusetts, when he spoke up in Latin class and said the calendar gave him a pain. The teacher looked at him with a baleful eye and said, "I suppose you can do better?" Teachers have got away with this sophistry for years and it is to the credit of Willard that he was not daunted. He set to work and at the age of fifteen turned up with the new calendar you see herewith.

Not only has Commander Edwards rearranged things in a mathematical way but, if his plan is accepted, he may have wrought a vital social change. Consider New Year's Day, that awful period when you're trying to recover from what happened the night before—well, under the Edwards' plan there *is* no New Year's Day. Or rather, there is a New Year's Day but it isn't January 1st. It's a holiday, it's always a holiday, and it's *not* counted. By eliminating that sad occasion, he is able to set up a perpetual calendar that never varies an inch from year to year. If your birthday is on a Tuesday now, it will continue to be on a Tuesday right down to the time when you don't care.

Here are some of the features of the Edwards revised new civil calendar:

1. There would never again be a Friday the 13th.
2. In leap years a second day apart, called, amazingly enough, Leap Year Day, is observed between June 31st and July 1st. This could be an international summer holiday.
3. Monday would be the first day in every week instead of Sunday. Saturday and Sunday would be the week end, as we always knew they were.
4. The last business day of each quarter, the ninetieth day, falls on a Saturday. That makes it swell for bookkeeping, tax reports and inventory. The year has equal quarters of ninety-one days.
5. The 1st, 15th and 30th, common pay-roll, bill-paying and accounting days, all fall on weekdays.
6. Easter Sunday would be fixed at April 14th, which is close to the original historic date and agrees with a provisional bill enacted by the British Parliament in 1928. With a fixed Easter there would be 6 three-day United States holidays every year. Anybody who objects to this is a lousy employer.
7. There are 26 weekdays in every month, 91 days in any three-month period and 65 school days in each quarter.

Commander Edwards feels that he is getting closer to action all the time. In the last few years his calendar has been endorsed by business groups, educators and newspapers. Joseph R. Farrington, the delegate to Congress from Hawaii, has introduced a House resolution which requests the President to urge international adoption of the calendar.

If New Year's Eve in other climes compares even remotely with our reverent celebration, Commander Edwards' calendar will be adopted and some of us will get ourselves straightened out for the first time in years. Write somebody about this immediately. ★★★

Stranger Than Truth

Continued from page 81

Barclay said. "Too much imagination, lad. Comes from working on all those detective stories." He laughed. "I'm giving you a holiday from Truth and Crime."

"I was expecting it."

"Afraid you'd lose your job, eh? What kind of a heel do you think you're working for?" This pleased Barclay. He laughed jovially. "You're being promoted, son. As of this week you're editor of Truth Digest."

"Truth Digest?"

"The newest Barclay-Truth Publication. Truth in tabloid. Fits into your vest pocket but contains the best that is being printed, not only in our own magazines but in all popular periodicals. What do you think of the idea? Original, isn't it?"

The idea of a digest magazine was about as original as a Christmas greeting. "Won't you," I asked cautiously, "meet a lot of competition?"

Barclay considered. "It's true, there are other digests but this would be the first Truth digest. Get the idea? We've been selling reprint rights to other digests and even carrying their stuff, originated in their offices and written by their staff people. But what do we make on it? A few thousand a month. Think, lad, of the money we'd coin with our own digest. And what a medium for bringing our message to the public."

"What about your contracts with the other digests, Mr. Barclay?"

"Don't you worry about that, John. We've got the best attorneys in the country. You're to keep your mind on the editorial side. It's a cinch, boy, six magazines of our own to draw on, just as a start. Absolutely no cost for editorial matter, and anything we'd like to feature in TD, we can print first in one of the other magazines. Beautiful setup, isn't it?"

I AGREED. The setup couldn't have been prettier. "But," I said, "Truth and Crime and Truth and Love can hardly be used as a source of digest stuff."

"Not as much as Truth," Barclay said. "The bulk of the digest material would be from Truth. We've got a gold mine to draw on, exposés, political stuff, war, human interest. And Truth and Health! Look at the other digests, filled with health stories, medical discoveries, reducing diets, the newest cures—"

"Mostly phonies," I put in.

"We can expose them," cried Barclay. "And once in a while we can throw in some TC or TL, nothing the public likes better than a good fact romance or a true crime. And Truth and Beauty gives us the woman's angle. What do you think of the new job, boy?"

"Sounds good."

"Good?" said Barclay. "That's the best job you ever dreamed of. Boy, you don't know. It's going to thrill you so that you'll have to be dragged away from your desk nights. It might be hard work but not too hard for an intellectual like you. Look at the public you'll reach, the chance you'll get to tell them straight simple truth instead of the guff that's usually concealed under a welter of literary language. It's a man's job, lad. As of this week your salary is two hundred per."

Two hundred a week? Was I still unconscious? Wake up, Ansell, you're hearing voices. In a split second the cannonball express is going to crash head-on into solid fact. If the bichloride of mercury had been fantasy, what of the $75 a week raise?

It was not a dream. There, solid as the hospital bed, was Noble Barclay, radiating health and good humor, and the nurse, who was not pretty, coquetting

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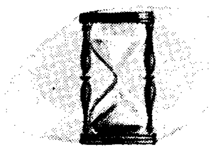

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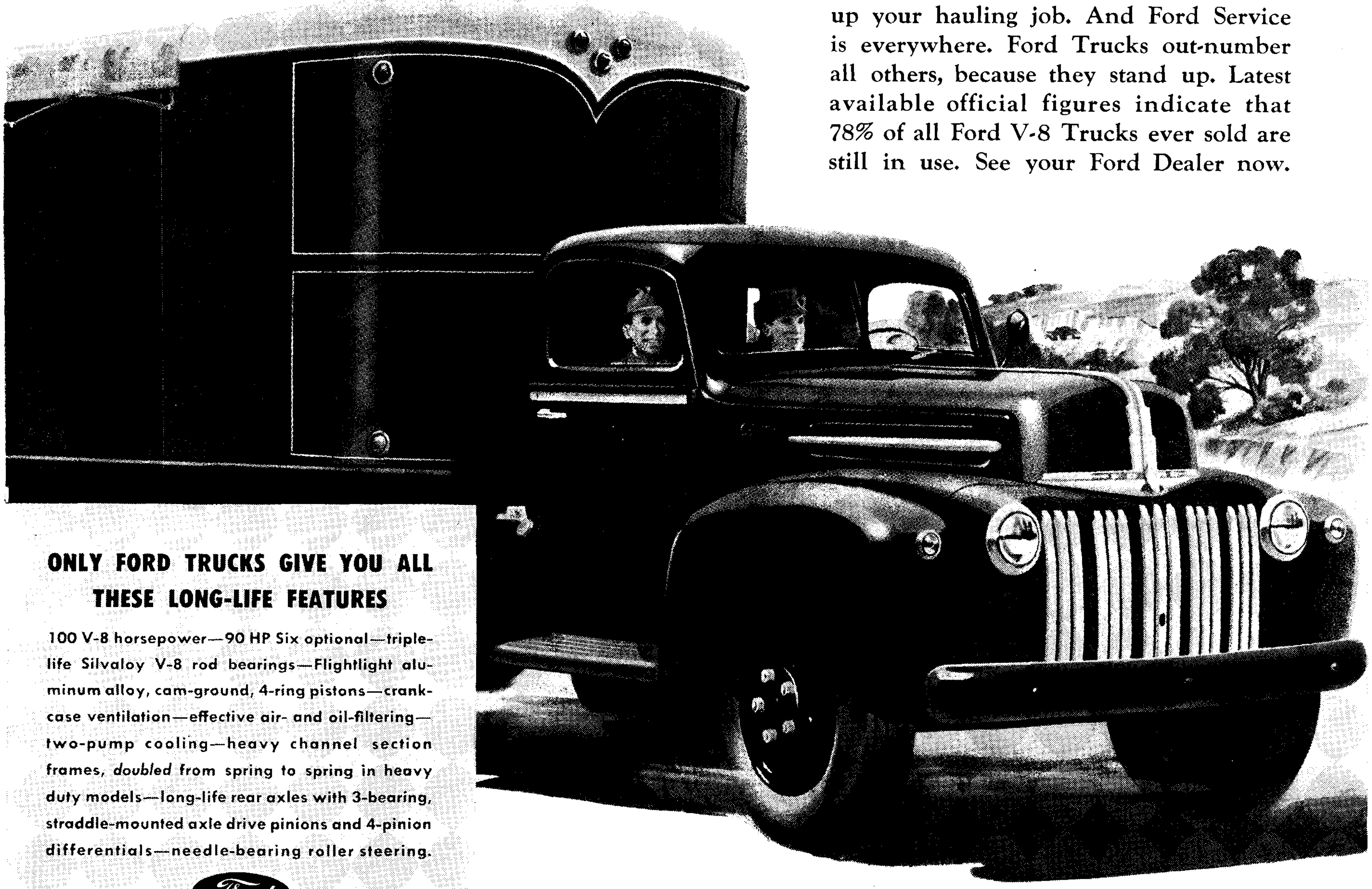

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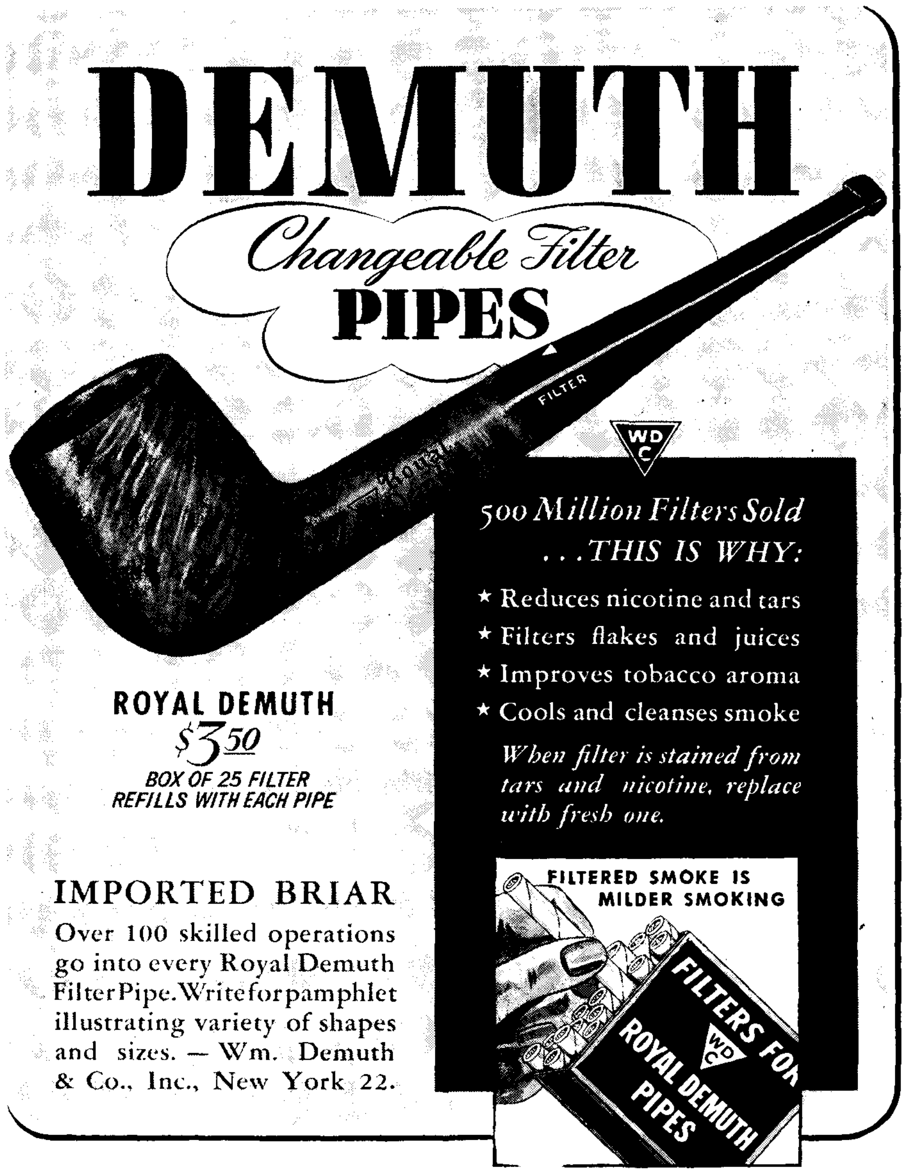
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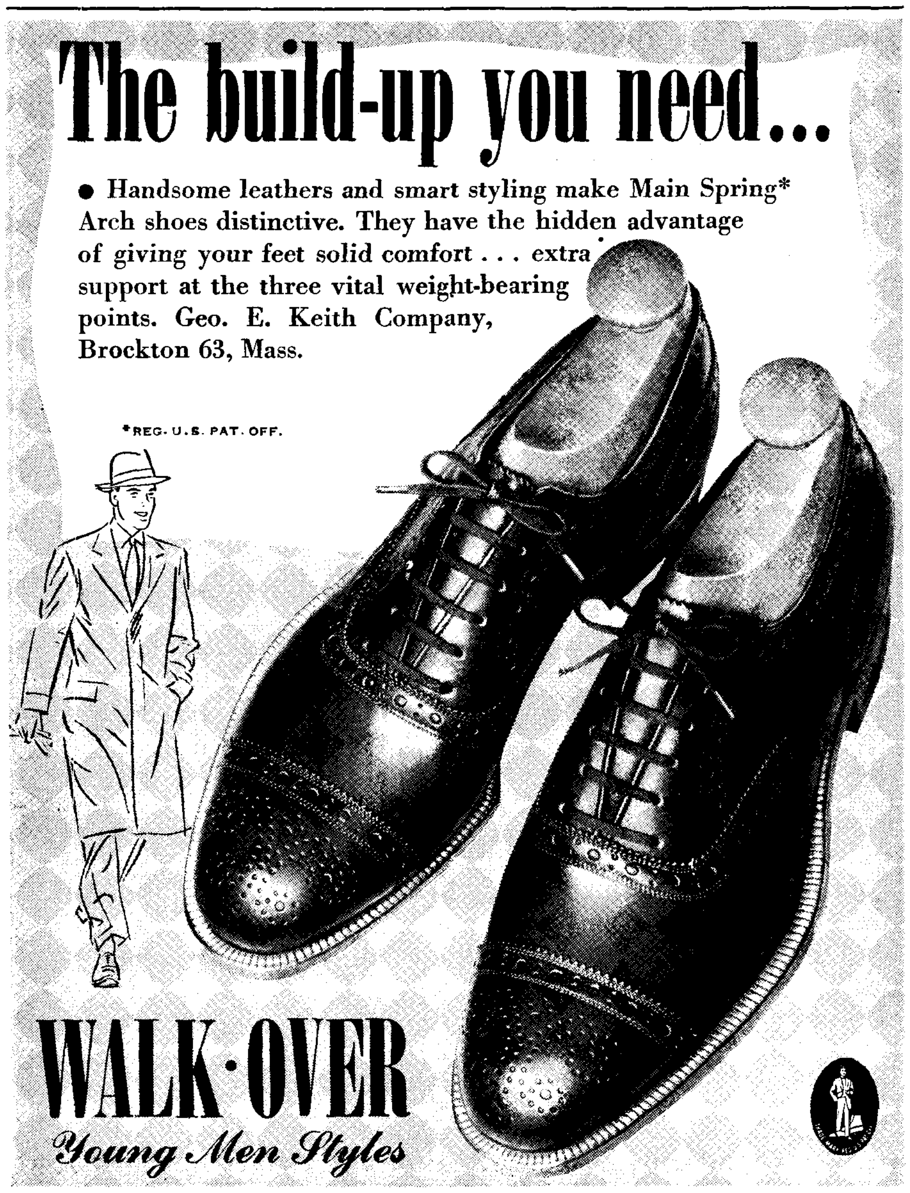
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WALK·OVER
Young Men Styles

all over the place because she was attracted by his wealth or his virility. Aware of the admiration, Barclay exhibited more of his good humor. "You don't believe me, John? Sounds too good to be true, huh?" His enjoyment was so frank that I did not flinch at his making a show of it.

He strode across the room. He covered its length in seven steps and strode back to the bed. "Don't belittle yourself, lad. You know you're a damn' good editor. Do you sit around like the rest of the highbrows, wisecracking, while the staff writers get the material?" He paused beside the bed, looking into my face. "When an organization like mine is lucky enough to find a man of your caliber, it's our job to hang onto you and to find work worthy of your talent. Why, if you weren't satisfied with us you'd be looking for another job. And some other publisher would grab you like that." He made a gesture intended to show how hungry publishers would grasp a smart young editor by the coat collar and swing him into a mahogany swivel chair. "Don't think you're not worth the price. I'm too canny a businessman to pay that salary to a lad who doesn't deserve it."

He turned to the nurse. "Could he have a cigarette, young lady? I don't smoke myself but when a smoker gets a piece of startling news he reaches for a cigarette. Will you get one for him?"

"He's not supposed to smoke."

"Get him a drink of water; will you?"

"Do you want one?" she asked.

"I don't mind if I do," I said.

SHE poured some water from a glass jug. I saw the look of disappointment in Barclay's face.

"Look, my pretty," I said to the nurse, "Mr. Barclay wants to talk to me privately. Would you mind stepping out for a few minutes?"

She went.

Barclay winked at me. "You're an astute person."

"I'd be a moron not to understand those elephantine tactics."

He laughed again. I stood in well with Noble Barclay; he liked me for being fresh. I finished drinking my water and as I put the glass back on the bed table, I remembered something. "I've got it," I cried. "The water. Last night I took a drink of water—"

"I have a favor to ask of you," he interrupted. "I happen to be interested in the grill and I'd be grateful if nothing more was said about those shrimps you ate last night."

I looked around. There were no bars on the windows and the walls weren't padded. I tried to ask a couple of questions but Barclay rode over my interruptions like a hopped-up jalopy. He was not so much concerned, Barclay said, with the financial returns from the grill as with the fate of Smith, its proprietor. Smith was one of his followers, an ex-dipsomaniac reclaimed by Truth-Sharing.

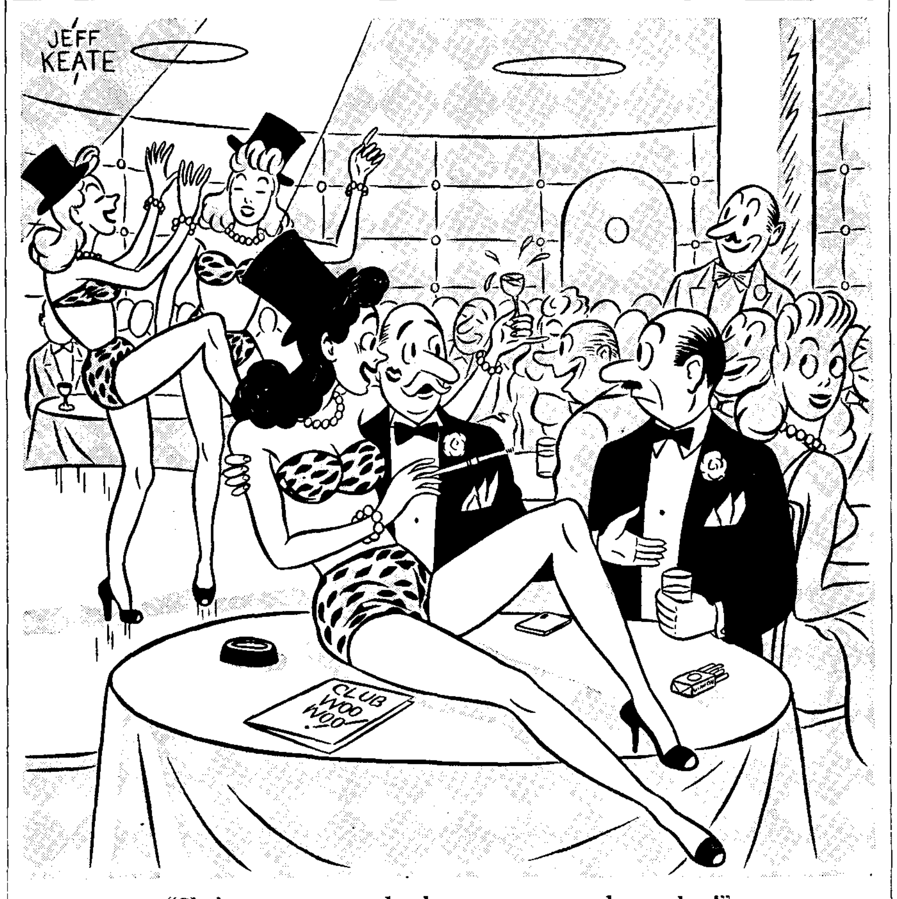
"His story is remarkably like my own," Barclay assured me. "And since you've read the Introduction, you must realize how I feel about Smith's making good. Don't repeat what I've told you about him because it wouldn't help his morale if the story became common gossip. Smith's pulled himself out of the gutter, so to speak, and made a pretty good thing of the grill. That's why I feel so strongly about this affair last night. If the story got out, it might ruin the restaurant. And God knows what would happen to Smith."

"Wouldn't his belief in Truth help him survive it?" I asked, not without malice.

"It was the belief that he was a failure that made him shun Truth and sent him on the downward path. A repetition of the experience might doom the man." He caught my eye and asked for understanding. "Keep it under your hat, won't you, Ansell?"

I leaned back upon the pillows, closed my eyes, tried to look sick. I needed time to think about Barclay's sudden generosity and his unctuous interest in Smith. A bribe had been offered so that I should forget I had taken a drink of water from a blue carafe on the desk in my office.

Curiosity tore at my guts, made me sicker than the poison. I knew that I'd get nowhere by asking questions. There was only one way for me to find out what really had happened. As long as I worked at my job and kept quiet about the water in my carafe, I could do as much undercover investigation as I



COLLIER'S "She's very reserved when you get to know her!" JEFF KEATE

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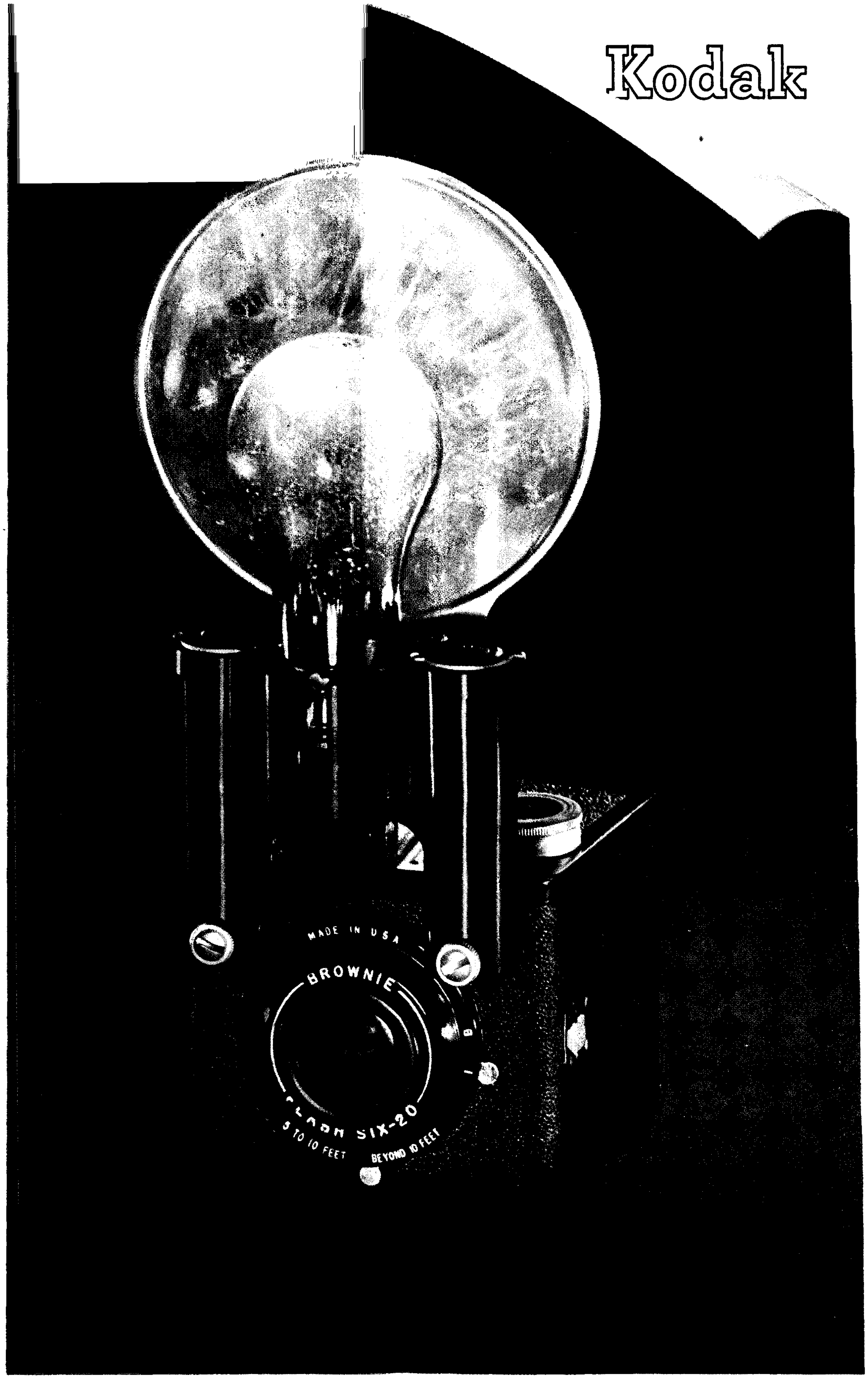

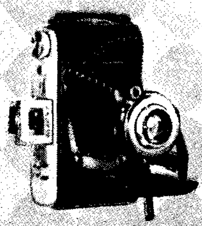

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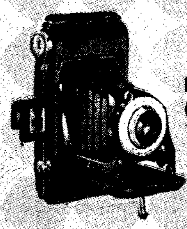

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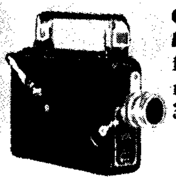

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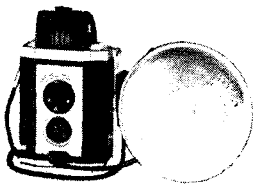

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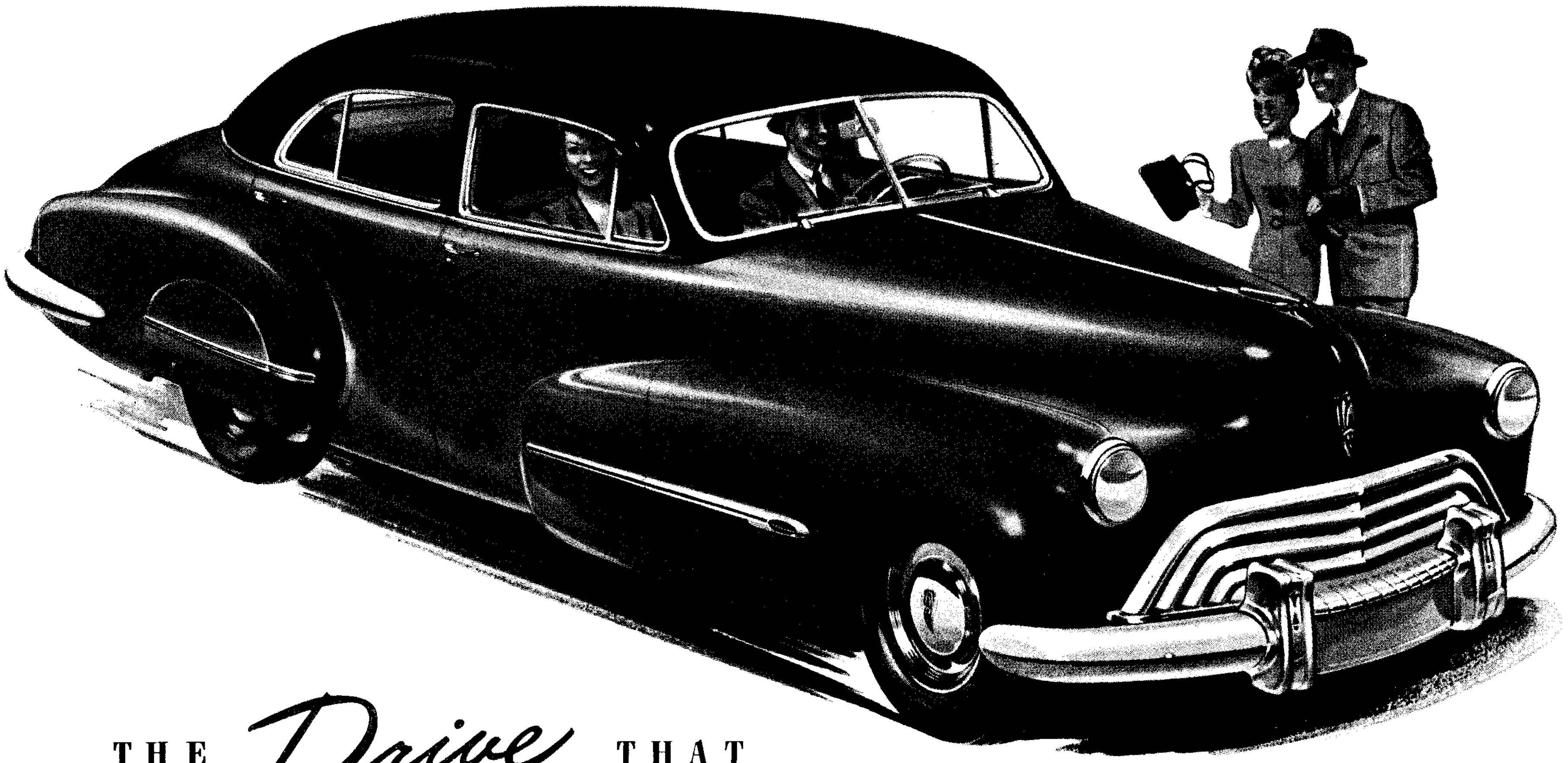

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A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

wanted. When I found the answer, I promised myself, I would spare no one. You can't poison an Ansell and get off without paying the price.

There was one danger. "You think I'm astute, Mr. Barclay. But what if I should happen to eat shrimps again?"

"You're too clever for that. From now on you'll be more careful."

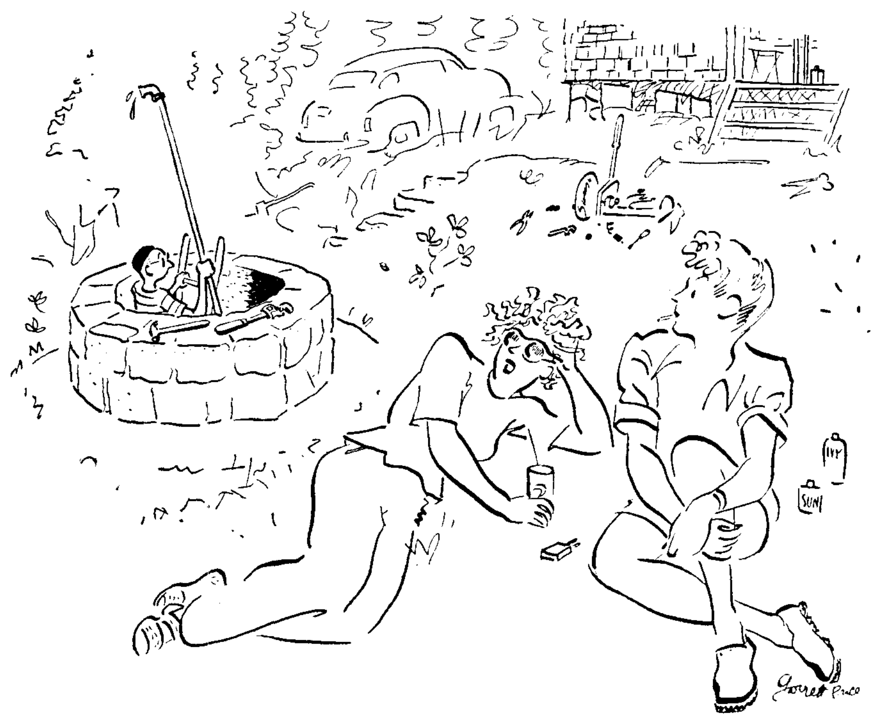
There was a long silence. I looked at Barclay and he looked at his reflection in the mirror. The smooth son-of-a-gun took it for granted that his bribe was enough to make me forget that drink of water.

THE nurse knocked at the door, peered in and opened it wider to admit a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums. Behind them came Eleanor. When she saw me leaning weakly against the pillows she let out the prettiest little groan I ever heard.

"You're all right now, aren't you?" she whispered, her breath catching between the words.

I enjoyed her sympathy and kept up the fraud. Barclay beamed.

"I'll leave you kids alone now," he said. "You've probably got a lot to say to each other." At the door he saluted me. "Anything you need, John, just say the word. And don't worry about the job. We'll get someone to pinch-hit until you're well again. Goodby, kids."



"He had a novel blocked out about a man who found happiness in the wilds with none of our modern mechanical gadgets; but he's been too busy to write it"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

He left. Eleanor took off her hat and gave the flowers to the nurse.

"Take a long time finding a vase," I said. "My weakened condition requires that I spend some time alone with this young lady."

After the nurse had gone Eleanor sat in the armchair halfway across the room. She had become prim. Her skirt crept up and she pulled it down over her knees. I broke the news about the new job.

"Isn't Father wonderful!" she said.

I was irked. When a man tells his girl about a raise and a big job, she ought to praise him.

"Why did you come here, Eleanor?"

"I—I—" she stumbled over the words. "I heard you were ill. I was worried."

"Worried about me? I didn't know you'd care enough to worry."

"I liked you from the very first day," Eleanor said. The sun shining through the big window turned her hair to gold. Her skin was pale ivory gilded by the sunshine.

"I didn't know it," I said. "You were so elusive."

"Elusive?"

"I thought you regretted having gone out with me that time," I said. "I thought you were angry because I'd asked too many personal questions. I had no idea you were so sensitive . . ."

Her hands were folded in her lap. She looked down at them. When the cynics at the Editors' Table made fun of Noble Barclay, she tightened into a steely mold. "People are always asking questions. They think they can find out more about Father by being nice to me."

"Thanks," I said, "for your frank opinion. It's nice to know what someone really thinks of you."

She jumped up and came over to the bed. "You've got to understand, Johnnie. I'm not suspicious. It's only the way people have always acted toward me. Being *his* daughter isn't easy, you know."

"Evidently you've changed your opinion of me. That's something to be thankful for."

"I was sorry I got angry with you that day," she confessed. "Only I didn't know what to do about it. I never had the courage to admit it, but I hoped you'd forgive me." The color crept back into her face. "Honestly, you won't believe it, but I used to wait for you to come out of your office so we could ride down together in the elevator, and I'd hope you were having dinner in the Village so we could be together on the bus."

"Did you?" I cried. "That's why I went downtown so often. Don't you know I live uptown? I liked riding in the bus with you."

"Once you said you were in a hurry and were taking a cab, and asked if you could give me a lift. Remember?"

"As soon as you got out, I told the driver to turn around and take me back uptown."

"Did you!" she cried.

"Let's not beat around the bush," I said. "I'm crazy about you and I didn't know whether you liked me or loathed me. Every time I tried to make a date, you'd pull that startled fawn stuff and—"

"I was afraid."

"Not afraid of me," I laughed. "Why, I thought you had written me off because I was kind of fresh about your old man. I was afraid you'd want a guy to believe in that stuff about purging your unconscious, and secrets being festering sores. By me, that's a lot of—"

"Stop it," she said. "Please, let's not talk about it."

"If we're going on from here, we've got to talk about it."

"Please."

"How can we be friends, how can we ever mean anything to each other if we're afraid to talk about something as close to you as that? Besides," I couldn't help sounding facetious, "isn't that the basic tenet? Face the truth, uproot shame, confess—"

"I love my father."

She said it as if I had denied her that right. Her eyes looked dark because the pupils were dilated.

"Naturally," I said. "Naturally you do. He's your father, it's only natural for you to love him."

She crouched over the bed. Her voice was low and level, without inflection. "He believes every word of it, everything that he writes is completely sincere. The Introduction—it's his own story. He went through hell and he saved himself and he believes he can save other people."

"I wish you weren't so unhappy, kid." I reached for her hand.

Eleanor smiled, the radiance returned and her hand lay warm in mine. "What makes you think I'm unhappy? I want you to believe in my father. You don't have to believe in Truth-Sharing but believe in him, a good man, a sincere man."

My hand tightened around hers. "Okay, I believe he's sincere."

"Do you really?"

I was supposed to be a sick man but my strength was remarkable. I put my arms around Eleanor and pulled her down beside me on the bed. Unfortunately the nurse came in and we were forced to separate.

Eleanor stayed over an hour. We talked about my new job and she kept telling me how important it was. "There's one thing about Father that no one can deny. He's a brilliant businessman and he'd never have given you that wonderful job if you didn't deserve it."

I'd been able to stand up against Barclay's flattery but Eleanor's praise sold me one hundred per cent on that brilliant young editor, John Miles Ansell. Hard work, intelligence, tact and good sense, that's how I became a success at twenty-six.

AFTER five days at the hospital, I was discharged. The doctor advised a few days' rest and Barclay said I could have a two-week vacation with pay. I went home to see my mother and to brag to the family and old friends about the new job. They were plenty impressed. After all, two hundred a week!

After a few days the adulation ceased to satisfy me. I wanted to get back to work and to Eleanor. Over the long-distance wire she had confided that she missed me.

On Thursday, December sixth, I came back to work. My pockets full of notes jotted on old envelopes and business cards. These were bright ideas for Truth Digest.

Everyone came into my new office to congratulate me. On the wall above my desk hung Noble Barclay's picture autographed to his dear friend, John Miles Ansell. Directly under it was a chromium tray with a vacuum jug and a glass. They were made of green plastic to harmonize with the interior decoration, but otherwise they were exactly like the blue carafe and glass in the Truth and Crime office.

I made a vow never to take a drink from that jug. For the past two weeks I'd been trying to figure out the movements and motives of the character who had tried to poison me. Any office stooge might have done the trick. The whole staff had known that I intended to work late that night. Miss Kaufman had been instructed to tell the night watchman that I would return at eleven. Instead, I had come back at 7:30. Who-

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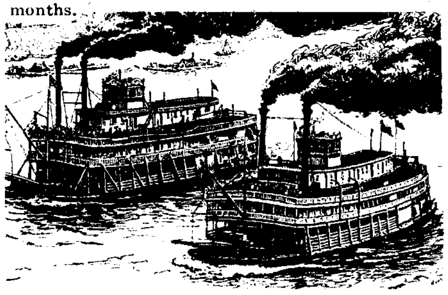

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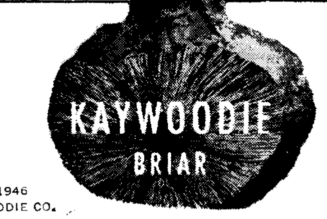

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ever had slipped a dose of poison into that blue jug must have visited my office while I was eating lamb chops at the grill.

Most of the office staff left at 5:30. Those who stayed were concentrated on overtime work. Nine chances out of ten, no one would have noticed an intruder in my office. There were so many legitimate excuses he or she might have offered that such a visit would hardly have been counted an intrusion. Or even remembered.

Anyone who worked later than seven signed the book when he left. Therefore, I figured, it had probably been between 5:30 and 7 that the bichloride had been dropped into the water in the blue carafe.

IF I had died that night, there would certainly have been an autopsy followed by an investigation. But the police would have stumbled up a dozen blind alleys before they found a straight path. I was a new employee; I had no enemies in the office. My arguments with the boss and his aide had concerned editorial policy. No sane policeman would consider that a motive for murder. It is much simpler to fire a troublesome employee than to have him killed.

No one in the office had the slightest suspicion of dirty work. To everyone except myself the link between my fight over the Wilson story and the alleged sea-food poisoning was invisible. And sometimes I wondered whether I hadn't been delirious that night.

I wanted to hear office gosip. I questioned my stooge tactfully.

What worried Miss Kaufman was the fact that I had eaten sea food. "I thought you had an allergy. I remember distinctly one night when you worked late, Mr. Ansell, you asked me to have your dinner sent up and you said you ate everything but shellfish. You said you were allergic to lobster, crabs, clams, oysters and shrimps."

"Okay, Miss Kaufman, I'm allergic. But I was careless that night. I ordered lamb chops, but they took so long to cook them that I told the waitress to bring me a shrimp cocktail. I can't digest shrimps and that's why I got sick. Are you satisfied?"

"It's none of my business." Miss Kaufman was rummaging in the bottom drawer of the desk. "You'd better take this home with you."

"What is it?"

She handed me a manuscript envelope. "The Wilson story."

While I had been away, the February issue of Truth and Crime had gone to press. Munn had got one of the staff writers to finish the Dot King piece. All copies of the Wilson story were to have been destroyed.

"Mr. Munn asked me to bring them to his office," Miss Kaufman said. "He thought I'd made only the usual three carbons but I always make an extra one for the author in case he ever wants to do a book. You'd better put this where no one will ever find it."

"Thanks, Miss Kaufman. And look, can you get me a large picture of a shrimp salad or a shrimp cocktail?"

"Shrimp salad or shrimp cocktail, Mr. Ansell!"

"Very large and preferably in color. I'd like it framed."

"What for?"

"To hang over my desk," I said. "So that I never forget why I'm here."

She stared at me and shook her head slowly. I have often seen the same look on my mother's face and the same bewildered movement of her head. . . .

At half past twelve I washed my hands and combed my hair carefully. I intended to celebrate my promotion by taking Eleanor to an expensive restaurant.

Munn was in the washroom. "Congratulations, young fellow." The clown's mouth curved as if his smile had just been put on with grease paint.

I plunged my hands into the hot water. "Thanks, Mr. Munn."

"A great honor for a young man like you. Most fellows twice your age'd give their eye teeth for a chance like that."

"My eye teeth have been extracted. I gave them up for my dear old Alma Mater, the University of Hard Knocks."

He made an effort to laugh. "When Barclay asked me about promoting you, I gave him my frank opinion of your ability. Maybe you can guess what I said." He looked at me expectantly, waiting as if I were his partner in the minuet. "I've always admired your talents. Even when I was obliged to disagree with you on certain matters of policy, I respected your opinions."

I hoped my face showed contempt. Now that I had become editor of Barclay's best magazine, Edward Everett Munn was on my side. He'd always respected by opinions.

"Let's have lunch some day," he said, looking at his wrist watch. "At my club. Sorry, I must run now. Got a date."

I took a lot of trouble with the part in my hair and worked over my tie. Then I strolled toward the Truth and Love office, making myself walk slowly so that I should not seem too anxious.

"What about lunch?" I asked, throwing open the door.

"What about it?" echoed Lola Manfred.

"Where's Eleanor?"

"Gone."

I was staggered. "Gone to lunch? Alone?"

"She went with some of the girls, I think."

"But I—"

"Did you invite her?" Lola interrupted. "I think she was waiting all morning for an invitation. That's the trouble with you men. You always take us so for granted." Lola's voice, which usually was pitched so that deaf people three miles away could hear her without earphone, softened. "Take her away from here, Johnnie. If you love the gal, get her out of this hell hole."

I STARED. For the first time since I had known Lola I understood what people meant when they spoke of her faded beauty. Like everything else in the Barclay offices the legend of Lola Manfred had seemed false to me. In the 1920s Lola had been a slim poetess, the toast of Greenwich Village. She was supposed to have deserted a millionaire husband in Paris to live her own life, to write delicate verses about love and death, and to starve.

That was long ago. It was hard to associate the editor of Truth and Love with a slim girl who had written a slim book of sad little poems. Lola's legs were still lovely but the rest of her body was grossly fat, all bloat and alcohol. She had the eyes of a child, round and wide-set and blue as flowers.

"How long have you worked here, Lola?"

"Countless centuries. Only God's old enough to remember."

"Why do you call it a hell hole?"

She looked at me sadly, holding her head on one side and narrowing her blue eyes. "I'm tired, Ansell. A weary trollop."

"Have lunch with me?"

"Second fiddle? Time was when they asked me for my own sake. Ah, Memory! 'Tis all the aged strumpet has left. Where do we eat?"

I felt gallant. I saw myself, one of those world-weary youths of 1925, drinking myself to death for love of Lola Manfred. "How about the Algonquin?"

She yawned. "As far as I'm concerned one place is like another." She ran her hands through her hair, pinned on the side of her head a pirate's hat with a dagger hanging over her right

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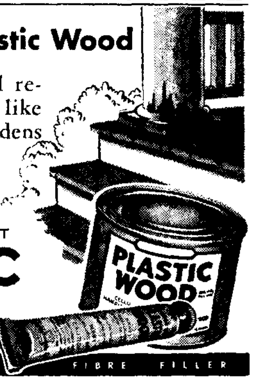

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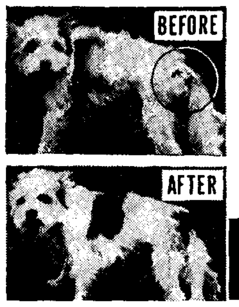

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eye, tossed a mangy fur cape over her shoulders, rubbed the toes of her shoes against her stockings and started out.

The elevator stopped for us but Lola paid no attention. She was digging through the antiques in her pocketbook. At last she pulled out a tarnished lipstick. With tiny, caressing movements of her hand she painted a Cupid's bow. A new group of Barclay employees was gathering before the elevators.

"How the devil did you ever get that high-class job?" Lola asked. Her voice could have called the cattle home from far fields.

I jolted her elbow. In the group around us there were probably one or more of Munn's spies.

Relentless, she boomed, "Not that I'd begrudge it to an ambitious fellow, but how a clean-cut type like you ever got a break in this dump is what baffles me. Have you also discovered where the body's buried?"

We had let three cars go by. Suddenly Lola decided that the art work on her mouth was finished. She shoved me toward the elevator. Someone hurried in behind me. I smelled toilet water and peppermint. It was Munn, dressed like a clubman in a velvet-lapeled overcoat and derby hat.

"That's how I keep my job," Lola confided in her booming contralto. "I not only know where the body's buried, I've got maps. X marks the spot. I'm doing my autobiography and when it's published some juicy fruit is going to hang from the gallows tree."

THE elevator bounced to a stop. Munn excused himself as he pushed past us. Lola thumbed her nose at his back.

We took a taxi to the Algonquin. The lobby was filled with people waiting hungrily to recognize celebrities or be recognized themselves. "In twenty years," Lola said, "nothing about this place has changed except the costumes. When I started coming here skirts were so short that if a breeze blew your bra showed."

A crowd waited at the dining room door. George, the headwaiter, looked at me indifferently but when he saw Lola, he was like a father whose wandering child has returned. Within seconds we were seated at one of the better tables.

"We don't see much of you any more, Miss Manfred," George said and bent over our table like Essex before Elizabeth.

"That's what you tell all the girls," Lola said.

"You used to come every day, Miss Manfred." George's brown eyes were reproachful. "Don't you like us any more?"

"I don't mingle with the better literary set now. George, will you please have one of your nice waiters rush to this table with three old-fashioneds?"

"Three, Miss Manfred?"

"Two for me and one for my youthful paramour."

Unruffled, George moved away.

"You're disgusting," I said. "Why do you always have to show off?"

"I'm too lazy to write poetry. And the self-expression offered by my duties on Truth and Love does not satisfy my exhibitionistic nature." She took off the pirate's hat, put it on the seat beside her. When the waiter brought our drinks Lola raised hers in a toast.

"To the painful death of Noble Barclay!"

"Can't you find some other way to earn your living?" I said. "When it flavors your liquor, it's going too far."

She held up the glass and squinted at me through the ice and liquor. "I wish you'd stop talking about him all the time. I came here to forget."

"It was you who proposed the toast."

A waiter thrust menus into our hands. I asked Lola twice what she'd like for lunch. She shuddered delicately. I ordered Vichysoisse, liver and bacon and salad for both of us. A man waved across the restaurant at her and she threw him kisses with both hands. "Isn't he growing repulsive, though?" she inquired of me, and smiled at the man.

When she had finished the first drink she said, "You'd be surprised if I told you how long ago it was that I first read the Barclay Bible."

"I thought you didn't want to talk about it."

"I read it before six million suckers had paid him their good dough, before it was translated into seventeen languages. I said it was hogwash and anyone who plunked down a dollar for it would be carried off to the nut house. Prophetic, wasn't I?"

"You've been saying it ever since. At least since I've known you."

"My opinion. May it ever be right, but right or wrong, my opinion."

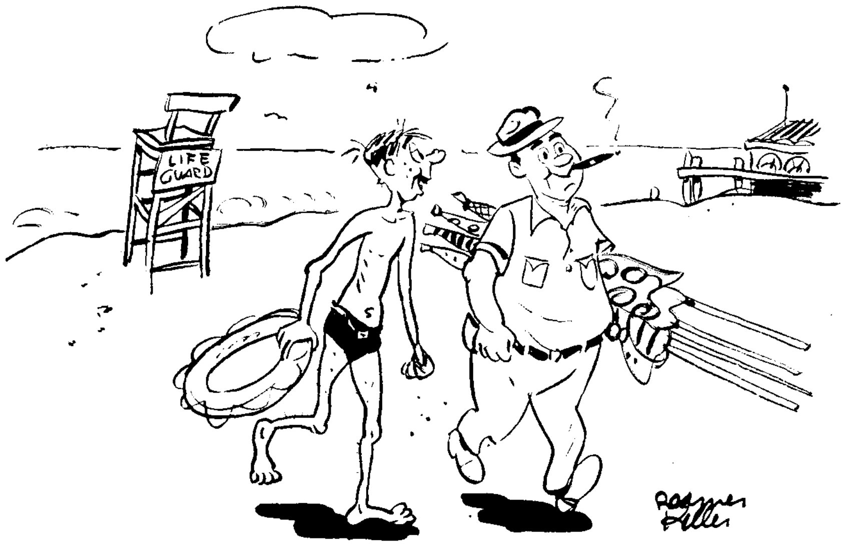
A fat man stood over our table. Lola raised her eyes to him slowly.

"Why haven't I seen you of late, beauty?" asked the fat man.

"Darling!" exclaimed Lola. "I've been thinking about you for weeks. We must get together. Do give me a ring soon." After he had gone she said, "I'd have introduced you but I don't remember his name. I think I had an affair with him. He's an oaf."

She settled down to her second drink. There was something childish about the way she held the glass in both hands and bent her head like a baby with a mug of milk. Looking at me over the glass, she asked, "Do you remember Coué?"

"Was he also one of your lovers?"



"It worked, boss! Not one girl had to be rescued the whole season!"

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"Don't be silly. He was French."

"I didn't think you were prejudiced against any race, color or creed."

"I mean he was a Frenchman in France. He did come over here for a lecture tour but I never heard him. What I'm trying to say is that I laughed at his book, I thought auto-suggestion was pure hogwash. I go into hysterics over all those psychology and Help Yourself to Health and Wealth books. Once a boy friend took me to an Oxford Group meeting and I laughed myself into the nearest saloon. I'm just giving you my record." Her voice softened and she said to the middle of the room:

"Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau,
Mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

"When I write my biography I'm going to call it Sand Against the Wind."

"That's a nice poem. You haven't lost your touch."

"Kind of you, Ansell, too, too kind. I'll mention you in my book. The young man who paid me the ultimate compliment. Mixed me with Blake."

I frowned. Her chatter skipped ahead of my lame intelligence.

"Blake," she said emphatically. "Blake, William, English poet, 1757-1827. You heard of him probably at college."

I did not mind the sarcasm. The poet's name had rung a bell in my memory. The bell tolled but I could not remember whose funeral it marked.

Lola prattled on. She had said that she wanted to forget Barclay, but he had become her obsession. All roads led to Truth-Sharing. "They're not so different, you know, Buchman and Barclay. Buchman made the Oxford Movement a success because Moral Rearmament provides the exaltation of confession. Public confession, mind you. A few true believers get together and relieve themselves by telling one another what a hell of a time they had being immoral."

"Are you defending Barclay?" I asked.

"Explaining him to myself. I've got to tell it to myself over and over, otherwise I'd commit suicide out of sheer disgust for the human race. The things people believe! Were you ever psyched?"

"I'm not inhibited, thank you."

"As an enlightened intellectual, you probably consider psychoanalysis the last word in spiritual pathology."

"Spiritual is an unscientific term. You ought to be more precise when you get into these discussions."

"You sound like a professor. What I mean is this. In psychoanalysis you not only get relief by naming your sins and lifting them out of the mysterious hell of the unconscious, but you also transfer your guilt to the doctor. Barclay uses something of the same technique. Look at the Introduction to his book. No matter how evil the poor suckers think they are, Barclay's worse. He's committed all the sins in the calendar and he's willing to take on the burdens of his followers. Truth-Sharing cleanses in a cheap, easy, popular way. You don't have to pay the doctor or fear the tortures of hell. It's the poor man's psychoanalysis. You find a bosom friend, get him excited about Truth-Sharing, and then confess your sins, your frailties, your secret thoughts, whip yourself into a hysteria, release the sense of guilt and whoops! my dear, deliverance!"

"You make it sound too simple."

"All theories are simple to the people who believe them. When the tormented heart cries out for relief it doesn't make much difference what method heals the pain. It doesn't matter what you believe as long as you *can* believe. 'Mock on mock on, Voltaire.' "

THE waiter brought iced soup. Lola ate two spoonfuls and asked for another drink.

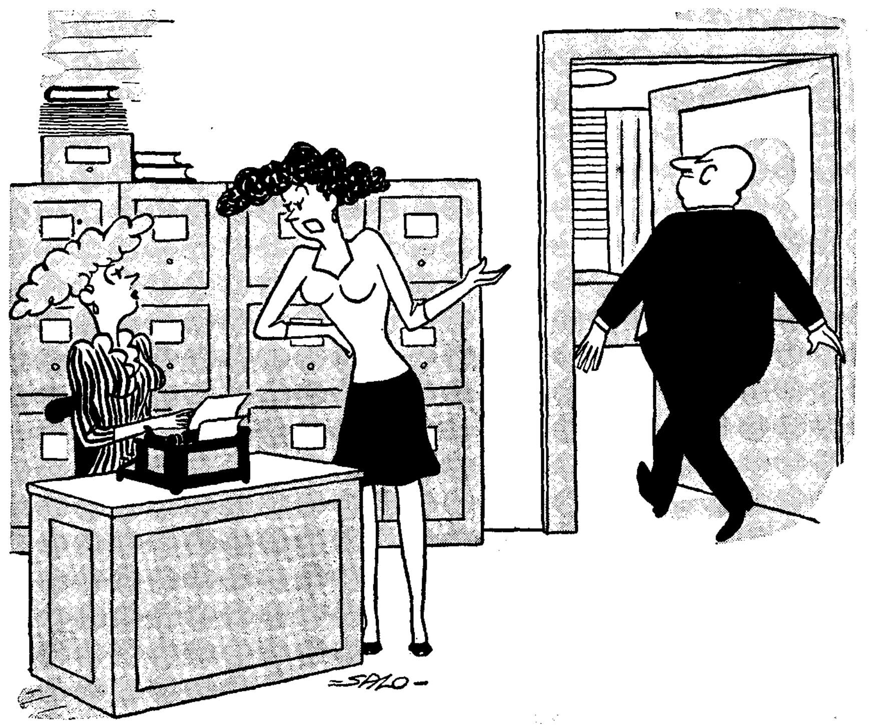
"Do you think Barclay explains himself that way? Do you think he knows that he owes it all to the psychiatrists, the psychologists, the theologists, the theosophists, the faith healers, the priests, the witch doctors and ancient gods?"

"Why should Barclay figure it out?" Lola asked. "He doesn't have to. Why explain a miracle that brings you hundreds of thousands of dollars every year?"

"Just the same he strikes me as a sincere guy," I said. "He certainly doesn't spare himself when he talks or writes about his guilty past, and you can't deny that he practices what he preaches. Whether we mock at him or not, Lola, I feel that Barclay believes he's got the true formula for health and happiness, and he wants the world to share it."

"At one dollar the volume, three-fifty in morocco. And yearly subscriptions to his magazines."

"That makes him no less sincere. Most roads to happiness extract a higher toll. The modern messiah can't walk barefoot."



COLLIER'S "I don't think the new boss likes me. So far he hasn't complimented me on anything but my work" SALO ROTH

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FOR MEN AND PREP MEN

"What price sincerity?" Lola tossed the phrase at a roomful of complacent celebrities. "What's sincerity worth except to the man who profits by it? We are surrounded by hordes of people who can believe in anything sincerely as long as it brings them a good living. Fascists believe in Fascism, don't they, especially the big ones whose attitudes pay a profit? There's nothing in the world, my friend, so sincere as self-interest."

The waiter stood beside our table listening to Lola's talk. She noticed him at last, pushed the soup cup toward him and said, "Lucky you. You can afford to be sincere about your work. It's not hard to believe in a good meal."

"Thank you, Madame," the waiter said.

"I'd like another drink."

"Not till you've eaten," I said.

"Strong-minded, aren't you?" Lola pouted. "A nice thing, plying me with liquor and asking a lot of impudent questions. Now that you've had your way with me, you get stingy."

"Eat your lunch. When your plate's clean, I'll buy you another drink."

When she had finished her salad I told the waiter to bring coffee for me and a double brandy for the lady.

"How you understand me. I shall put you in my memoirs. 'John Ansell, a talented and handsome youth.' How do you like that?"

"Splendid. Just so you don't say I was your lover."

"How ungallant."

"I prefer my amours retail."

I let her finish her brandy before I asked any more questions. As I lit her cigarette, I said, "You must have known Barclay a long time."

She sighed. "Longer, darling, than I care to remember."

"Was he one of your lovers?"

"Take that back or I'll leave the table."

"Perhaps Wilson was," I said, still looking into her eyes. It was a shot in the dark but not too inaccurate. The bell that rang at the name of Blake had reminded me that Wilson's collection had included a number of valuable Blake items.

"Who, dear?"

"Warren G. Wilson."

There was no alteration in her posture nor her expression. One hand rested on the table. The other held the brandy glass. Her face did not change. No muscle tensed or contracted. I felt rather than saw the wincing and shrinking.

"Warren G. Wilson," I repeated.

"Never heard of him."

Lola finished her brandy, fished around on the banquette and accused a bus boy of stealing her hat. George hurried over to soothe her while the waiter, the bus boy and I crawled under the table. We did not find the hat until Lola got up. She had been sitting on it.

"This is a plot to discredit me." Her hands smoothed the hat as if they were comforting the old wreck for some cruel insult. Then she put her hat on at a crazy angle and forgot all about it. On the way out of the hotel she stopped to speak to another brace of ex-lovers. Both, she confided when we were in the taxi, were filthy rats.

"And you're not much better. The lousiest detective I ever saw. Why don't you learn the tricks? You can get a course by correspondence, five dollars down, five a month."

Her voice was hard. She had tried to be funny and had not succeeded. For the rest of the way back to the Barclay Building she looked out of the window.

ELEANOR was reading proof in the Truth and Love office. She looked demure and beautiful in a dark dress with a stiff white collar and starched cuffs. The office smelled of fresh-cut flowers. On Lola's desk stood a glass vase filled with American beauty roses. It had not been there when we left the office and I wondered, jealously, who had sent them to Eleanor.

"Did you have a good lunch?" Eleanor asked.

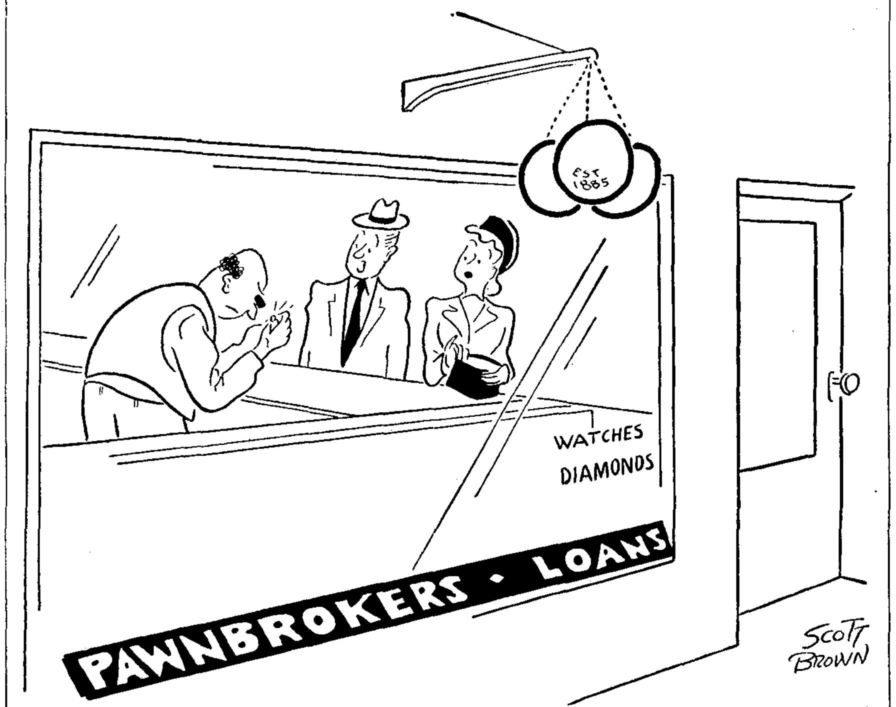
"Superb," Lola said. "He's a dream man, a gent of the old school, he buys you hundreds of drinks and expects nothing for it." Then she noticed the flowers. She looked accusingly at Eleanor.

"It's so hot in here," Eleanor said apologetically. "I opened the box and put them in water. It always hurts me to see flowers die. There was no card again."

Lola tossed the pirate's hat into a corner. The fur cape lay in a heap upon the floor. She kicked it with the toe of a shabby patent leather shoe. Lola must have been close to fifty but she put on a show like a spoiled three-year-old.

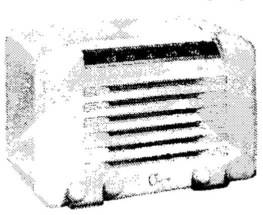
Eleanor picked up Lola's hat, dusted it and hung it up. She shook the dust out of the fur cape. "We needn't keep them in the office," she said. "I'll give them to the girls in the reception room. They're always so grateful. I'll be right back, Johnnie." And Eleanor carried the roses out of the office.

Lola swept out, too, turning back at



"My wife and I took an 'all expense' tour and, boy, it certainly was!"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN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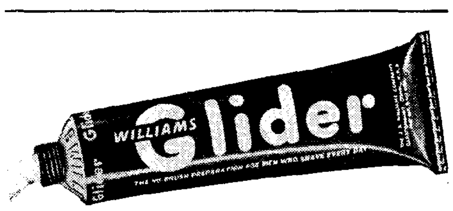
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the door to inform me she had to go to the bathroom. In a few minutes Eleanor came back.

"What's the matter with her?" I asked. "Why'd she lose her temper all of a sudden?"

Eleanor shrugged. "She drank too much at lunch, I guess. She'll be all right in a little while."

"Must be pleasant for you, working with all that temperament."

"I feel sorry for her. She's been unhappy lately. She's such an unhappy woman." Eleanor looked at a water spot left on Lola's desk by the vase.

I was still uncertain about the flowers and I said cautiously, "Why did the roses make her angry?"

Eleanor wiped off the spot. "Someone she loathes, I imagine. She always gets angry, and if she's had anything to drink—"

WE DROPPED the subject. I was less interested in Lola's tantrums than in Eleanor's charms. The stiff collar and demure dress made her particularly seductive. I kissed her. She softened in my arms, snuggled against me, let me kiss her forehead, her neck, her mouth.

"You're wonderful, Eleanor. Any other girl would keep her eyes on the door and remind me that someone might come in."

"I don't care who knows I love you."

What could a man do about a girl like that? Since she would not worry about our being caught in the office I was the one who had to remember conventions.

I straightened my tie and combed my hair. "I wanted you to have lunch with me glamorously in some costly dive, but you found a worthier escort. What about dinner?"

"It's cooking."

"What's cooking?"

"Dinner."

"Whose dinner?"

"Ours, foolish."

"I may be dull," I said, "but your persiflage perplexes me. I'm inviting you to dine with me."

"And I'm telling you that our dinner is being prepared by Brenda who works for me afternoons. You've been ill and you oughtn't go around eating in restaurants. Brenda is preparing a simple but nourishing meal."

I kissed her again. I was a happy fellow. The girl loved me. She worried about my health. She planned my meals. She let me kiss her as often as I liked and did not care who knew that she loved me. . . .

This would have been the best evening of my life if it hadn't been for Blake. The same Blake, William, English poet, 1757-1827.

In a city of seven million, it is possible to find three people who know and like the same poet, quote him and collect his works. There was a logical connection between Eleanor's tastes and Lola's. They worked together and probably talked about authors and books. I figured it out that way when I saw the poet's name lettered on the backs of three volumes in Eleanor's apartment.

She had gone to the kitchen to mix a Martini. I wandered around the living room, looking at her things, noticing how cozy she had made the small apartment. When Eleanor had come to the hospital to see me, she had told me something about herself and I knew what a struggle it had been for her to convince Noble Barclay that she would rather live alone in three rooms on East Tenth Street than to enjoy the luxury of his duplex on upper Fifth Avenue.

I had just started reading the titles on the second bookshelf when Eleanor returned with the Martinis. We drank to each other and started making love again. The mulatto maid kept coming in and out, setting the table and pretending she did not see us.

The Martinis were excellent. The olives had no pits and the glasses had been chilled. Eleanor's skin was as cool and smooth as a flower just out of the florist's icebox. She was in my arms and I was looking over her shoulder at the second bookshelf when my eye hit on the three volumes of Blake.

Eleanor felt the tension in my body and pulled away. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why did you recoil?"

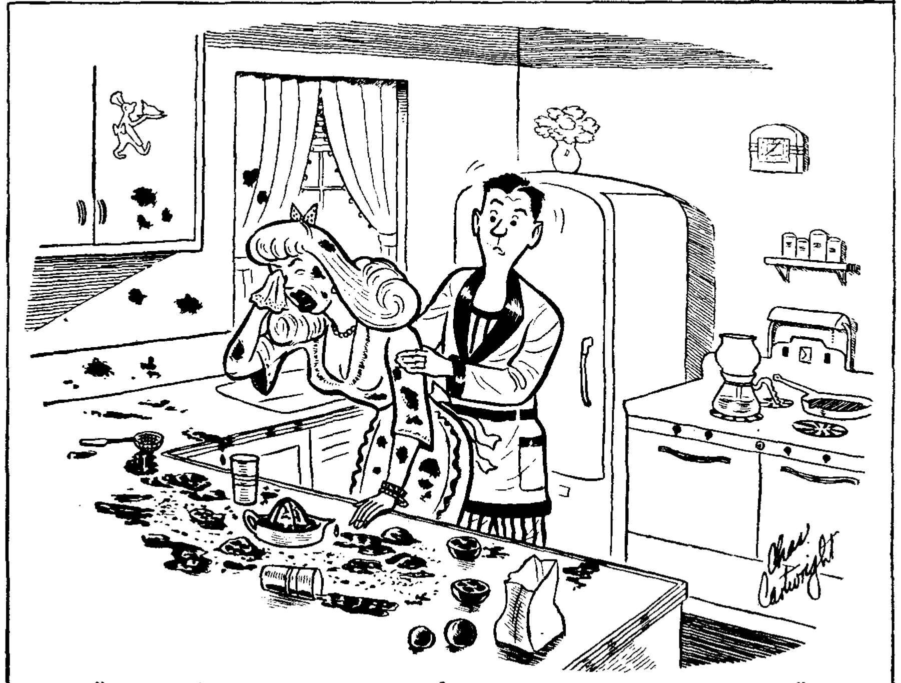
"I didn't recoil."

"Excuse me. I'll go and wash." She left, walking stiffly. I did not call her back nor kiss her again but went straight to the bookshelves.

The first Blake was a modern edition, published in 1937, illustrated with reproductions of the poet's drawings. A silver sticker inside the back cover showed that it had come from a Greenwich Village bookstore. The second was a biography of the poet. And there was an old volume, probably a collector's item and worth a lot of money. There was an inscription on the flyleaf. As I read it my heart stopped beating.

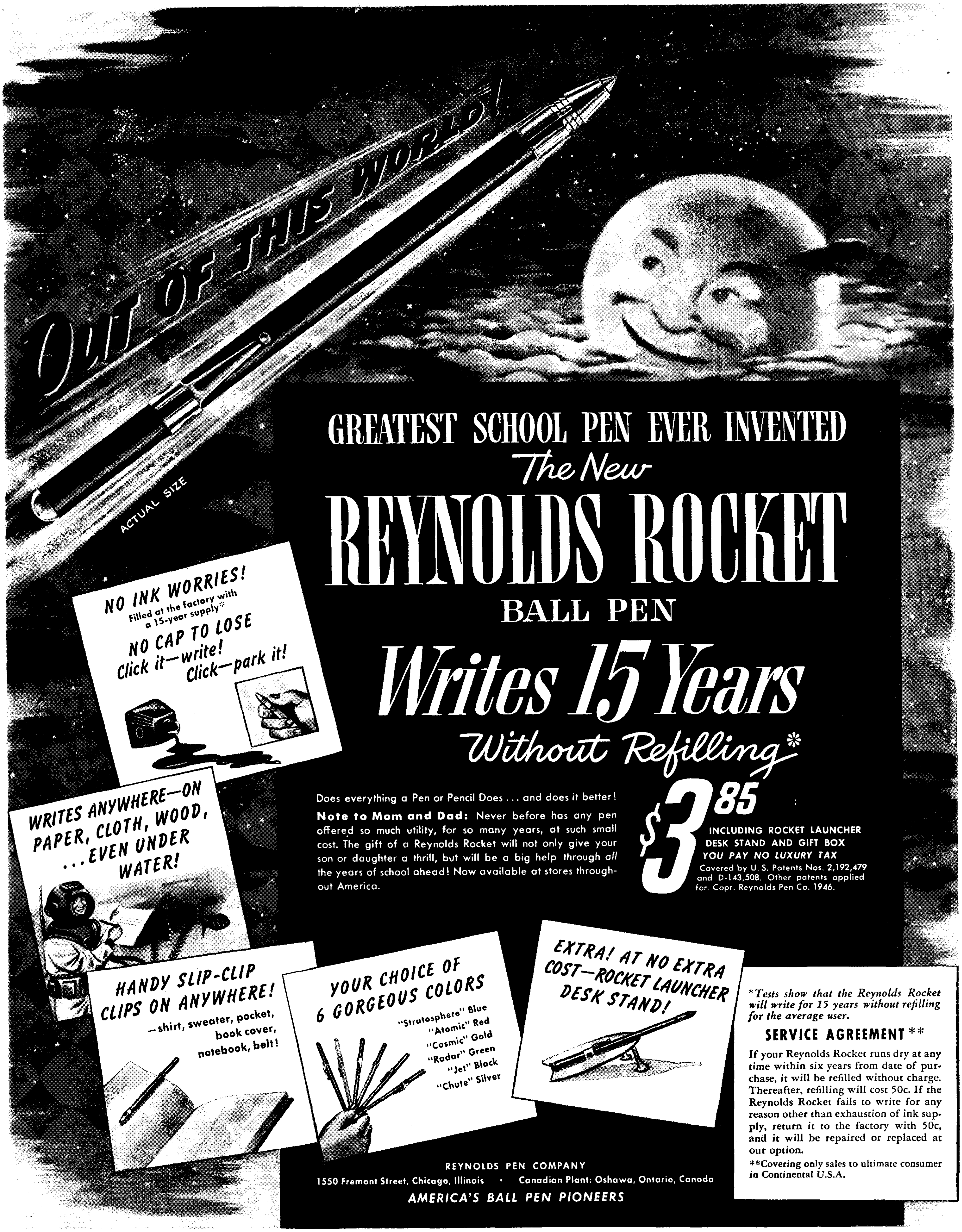
"To that most genteel lady, Eleanor Barclay, from her humblest admirer, this valentine.
W.G.W.
February '45."

(To be continued next week)



"I was going to surprise you and squeeze you some tomato juice"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT



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Battle of the Bedside

Continued from page 25

recent months most of the automobile workers' families have found themselves earning more than $2,500 a year and most of them are complaining that they are having to pay the doctors substantial sums above and beyond their insurance coverage.

"For example," Mr. Addes pointed out, "in 1941 the average cost to a Detroit worker for an appendectomy was $75. The Michigan Medical Service provided a $75 fee, which usually took care of the doctor's entire bill. By 1946 the average cost to the Detroit Worker for an appendectomy had risen to $150. The worker today finds that after paying his premium to the Michigan Medical Service, he still has a $75 bill to pay the doctor."

This specter of inflation worries not merely the subscribers to prepayment medical plans but the doctors who own the plans as well. Thomas A. Hendricks, secretary of the American Medical Association's Council on Medical Service, expressed this fear in a recent speech, when he spoke of health insurance plans as being "vulnerable and doubled when it comes to inflation."

Here the proponents of a government plan of health insurance may have an advantage. While a government plan would be supported primarily by payroll tax deductions (actually an increase in the present Social Security taxes) it is likely that any deficits in a government plan's revenues would be met by subsidies from the federal Treasury. The insured wage earner would be taxed at a fixed rate designed to give the average doctor a pretty good standard of living. And if inflation raised the dollar value of that standard so high it could not be met by the premium payments collected in pay-roll taxes, the government would obviously step in with federal funds.

Another Point Conceded

Their adventures in the insurance business have also caused the medical societies to concede another major point. They used to take the position that anyone who could not afford medical care could just go to a clinic or a charity hospital. But during the depression, many doctors discovered that they were actually treating the vast majority of their once paying patients in such clinics and charity wards. They could not hope to remain solvent, much less take care of the medical needs of their communities, unless somebody undertook to pay the bills of the so-called "medical indigent."

Federal and state relief agencies finally undertook such payments. During the prosperous war years this system of government-paid care was largely forgotten. Then the voluntary doctor-owned insurance plans began looking for big groups of customers who could be easily acquired at minimum cost. In state after state, the same brilliant idea brightened the faces of the medical insurance experts who said, not inconsistently, "Let's let the states and counties buy our insurance for the medically indigent."

Thinking along similar lines, another Congressional triumvirate has introduced the Taft-Smith-Ball bill. This proposes a government health program limited solely to people who can't afford to pay.

But there are two fatal drawbacks to such a scheme: As far as the doctors are concerned, if the government pays premiums for part of the people, it actually becomes "the third party interfering in the relationship between doctor and patient."

Even stronger is the objection of the patients. To qualify for payments under the Taft-Smith-Ball plan, they would have to pass a means test or take a pauper's oath. A horde of government investigators would have to poke into their affairs. The administrative cost of such prying would be terrific and constant.

All this has set the doctors to wondering. Recently they received another jolt from an unexpected direction.

A few months ago John L. Lewis went into negotiations with the coal mine owners and the government, and emerged with a Health and Welfare Fund of his own. Administered by a three-man board appointed jointly by the federal government and the United Mine Workers, the Fund will provide "medical, hospital and related services for the miners and their dependents." In short, by one stroke of the pen, one of the largest trade unions in the country has arranged to provide medical and health insurance for its members without ever asking the leave of the organized medical profession.

Mr. Lewis won his agreement on May 29th, but the American Medical Association didn't wake up to its implications until six weeks later. Then it passed a resolution, grudgingly "accepting the Miners' Health and Welfare Agreement as an accomplished fact" and authorizing the setting up of a committee to cooperate with the mine workers. To date no word has been received from Mr. Lewis on this somewhat belated offer of "co-operation."

But Mr. Lewis seems unlikely to turn over his hard-won control of so large a fund to the administration of anyone but his own miners' union. And that means that, willy-nilly, the doctors will have to provide medical care for Mr. Lewis' miners on his own terms.

If they had only the United Mine Workers to deal with, they would not worry too much. But the directors of the Michigan Medical Service must be having many sleepless nights wondering whether their majority group of customers—the United Automobile Workers—may not also decide to set up their own health and welfare fund. So too are other medical society insurance plan directors concerned over the possible loss of their most lucrative policyholders—the large groups of trade unionists who have been written into their plans by single-sale transactions.

If you find these backings and fillings somewhat confusing, you may imagine how much more confusing they have been to the doctor-politicians who run the forty-eight state medical societies and the American Medical Association. Most of them sincerely believe that a government-run plan of health insurance will reduce them to little more than government clerks. Most of them are equally sincere in their belief that government insurance will result in lowering the standards of medical care.

Many Schemes Supported

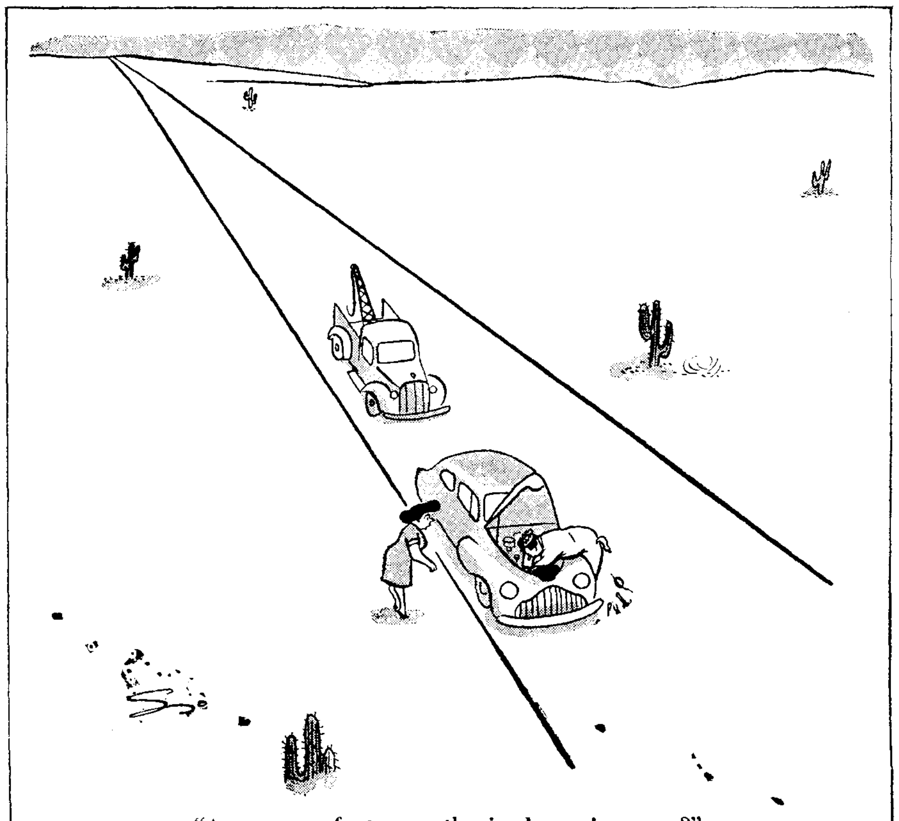
But they have recently discovered that being against government insurance seems, for strange and obscure reasons, to involve supporting all sorts of other insurance schemes. And these schemes have nearly always turned into something very much like the government insurance they were designed to head off.

The natural reaction on the part of many of these doctors has been to look for someone to blame for all this. To a lot of men, particularly in the California Medical Association, the "villain" has seemed to be Dr. Morris Fishbein.

This is a curious reaction, for Dr. Fishbein has been the most active spokesman for the Medical Society viewpoint. He has been so active, in fact, that many laymen have begun to confuse him *with* the American Medical Association, to think of him as at least the permanent president of the A.M.A. Actually he holds no elective office at all and is merely the editor of the American Medical Association's various technical journals.

When the American Medical Association has acted in the public interest, as in its campaigns against quacks and patent-medicine charlatans, public praise has tended to focus upon Dr. Fishbein. In more recent years, however, criticisms of the medical societies have been

(Continued on page 96)



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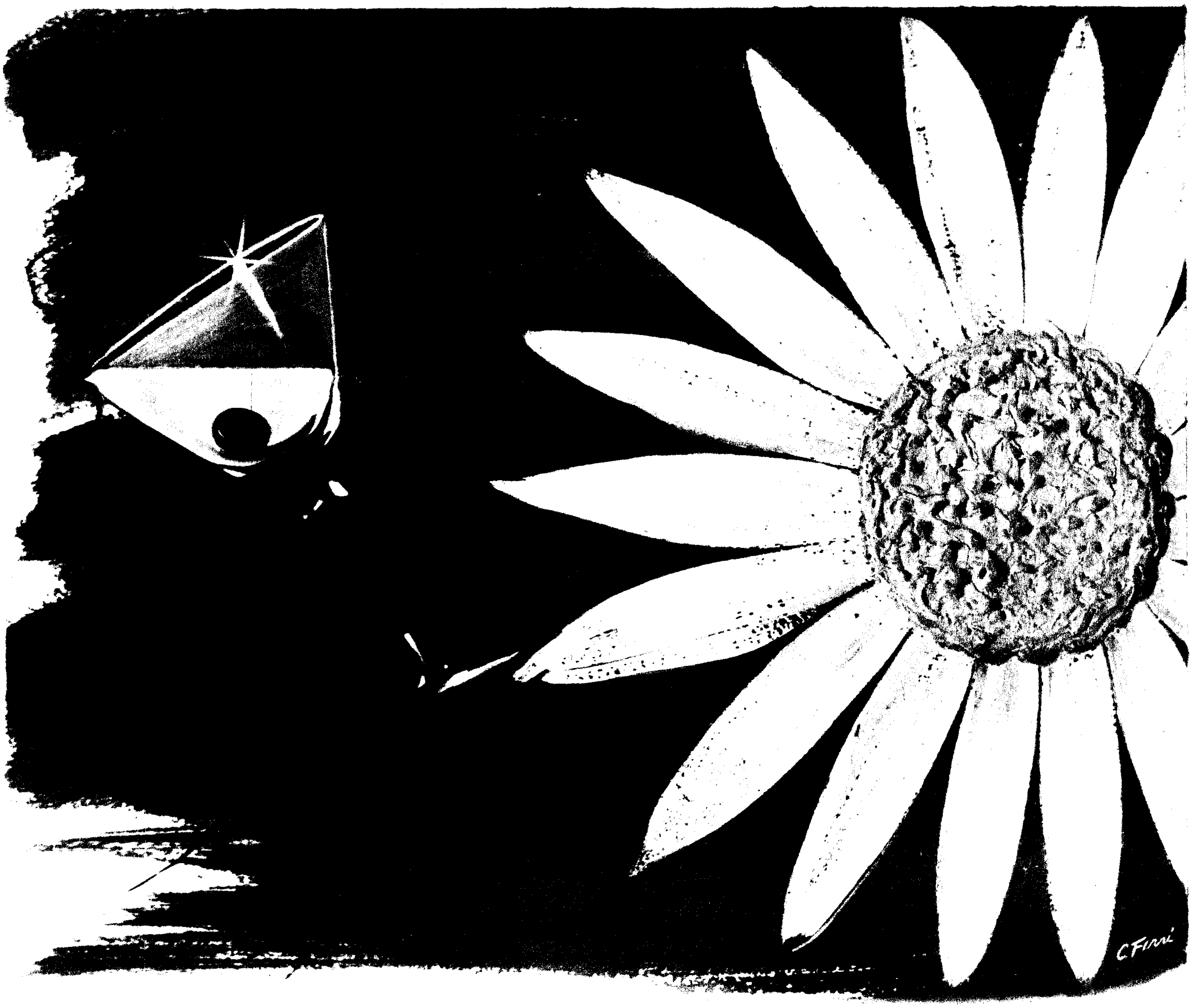

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UNITED NEIGHBORS

VIII: FRANCE'S PARODI

ONE day in June, 1943, the Nazis raided the headquarters of the French resistance movement in occupied Paris. They found the decoded copy of a secret message from General Charles de Gaulle to the leader of the French capital's underground. He had been known to the Germans as "Quartus" and "Cerat." Now they knew him conclusively as Alexandre Parodi, who three years before had broken with the Vichy government and disappeared.

Until then the Germans hunted a faceless man with a *nom de guerre*. Now they sought a man of medium height, aged about 42 (at the time), with a stern, bony face, a thin neck and big ears. The Parodi of the Gestapo's files had wide-set eyes, dark hair thinning in front and was clean-shaven.

The Germans never caught Parodi. He evaded them by growing a mustache. Parodi, who is now France's permanent delegate to the United Nations, has one of those faces that is completely changed in appearance by a few hairs on the upper lip. To this and to the loyalty, intelligence and courage of a hard-working sister, Jacqueline, Parodi probably owes his life.

Parodi has since shaved his mustache. It was his first act upon the liberation of Paris by his clandestine army. But the mark of the underground is upon him. His thin, straight mouth is held in a parenthesis of deep creases. As he sits at his desk, twirling a pencil in his long, agile fingers, he gives you the uncomfortable feeling that at any moment he'll point one at you and say, in a toneless voice: "*J'accuse. . . .*" He is a man capable, you feel, of great affection and abysmal hatred.

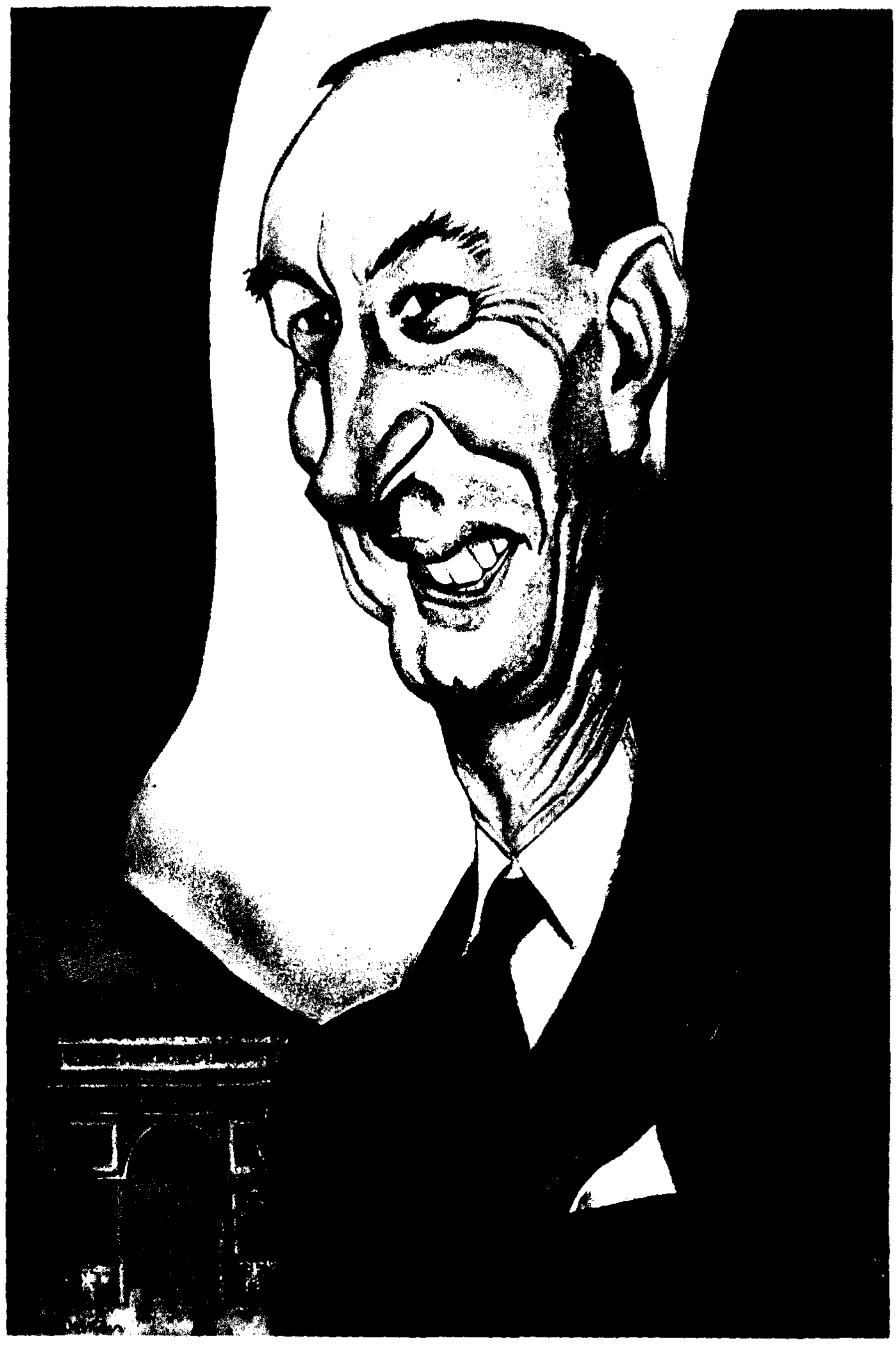
Early in the occupation Alexandre's elder brother, René, a former assistant prosecuting attorney in Paris, was arrested by the Nazis and murdered in his cell. If Alexandre—and Jacqueline—needed a personal motive to cause them to hurl themselves into the work of the underground they had it.

Alexandre, who broke with Marshal Pétain's government in 1940, soon after France fell, put himself at the disposal of De Gaulle. He directed not only the military activities of the resistance movement but its social and financial affairs as well. He raised as much as $60,000 a month for the underground's work in the capital. He was the "Monsieur X" whom De Gaulle, in March, 1944, as head of the Provisional government, named his Delegate General in Nazi-occupied France.

In August, 1944, Parodi, acting on his own, authorized and guided the insurrection in Paris which liberated the city long before Allied troops reached it.

His action was bitterly disputed at the time. Some said he had laid the capital open to vengeful destruction. To preserve it some Frenchmen had been willing to accept the Germans. But to Parodi the self-respect of Frenchmen is more important than a city's monuments.

He had learned that one of the Paris resistance groups intended to call a strike. He knew that this would cause the Germans to disarm the whole police force. To prevent so disastrous a loss of weapons, Parodi instructed the Paris cops to revolt. They attacked and took over the Prefecture. In a few days, they controlled the entire city, and the Germans' retreat was hastened, perhaps by weeks.



CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Parodi's appointment to succeed Henri Bonnet at the U.N. was a consequence of his leadership in the resistance movement, his loyalty to De Gaulle and of his own personal background. Although until the war his name was an obscure one in France, Parodi had had a long career as a civil servant and derived from generations of French civil servants.

Born in Paris in June, 1901, Parodi was the son of the Protestant philosopher, Inspector General of Higher Education and member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Dominique Parodi. He was educated, as becomes all good middle-class Frenchman, at the *lycée* in Paris and took degrees in law and literature.

Parodi became Master of Appeals in the Council of State, Secretary General of the National Economic Council and, when war came, was Director General of the Ministry of Labor. He was fired by Pétain's henchman, René Belin, Minister of Labor. Parodi remained briefly in civil service under the Vichy regime and quit.

Following the liberation of Paris, Parodi was named one of the 21 ministers of the Provisional government and from September, 1944, to November, 1945, was Minister of Labor and Social Security.

He served briefly, later, as France's representative to Rome and as delegate on the Allied Advisory Council. Last April he was sent to New York in what is one of the most important jobs France or any other nation has to offer one of its citizens—chief delegate to the U.N.

Parodi is articulate (although never voluble) only in French. Other languages, English included, are difficult for him. He had hardly arrived, however, when he found himself presiding over the Security Council. The issue was the old one about what to do about Spain.

There was no doubt, it became clear during the debate, where Parodi stood about Fascism in Spain. The Council tried to adopt a watered-down resolution condemning Franco's regime in Spain as a danger to world peace.

Russia vetoed it, desiring something much stronger, an outright break. It was clear that some members of the Council, notably Britain and the U.S., wanted to drop the Spanish issue altogether.

"We can't afford to let the Spanish issue drop, veto or no veto," Parodi still insists. "We must not fail in our first attempt to deal with a Fascist threat or potenial threat."

The Parodis—her name was Anne Vautier—have two children, an 8-year-old born just before the war and another born just after the liberation of France. They hope to set up housekeeping here, for the first time since Hitler interfered with their domestic life back in 1939. . . .

FRANK GERVASI

Battle of the Bedside

Continued from page 94

numerous. And Dr. Fishbein has received the brunt of them. Many of the stanchest supporters of his policies have begun to get the feeling that the A.M.A.'s bad press can be blamed upon Dr. Fishbein rather than A.M.A. policies.

It was this feeling that brought about the palace revolution that occurred at the last American Medical Association convention, held in San Francisco in July.

Dr. Fishbein was subjected to the process which politicians know as being "kicked upstairs." In terms of warmest eulogy he was directed to devote his energies to his scientific, medical editorial work. To relieve him of distracting duties, the A.M.A. decided to set up a new public relations bureau, to be headed by an as yet unnamed, high-pressure professional public relations expert. The doctors also decided to hire another nonmedical man, an unnamed but allegedly "prominent government economist," to head their Bureau of Medical Economics.

In theory, Dr. Fishbein has been pushed into the background. But those who know the energetic Dr. Fishbein have their doubts. They suspect that after the shouting dies down, Dr. Fishbein's voice will still be heard and that he still will play a major part in calling the tune and running the A.M.A. show.

The Fight Continues

But whether these changes are apparent or real, there has been no change in the doctors' flat-footed stand against government health insurance. In fact, they are fighting it with greater vigor than ever before.

So far the doctors have won every battle. Congress has once again adjourned without any action upon the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill. New voluntary doctor-owned health insurance plans are being pushed into existence with the ardent support and even the financial aid of the A.M.A.

But a series of threats stands over the doctor-owned insurance companies, most of which are too young to have accumulated any sizable reserves. Inflation may wreck their entire financial setup. An unforeseen epidemic of colds, or grippe, or flu, or what-have-you may throw them into insolvency by increasing the demand for their services far beyond the amount contemplated when their premium scales were set up. New health and welfare schemes sponsored not only by unions but by large groups of government employees, by industrial corporations or by farmer organizations may take away from the doctor-owned insurance societies the large groups of their most profitable customers.

Any or all of these calamities might cause one or more of these A.M.A.-sponsored schemes to fail with a crash and a bang. In that event the doctors themselves will be left holding the bag and the dreaded specter of government insurance will probably prove the only way of bailing them out.

And if that happens, then Senators Wagner and Murray may find the medical chorus, which so often denounced them as "socializers" and "regimenters" singing a completely different tune.

When and if that day comes, this interested spectator has a private bet with himself that the chorus will still be led by Morris Fishbein. For no man in America has a better record for fighting rear-guard actions to the next-to-last ditch, then joining his opponents, climbing on the band wagon and, miraculously, turning up in the driver's seat.

THE END

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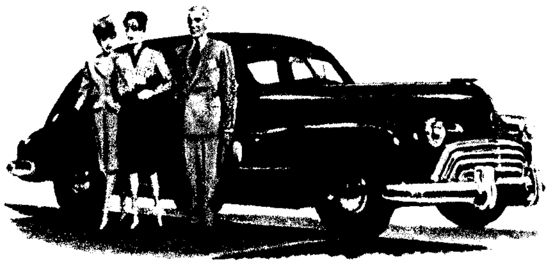

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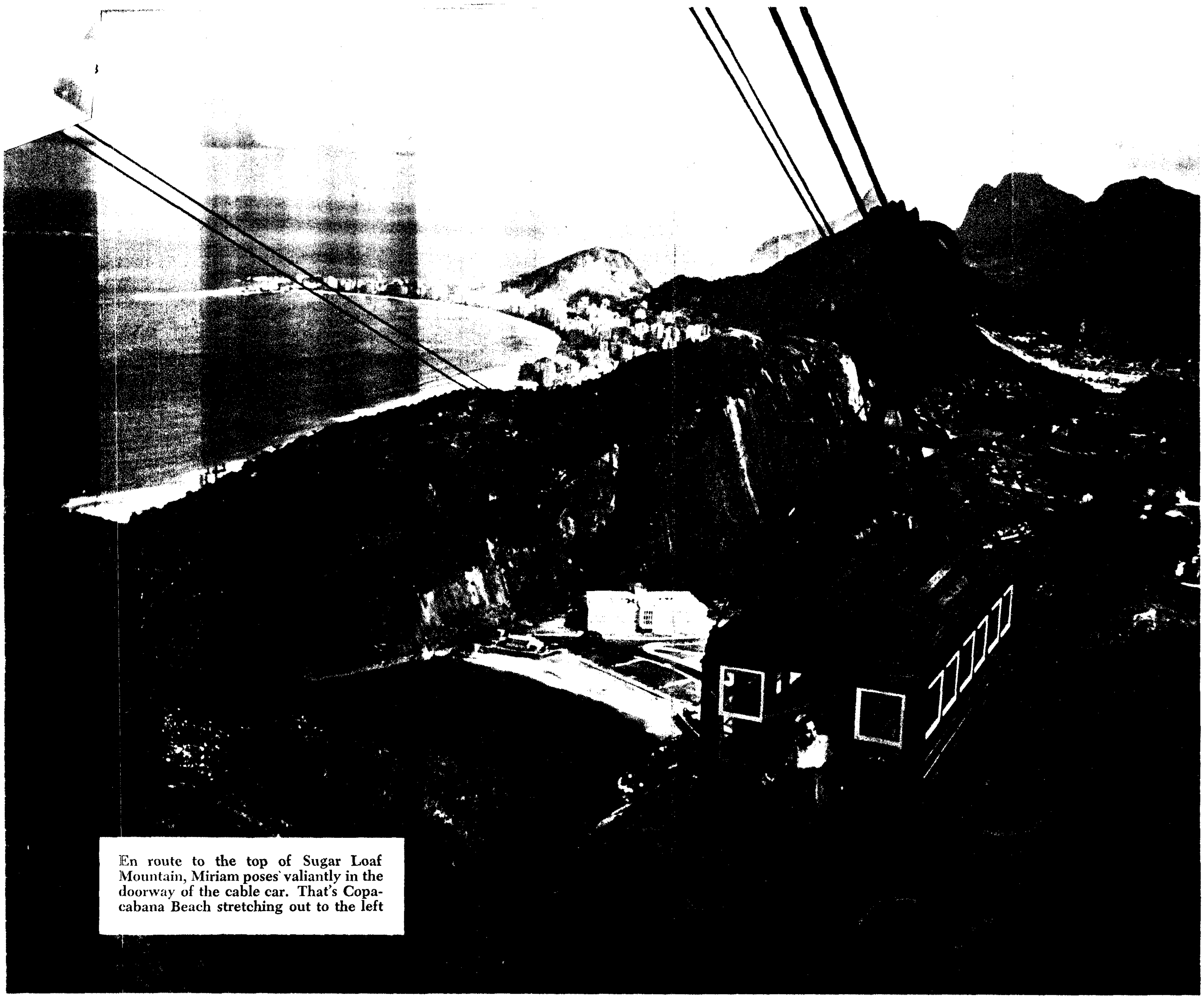


En route to the top of Sugar Loaf Mountain, Miriam poses valiantly in the doorway of the cable car. That's Copacabana Beach stretching out to the left

RIO ROUNDELAY

BY DOROTHY ROE LEWIS

THERE must always be martyrs to new causes. Such was Miriam Ann Henson, as pretty a stewardess as ever passed the chewing gum to a planeload of Pan American passengers. Miriam, stanch soul, thought she was getting a break when she was selected to test the airline's theory that a week end in Rio is the answer to a tired business girl's prayer.

A not-too-reluctant guinea pig on the altar of science, our heroine was instructed by Collier's to do and see all the things available to a tourist who leaves New York on, say, a Thursday morning and arrives in Rio de Janeiro shortly after noon the next day. She was required to spend three days in the city of sambas and scenery and get back to the office—refreshed and invigorated—in time to open Tuesday morning's mail.

That's stretching a week end a bit, of course, and the round-trip plane fare leaves only small change out of a thousand-dollar bill. But if a Brazilian week end is your object and money isn't, it can be done. Miriam, poor girl, has proved it.

A pioneer with neither shawl nor six-shooter, our brave little woman arrived at Rio in time for lunch on Friday. She may have had cramps in her legs and static in her ears from twenty-eight hours of sustained flight. Yet she smiled courageously as she ran the gamut of customs officials, then resolutely trotted to the Copacabana Palace, an elegant hovel on the sands of Rio's famous Copacabana Beach.

After a shower and a change, Miriam squared her shoulders grimly and set out to see the sights. Scorning hardships, she hired a taxi and was careened to the top of Corcovado Mountain, a perilous trip at the hands of a native driver. At the summit she viewed the famous statue of Christ the Redeemer which looks down over Rio. She looked over the railing at the panorama spread out in technicolor below, bought a souvenir locket made of butterfly wings and memorized the phrase, *Mais davagar, por favor,* which is Portuguese for "Take it easy, bub!"

Down from Corcovado went the gallant Miriam, along perpendicular streets with houses perched precariously on hillsides and reached by endless flights of stone stairs; down through winding roads where she discovered that bananas grow upside down; down along Copacabana Beach drive, where breakers and white sand look almost like the advertisements.

Next move, of course, was to take the cable car to Sugarloaf Mountain. A game girl, as well as a martyr, Miriam. Swinging dizzily through space, she looked down at the larger hunks of scenery, identified hotels and skyscrapers visible below, had her picture taken standing gingerly in the doorway.

But even an advocate of the strenuous life must now and then catch her breath. This Miriam did on the run, while buying orchids from a street-corner vendor, watching elegant Rio ladies stroll to tea dressed in French creations, shopping for alligator bags and aquamarines and learning to dance the samba. She wondered why so many handsome Latins started pulling their ears at sight of her, learned that this was the Brazilian way of saying "Hubba-hubba!"

Next day she again took her life in her hands and journeyed by car to Quitandinha (pronounced Keet-an-deen-ya), a strictly incredible resort hotel on a mountain forty miles from Rio.

Accustomed to the uneventfulness of airplane travel, Miriam was considerably shaken when she was deposited at this Arabian Nights version of a Swiss

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THOMAS B. HOLLYMAN

Miriam lends a hand (above) to fishermen. For this she got up at daybreak

For the strenuous life a gal has to keep her furnace stoked. Here a Brazilian chef slices a bit off the rare side for his North American guest. Barbecued meats in open hearths are a specialty

Into the air bounds Miriam for a tough shot at peteca (below), which is like badminton without the racket. We promised our editor not to say: "She displays fine form at the game"

Night-clubbing with a handsome Latin, Miriam learns that ear-pulling is the Brazilian equivalent of "Hubba-hubba!" It is also quieter and more subtle

With Pan American pilot Henry Scholz, Miriam winds up a tough week end on a hill overlooking Ipanema Beach. "You've gotta be rugged," is the way our pretty pioneer sums up her experiences

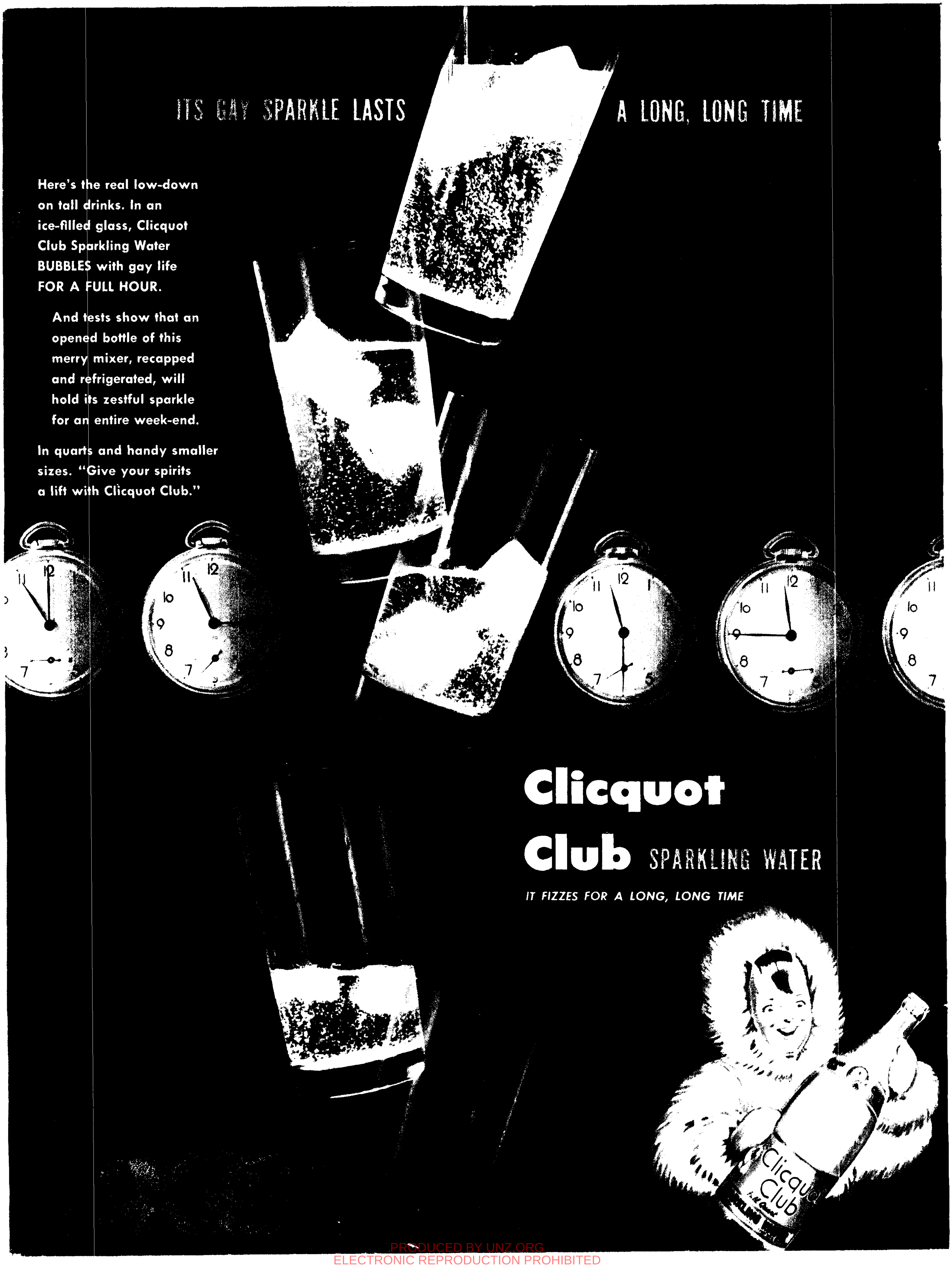
chalet, complete with decorations by Dorothy Draper. Having regained her composure after a tall cool one at the *bar da piscina* (swimming pool bar), she tried out the various indoor and outdoor pools which lie around every corner of this supercolossal playground, took a ride in a bicycle boat on the blue lagoon, went for a fast canter around manicured bridle paths and then retired (*we're* pretty well done in at this point, too) for a siesta.

She roused herself in time for cocktails in the *varanda do bar central.* Then she undertook a tour of the works, was properly impressed by an enormous white bird cage in the lobby, and visited the grandiose casino.

Sunday, last of her three days in this glossy paradise, Miriam went back to Rio, rising at dawn to watch the fishermen bring in their catch; rode the breakers at Copacabana Beach; sunned herself on the white-sugar beach, learned the native game, *peteca,* which is something like badminton played without net or racket. She plucked orchids in their native habitat, dined in the opulent gold room of the Copacabana Palace, further explored the night life of Rio with an ear-pulling escort, retired in time to catch only thirty-nine winks before the grim early-morning trip to Rio's island airport, where they serve ham sandwiches and chocolate cake for breakfast.

Once safely aboard the plane, homeward bound, the intrepid Miriam slept through the stops at Belem, Brazil, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and San Juan, Puerto Rico, awakening barely in time to renew her lipstick, quit her job as a Pan American stewardess and accept an eager offer from the Conover model agency.

And was the little martyr glad it was over? She was not. ★★★



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The Roosevelt I Knew

Continued from page 26

States which took, in times past, a violent attitude toward one minority group or another. But continued reports from our ambassadors and from occasional refugees convinced him that this was an approved program of the government of Germany itself.

All through the years when we of Roosevelt's Administration were developing on the domestic front a program of social and economic reform, the specter of war and the suffering and confusion of the people of Europe were in Roosevelt's mind. I don't think he consciously said to himself that these reforms will make us a more united people if we have war. Yet the fact is that, quite subconsciously, he was getting us ready for grave tests.

He was developing our water power and highway systems. The free public employment service he started was able to handle thousands of war workers who were suddenly needed. CCC camps trained reserve officers and thousands of men for Army-style living. The N.R.A. taught businessmen to know and deal with government, and labor legislation so won the confidence of working people that when Roosevelt asked them to give up many of their hard-won gains during the emergency, they did it. His early resumption of relations with Soviet Russia paved the way for the future relation as allies. And he began to educate his Cabinet and the American people on international policy and the possibilities of future war.

After the fall of France in 1940, Roosevelt was acutely aware of the necessity of preparing ourselves to bear the possible onslaught of war. He asked us to evaluate our departmental activities, programs and personnel as they might bear upon a possible emergency situation.

One of his first acts was to revive the National Defense Council. The Council was to have an advisory committee composed of representatives of all fields of activity and was to be the heart of Roosevelt's plan to bring such persons into the government to help fight the war. He made it plain to the Cabinet members who were members of the Council by law that they were to do what was suggested by the advisory committee.

Advisory Committee Conflicts

The appointment of the advisory committee was, however, the beginning of the confusion in administration which has been pointed out so often by critics of Roosevelt. A more systematic administrator, I think, would first have made fuller use of the great resources of the government's permanent staff. He would have made the advisory committee policy consultants, not administrators. As administrative officers they invented their own jobs as they went along and, at least in the first year, had only the vaguest conception of the resources of the government agencies which might have been made available to them if they had but asked.

But Roosevelt had a serene belief that his whole administration should work like a team and that his associates should find ways of adjusting their rivalries and conflicts. When I once talked with him about these conflicts, he gave me a little philosophical dissertation.

"This is the way I have always looked at it," he said. "We have new and complex problems. We don't really know what they are. Why not establish a new agency to take over the new duty rather than saddle it on an old institution? Of course, a great many mistakes are going to be made. They are bound to be made in anything so new and enormous as supplying our Allies, training our armies and navies and recruiting the necessary industrial reserve.

"Mistakes in military strategy are made, and there will be mistakes in domestic and supply strategy. We have to be prepared to correct them quickly. We have to be prepared to abandon bad practices that grow up out of ignorance. It seems to me it is easier to use a new agency which is not a permanent part of the structure of government. If they are not permanent, we don't get bad precedents that will carry over into the days of peace. We can do anything that needs to be done and then discard the agency when the emergency is over.

"I think that there is something to be said for this," he went on. "There is something to be said, too, for having a little conflict between agencies. A little rivalry serves as a stimulant, you know. It keeps everybody going to prove that he is a better fellow than the next man. It keeps them honest, too. An awful lot of money is being handled. The fact that there is somebody else in the field who knows what you are doing is a strong incentive to strict honesty.

"You take the lead," he wound up, "in getting them together and keeping them together."

That became my principal wartime job. At his direction I sat in on so many interdepartmental committees and held so many conferences that the Department of Labor had the air of a service agency for the combat activities.

Although I took no part in the planning of the war, I was an observer and heard in Cabinet meetings Roosevelt's comments on many episodes. One thing was clear: He never lost sight of the peace throughout the war years.

I.L.O. Viewed with Favor

More than once in discussing world organization, he pointed out that he liked the International Labor Organization structure, which had in its membership not only representatives of government but also representatives of the people affected by its actions—organized labor and organized employers.

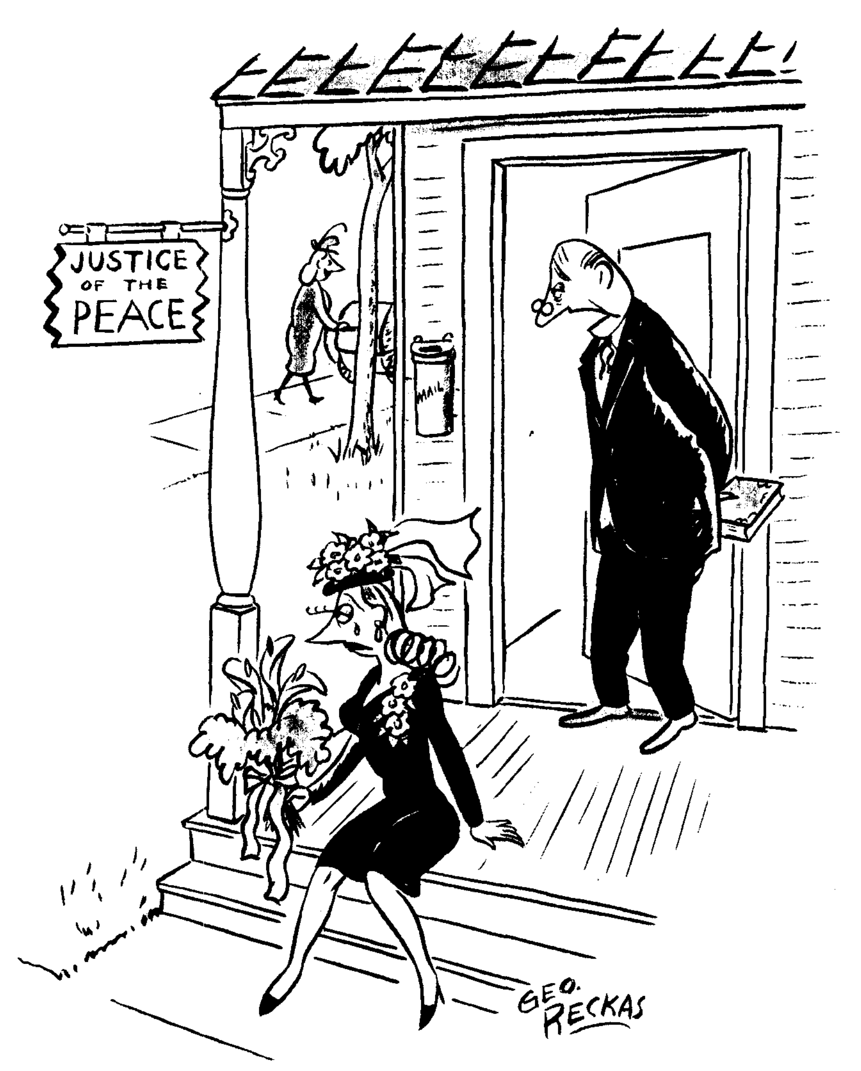
I once said to him, "Isn't it possible in the new international organization to have a people's delegate from each country?"

His reply was: "I don't believe it practical now. We have to work with what we have, with existing prejudices and experiences, but I hope someday that kind of thing will grow. Certainly the people as distinct from the governments ought to be drawn into every kind of international organization."

When Americans began catching up with German armies and taking prisoners, Stimson once said to him in Cabinet meeting, "It won't be long now, Mr. President, before we shall be capturing some very important Germans, High Command generals, and any day we may run into civilians who have been the very brains of this aggression. It will be a problem, Mr. President."

Roosevelt remarked without much meditation, "Of course, there's got to be severe treatment, but I wouldn't make too much out of it. It's pretty obnoxious. Just a few drumhead trials in the field and have it over quick."

Once when a report was being made of the extremely rapid advance of



"I know just how you feel, lady. I had the two dollars practically spent!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

One of the Treasures of all time
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Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
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General Patton's army, it was accompanied by comment that Montgomery was pretty slow in getting under way on his end of the front.

Roosevelt replied, "Well, I understand Monty never starts until he's got all the guns and all the men. He never gets going until he is positive of victory. Of course, that has its good points. Patton is just the opposite—reckless, quick."

"He gets his victories without being sure in advance," put in Stimson.

"That's right," said the President. "You know I think those two are a good combination, but they will never admit it. I think it works out well to have one cautious and one reckless fellow operating on the same objective."

In view of the tensions of 1946 about spheres of influence and ports, it is worth recalling what he once said after his return from Teheran: "You know, I really think the Russians will go along with me about having no spheres of influence and on agreement for free ports all over the world. That is, ports which can be used freely at all times by all the Allies. I think that is going to be the solution."

I saw an exchange of cables with Stalin regarding the American desire that the Russians should join the International Labor Organization. The tone was friendly and personal. I suggested to Roosevelt that he press for further consideration when Marshal Stalin indicated that he wished to postpone action.

"No, I don't want to appear to press him," Roosevelt said. "I like this man and I want to keep on good terms with him. We can talk it over later."

Commenting on the brilliance and success of the Normandy landings, Roosevelt spoke of the indispensable part played by Omaha Beach and Utah Beach, artificial harbors formed by sinking old ships filled with concrete, one on top of the other, until breakwaters formed protection for the rough coast. Without this device the landings of small boats would have been almost impossible.

"You know," he said, "that was Churchill's idea. Just one of those brilliant ideas that he has. He has a hundred a day and about four of them are good.

Hudson—Scene of Inspiration

"Yes," he went on, "when he was up visiting me in Hyde Park he saw all those boats from the last war tied up in the Hudson River and in one of his great bursts of imaginative thought he said, 'By George, we could take those ships and others like them that are good for nothing and sink them offshore to protect the landings.' I thought well of it myself and we talked about it all afternoon. The military and naval authorities were startled out of a year's growth. But Winnie is right. Great fellow that Churchill, if you can keep up with him."

All through the war Roosevelt worried about food supply in Europe and Asia. He anticipated continuance of rationing in this country for a time after the war. He directed the building up of a reserve of fats and cereals and said more than once, "The first cargoes we send overseas must be food and to our allies first."

He thought a good deal about the plight of the people in occupied countries and never failed to mention his concern for them and his pleasure at the reports that the American armies, at least in the beginning, tried to help them out. The Americans seemed to him the best of all possible people, not necessarily the smartest or the most powerful—although he recognized their cleverness—but he thought that there was more goodness per thousand of population than in other countries. By goodness, I think, he meant goodheartedness, kindliness. He hoped very much that our soldiers in liberated and occupied countries would behave in such a way as to show our best qualities.

To sum up Roosevelt's role in the war, he was a catalytic agent which started chaotic forces operating and brought them together to a point where they could be harnessed creatively. He was a creative and energizing agent rather than a careful, direct-line administrator. When he gave a person a job, he trusted him to do it. If he couldn't or wouldn't or didn't, Roosevelt appointed someone else or gave part of the job to someone else. If he had taken the time and the energy to straighten out all the major and minor administrative difficulties, he would have done little else and he would not have been able to get on with the war.

An Important Item in Leadership

His capacity to inspire and encourage those who had to do tough, confused and practically impossible jobs was beyond dispute. I, and everyone else, came away from an interview with the President feeling better, not because he had solved my problem or given me a clear direction which I could follow blindly, but because he had made me feel more cheerful, stronger, more determined to do what, while I talked with him, I had clearly seen was my job and not his. It wasn't so much what he said as the spirit he conveyed. This is a very important item in leadership in a democracy where the life, freedom and independent judgment of each unit in the land is precious and must be preserved and cultivated.

The miracle is that Roosevelt kept his head above the welter of administrative problems and technical adjustments and kept his eye on the objectives which were of highest importance. The miracle is that he managed to keep the whole machine moving in the direction which made victory possible and laid the foundation for peace.

But of course Roosevelt paid for the tremendous job he did, with his health. Those of us who were close to him are often asked whether we thought Roosevelt's health had begun to decline when he accepted the nomination in 1944. For myself, and I think for most of his colleagues, the answer is definitely no. No one in the Cabinet had any fears for the President's health other than the natural concern for a man who was working too hard and getting too little exercise, too little rest and too little recreation. His were the terrible, unceasing strains of wartime demands and the constant need to make decisions which would be so far-reaching and have such favorable or disastrous consequences.

The weeks between election and inauguration were especially hectic. They were weeks of great decisions in the war with the Battle of the Bulge adding to the terrible strains and uncertainty. They were weeks in which he had to prepare himself on an infinite number of details for the Big Three meeting at Yalta to which he was going. He was studying and working hard, going over a great mass of material with experts who were trying to prime him.

One or two Cabinet meetings were omitted. Then we came to the Cabinet meeting on the afternoon before the inauguration, which was on a Saturday. When he came in, I thought he looked bad, and this was the first time that I had ever thought so. His clothes looked much too big for him. His face looked thin, his color was gray, and his eyes were dull. I think every one in the room privately had a feeling that we mustn't tire him; we must end the Cabinet meeting quickly, for he still had so much to do. He was, however, gay and happy. He told us his Inauguration Day speech was going to be the shortest on record.

He mentioned that he would be away for some time. He never told even his

Cabinet on these occasions where he was going. If we knew individually, as a group we never knew officially.

The meeting lasted less than the usual two hours. I had a very important matter to take up with him. He had agreed, after the election, to accept my resignation as Secretary of Labor to take effect on Inauguration Day. Several times I had tried to discuss my successor.

"Take it up another day, will you," he had said. "I haven't time to think about it now."

He talked about John Winant once or twice. Did I think Winant would be a good man?

I thought Winant would be fine. But would he want to take Winant away from his job as ambassador to Great Britain?

He wasn't sure, but there was somebody who wanted that post very much indeed. "Jimmy Byrnes," he said, "you know, wants to be an ambassador. He wants to be an ambassador to the Court of St. James's. I don't know, but don't you think Winant would be good?"

I repeated, "Winant would be fine if you want to take him away from Great Britain."

Well, he did and he didn't. I kept suggesting people to him—good people. But he never committed himself. Then it was the eve of Inauguration Day. I felt something must be done, so I asked to see him after Cabinet.

We had been in session almost two hours. It was four o'clock. The change in his appearance was marked. As I sat down beside him, I had a sense of his enormous fatigue as though he could hardly sit up. He had the pallor, the deep gray color of a man who had been long ill. He supported his head with his hand as though it were too much to hold it up. His lips were blue. I hated to press him, but I had to.

"Don't you think," I said, "I had better get Steve Early to announce it right now? I'll go in and write out the announcement."

"No," he said. "Frances, you can't go now. You mustn't put me to this. I just can't be bothered now. I can't think of anybody else, and I can't get used to anybody else. Not now! Do stay there and don't say anything. You are all right."

Then he said beautiful words which I shall always think of as our parting; he said them in a voice filled with fatigue, and I knew that it was an effort for him to speak and that he was saying something deep to me:

"Frances, you have done awfully well. I know what you have been through. I know what you have accomplished. Thank you."

He put his hand over mine and gripped it. There were tears in our eyes.

Recognition Plus Appreciation

It was all the reward that I could ever have asked—to know that he had recognized the storms and trials I had faced in developing our program, to know that he appreciated the program and thought well of it and that he was grateful.

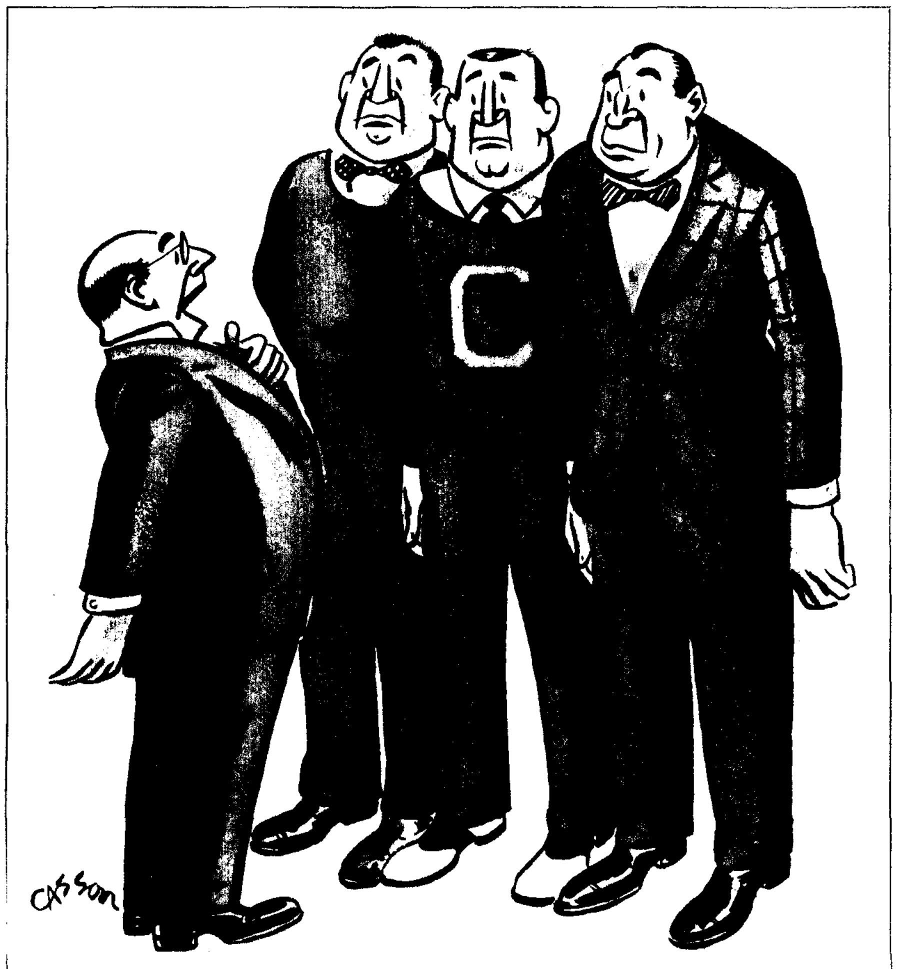
I could not say more, although I felt that I ought to have insisted that the resignation must go through. But I could not.

I rang for Mr. Simmons, the guard, who came and pushed the President's chair into his office. I whispered to the guard, "See that he lies down." I said the same thing to Grace Tully, who had also noticed that he was looking very bad.

I was frightened. I had never seen him look like that. When I reached my office, my face was grave. My secretary, who had known me for years, asked what was the matter. I closed the door and said, "Don't tell a soul. I must tell you, I can't stand it. The President looks terrible. I am afraid he is ill."

The next day was Inauguration Day. I dreaded it. But he braced up. He wasn't looking well, but he looked 75 per cent better than the previous afternoon. He made his speech in a clear, ringing, forceful voice. It was short but good.

The only difference between this and



"To play ball for State University you've got to be proficient in your studies . . . can any of you men read or write?"

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I lost my heart to an

ESSLEY WOMAN-WISE SPORTSHIRT!

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other inaugurations was that, instead of meeting all the people who came to lunch, he sat in the Red Room and saw only a few intimate friends who had come a long distance. Earlier in the morning he had attended a service of intercession and thanksgiving led by the *rector of St. John's Church in the ballroom* of the White House.

At the end of the service he said goodby to almost all who were there instead of leaving first as protocol required. He said to Mrs. Roosevelt and to the Secret Service men who were standing by to escort him out, "No, I'll stay here and speak to the people."

And so, as they went, they stopped to speak to him as he sat in his chair near the door. In one way it was exhausting, I suppose, and in another way it was refreshing to him for he was so cut off in the war years from ordinary social contacts. Those at the service were people who cared about him.

A Hope for the Best

Most of them, of course, did not know that he was leaving for Yalta the next day. I went to say goodby, thinking that it would be difficult to see him after inauguration. He shook my hand warmly. "I am sorry you are going," I said; "I hope everything will be all right."

He said, under his breath, "You'd better pray for me, Frances."

This was the only time I knew him to speak of the need of the prayers of others.

On Sunday morning I had breakfast with the Wallaces. When Henry left the room, Ilo, his wife, said, "Did you take a good look at the President yesterday?"

I nodded.

"You know," she said, "I haven't seen him for several months. I was frightened. He looked so bad. Are you sure he is well?"

I put my finger to my lips, and she put her finger to her lips. We knew we must not talk about it.

He went to Yalta. It was a hard trip although he had his usual rest on the ship, which he liked so much. He made his visit at Malta. He went through the experience of having his beloved "Pa" Watson, his secretary, become ill with a stroke at Yalta, and he had to look after him and see that he was taken to the best place for care. *On the way home* Watson died on shipboard.

But Roosevelt returned from the trip looking fit and fine. When he came into the Speaker's room at the Capitol the next day after attending funeral services for "Pa" Watson, the Cabinet was gathered there to greet him. We had not seen him before as a body. His face was gay, his eyes were bright, his skin was a good color again. I remember saying to myself, "That Roosevelt man is a wonder. He gets tired, but just give him a little rest and a sea voyage and he comes right up again."

He asked Congress' permission in the *most graceful way to sit, so that he would* not fatigue himself by standing on his braces. His speech was good. His delivery and appearance were those of a man in good health. All of us, I think, felt that whatever fears we might have had were dissipated.

We saw him a number of times after that. I saw him, as a matter of fact, the day before he went to Warm Springs, where he was going to prepare both his Jackson Day speech and his opening address for the United Nations conference in San Francisco. He talked to every member of the Cabinet briefly to check up on business matters and give his opinion or approval of various projects. I saw him for fifteen or twenty minutes to go over a list of small matters.

Among other things, I asked him if in the middle of May I could bring in a delegation of people who would be conferring in Washington on the extension of labor legislation at the next session of Congress.

"I can't do that," he said. "I'm going out to San Francisco to open the meeting, make my speech and receive the delegates in a social and personal way.

"Then," he said in a whisper, "we are going to England. Eleanor and I are going to make a state visit."

I expressed some astonishment.

Plans That Never Materialized

"Yes, it is planned." He spoke with a sense of pleasure and anticipation. "I have long wanted to do it. I want to see the British people myself. Eleanor's visit in wartime was a great success. I mean a success for her and for me so that we understood more about their problems. I think they liked her too. But I want to go. We owe it as a return visit, and this seems to be the best time to go. It is going to be fine. I told Eleanor to order her clothes and get some fine things so that she will make a really handsome appearance."

I made a mild protest. "But the war. I don't think you ought to go. It is dangerous. *The Germans will get after* you."

Although we were alone in the room, he put his hand up over his mouth and whispered, "The war in Europe will be over by the end of May."

It comforts me to know that he realized that.

THE END

ELIOT WEST

Beneath a simple, monumental slab Franklin Roosevelt lies in the earth he loved

"I don't have to wish on the new moon since you're rid of '5 o'clock Shadow.' What are *you* wishing for?"

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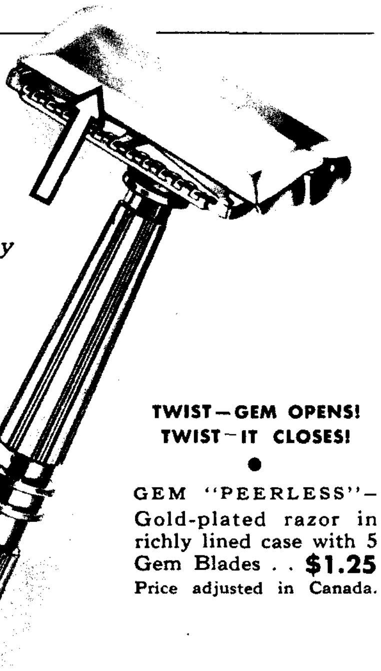

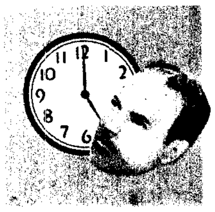

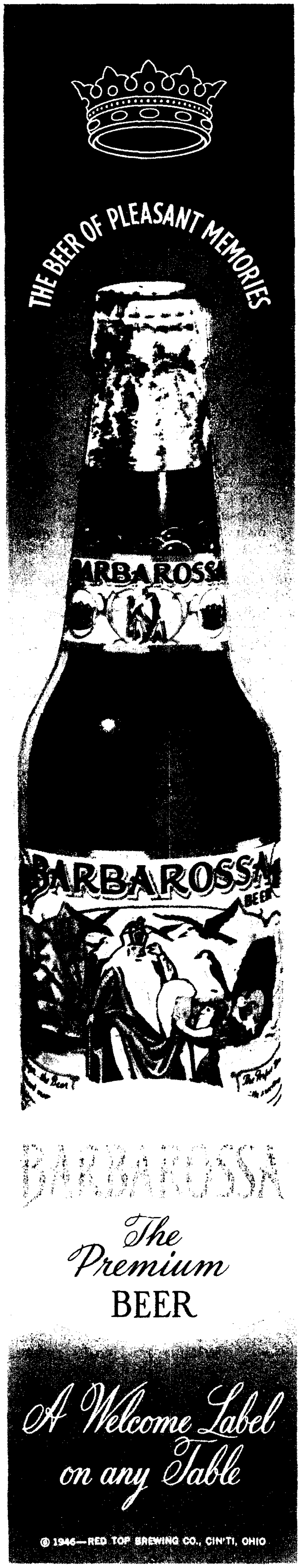

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The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: In a recent letter to you, Mr. H. McIntyre of Vancouver, B. C., suggests that North America become one country. As for me, a Canadian, I would like to see Canada, Newfoundland, the British West Indies and all the Americas under the Stars and Stripes of America.

GORDON R. WITHEY
Montreal, Canada.

DEAR EDITOR: A bouquet for your editorial, One Continent, One Country?—a bouquet of stinkweed.

K. S. TISSHAW
A. C. NEWLAND
Montreal, Canada.

Mr. McIntyre made a plea for military and economic co-operation between this country and Canada.

DEAR EDITOR: In your August 17th issue Mary Ann Connolly speaks of there being no flag in the picture accompanying Norman Corwin's article, Home for the Fourth, in the July 6th issue. If you will study the picture you will note that it is nighttime. Our colors should be taken in at sundown.

GERTRUDE Q. PHAIR
Milford, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR: In The Week's Mail of August 3d, Cal Inness raised the old "hoop snake" question. A number of years ago, in Alabama, my grandmother and I actually saw a hoop snake. As we started up a hill, we disturbed the creature (at the top) which at once formed a hoop and rolled to the bottom of the hill. My eyes certainly did not deceive me.

MRS. T. R. MEANS
St. Petersburg, Fla.

DEAR EDITOR: Hoop snakes? They do not exist. There is, however, a lizard which, when in danger, will arch its tail over its back, forming a perfect circle. It has the appearance, when looped and moving, of doing a roll, but it is not rolling—it is using its legs.

ROLLA RERPE
Oakland, Cal.

Collier's and zoologists would like more convincing evidence.

DEAR EDITOR: Lightning hit our electric meter and stopped it, giving us free electricity until the man came to read the meter. If your electricity expert, Mr. H. Allen Smith (Low Man on a Lightning Rod, August 10, 1946), can find a way to control this, so as to have it happen *just after* the meter man has left, he will really revolutionize the electrical industry.

WARREN HAFFORD
Montrose, Ala.

Look out! Mr. Smith is a guy who will try anything.

DEAR EDITOR: Just who were those "aquatic experts" who chose your 1946 All-America women's swimming team (page 16, August 3d issue)? One very beautiful young lady who is a really great swimmer—and the fastest in the country in the 100-yard free-style event—was omitted. Her name is BRENDA HELSER.

ROBERT "STERLING" SILVER
New York, N. Y.

Miss Helser was chosen for the 1942, 1943 and 1944 teams but failed to make the grade this year. Here she is.

Any Week

Continued from page 4

and his Ham Bone Bean Soup Guild have invited us out to a soup rodeo to be held sometime in December. Representatives of seventeen nations have accepted invitations, Russia being the only country to ignore Mr. Leahy's letter.

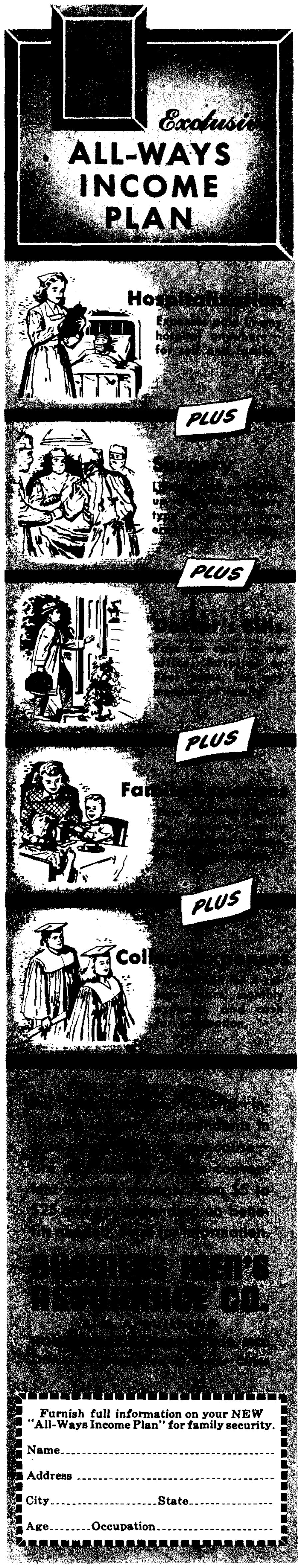
A LARGE number of former G.I.s have written to us to tell us how mild the fighting was at Anzio, The Bulge, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and Guadalcanal compared with "the carnage in the Paris Peace Conference." Former Private First Class Claude Impellito of Baltimore, Maryland, who left an arm and a leg in Manila trembles to think of "what those guys in Paris would have done to the enemy had they been fighting in the jungles instead of de luxe hotel suites." But Mr. Impellito is not too unhappy. "Well," says he, "these silk hats can cook up another war as far as I'm concerned. They can't draft guys with only one arm and one leg. I don't think so, anyway."

RECENTLY, he assures us, Mr. Royce Bizzl of Tacoma, Washington, has become interested in Free Speech. He's for it—with reservations. Mr. Bizzl says: "Up to a certain point, no. Beyond a certain point depends on what you are trying to say provided you understand your point. It depends. I am voting this way and as far as I know there is no law against it. All the Democrats say makes no sense and the Republicans deny it. This is as far as I care to go now."

NOT so liberal as Mr. Bizzl is a gentleman in Nashville, Tennessee, who objects to our objection to national prohibition. After saying what he thinks for several pages, leaving us in a pretty sorry condition, he winds up: "You are entitled to your own personal opinion, of course, but you ought to have the decency to keep it to yourself."

AND we'd like Mr. Raymond N. Cochrane of Monroe, Louisiana, to know that he is a bit late in inviting us to membership in the CAIC—Cripes Am I Confused. We are a founding father, having assisted in organizing the original Automotive (Detroit) Chapter in 1942. Furthermore, Mr. Cochrane, we are a charter member of the Complete and International Futileers which came into existence away back in the early League of Nations days. . . .

W. D.



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Double your listening pleasure!

Outdoors or indoors . . . here's the portable radio you've awaited!

It's Trav-ler *Carryabout* — with amazing "big set" power, thanks to its latest superheterodyne circuit. Glorious tone as only the oversize Alnico V speaker can produce.

Play it anywhere on its self-contained, long-life batteries. Or plug it into AC or DC outlet and it doubles as a home radio.

The result of 25 years' experience in making compact radios of outstanding quality, reasonably priced! See and hear this new Trav-ler *Carryabout* now at leading dealers.

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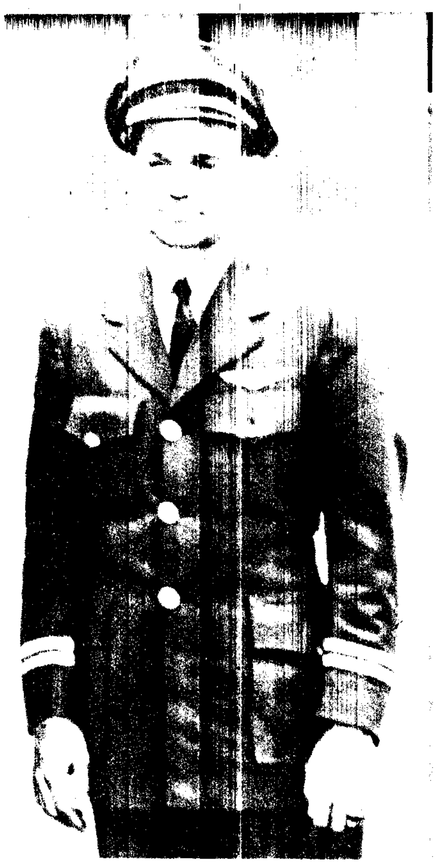


GEORGE VALENTINE ENELL

TWA Capt. Richard F. Brown, 27, miraculously saved not only his own life but a ship's good name

GENEROUS, sentimental and well-informed people in aviation bestow on 27-year-old TWA Captain Richard F. Brown, of Alexandria, Va., the distinction of saving the good name of the glamorous Constellation and securing the future of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation in the highly competitive field of air transport manufacturing, as well as preserving his own airline's destiny in global operations.

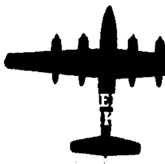
For years to come, too, he has provided reassurance to the nine American and foreign airlines committed to a total of 121 Constellations so far, that they will have a safe and reliable airliner carrying eight tons of money-making weight in passengers and cargo at 300 miles an hour for nonstop distances up to 3,000 miles. The $750,000 "Connie" is America's blue-ribbon ship of the skies and will remain so until Boeing, Douglas and Republic—and the British—can put new types now a-building in regular service on the world's airways.

Severely burned and injured and having to suffer the amputation of his right arm 10 days after his crash landing July 11th at Reading, Pa., the courageous airman fought through the handicap of shock and exhaustion to recall the circumstances that found him in the critical position of having to slap down the big Connie into a small field, in a matter of seconds, with his suffocated crew about him in the cockpit.

Had Captain Brown died in that crash landing which cost the lives of the five TWA companions he was instructing, it doubtless would have taken one or more accidents of that nature to reveal, from the evidence of a surviving and competent crew member, just what hidden and unexplainable curse was aboard the plane.

Twice before there had been fires in the Constellation in flight. One received widespread notice because it was London-bound and included film stars Laurence Olivier and Vivian Leigh among its 42 passengers. Shortly after leaving New York on June 18th, a fire developed in an engine nacelle; the engine burned off the wing and fell to earth. Skillfully nursing his crippled Connie to a small field at Willimantic, Conn., Pan American Airways Captain Samuel H. Miller made a belly landing and all on board walked out unharmed. A similar fire occurred in an Army Air Transport Command Constellation over Kansas in September last year, and this plane also landed safely after burning off an engine.

The cause of both fires was the failure of a drive shaft connecting the power plant with a supercharger that pressurized the passenger cabin, whose occupants never felt more than the pressure of 8,000 feet altitude, though the plane flew at 20,000 or higher. The drive shafts were immediately removed from all Constellations and the planes continued in commercial service, though at lower levels because of the absence of the cabin pressurization mechanism. This, however, has since been redesigned and improved.



When first reports flashed across the land that a third Constellation (this one without a supercharger drive shaft) was down due to a fire in the air, the engines were suspected. Original models of the 2,200-horsepower Wright Cyclone 18-cylinder engines in the Connies, rushed into production during the war for the B-29s, had firebugs in the carburetor system. This deficiency was believed corrected in commercial versions of the Cyclones produced for the Constellations and those engines had the approval of the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

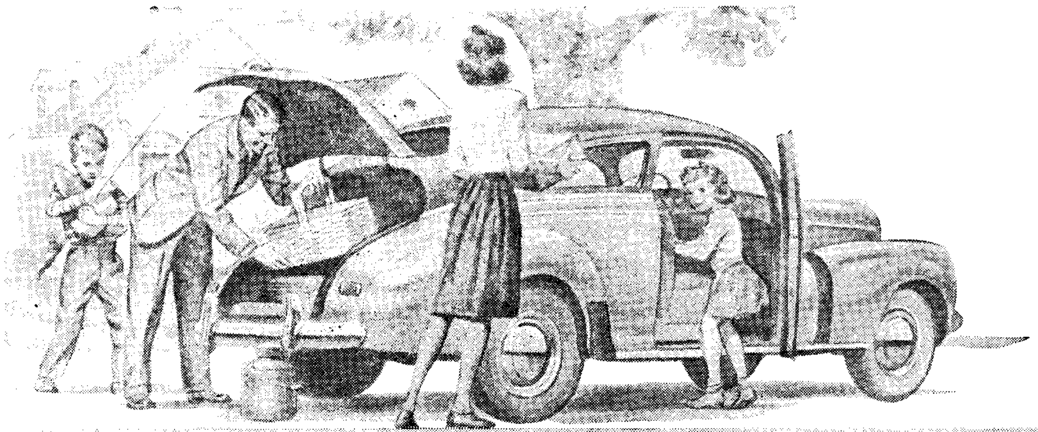
Although airline pilots are now familiar with the operating technique of this system and can avoid the dangerous backfiring, the CAA has approved a program agreed to by the airlines, Lockheed and Wright Aeronautical Corporation, for the installation of fuel injection directly into the cylinders, thereby eliminating the carburetor system. This work is now going forward.

Credence was given to the original belief an engine fire struck down Captain Brown's plane at Reading by the thoroughly convincing testimony of two TWA pilots, Captain John W. Holloway and First Officer John M. Green, flying in a DC-3 300 feet above the doomed Constellation. Clearly they saw a steady stream of white smoke trailing from No. 3 engine (the one nearest the plane's fuselage on the right-hand side as viewed from the cockpit) and they likened it to a skywriter's smoke. Then they saw the plane head for the clearing north of the Reading airport, strike the ground with landing gear in the "up" position and skid several hundred feet. A few moments after it came to rest the 95-foot fuselage caved in, they said, as though it had been melted down by an intense fire from within.

Since all fuel tanks are located in the wings what could have produced the cabin fire? Certainly not No. 3 engine, even though it seemed to be afire. Captain Brown's determined recollection, four days after the crash, of a tense moment in the cockpit, absolved the engines. He had smelled smoke and he sent Flight Engineer John J. Staufer, also of Alexandria, Va., back into the empty passenger cabin to investigate. Staufer returned shouting: "The whole cabin is on fire!"

Pungent, suffocating smoke filled the forward part of the plane. Captain

Go where you will



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. . . and get where you're going

DELCO-REMY . . . *WHEREVER WHEELS TURN OR PROPELLERS SPIN*

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Brown was unable to see the instrument panel or even his control wheel. He was in the right-hand seat, normally occupied by the copilot and he ripped open the window. Already his student, Captain Norman A. Nilsen, of Norfolk, Massachusetts, occupying the left-hand chair, was unconscious—Captain Brown felt his right hand limp on the throttles.

Let Dick Brown's hospital-room deposition tell the overwhelming story of how his skill in "blind ditching" the 36-ton airliner (the Connie's take-off weight a few minutes before the tragedy occurred) into a small clearing and in a horizontal position saved his life together with those of countless passengers in potential accidents:

"I had to concentrate now on flying the airplane for we were about 300 or 400 feet then, I guess. I couldn't see my instruments—I couldn't even see my wheel. I could see this white spot where I opened my window. I unhooked my safety belt, raised up and put practically both shoulders out of the window. . . . I held my head out there to keep it cooled off. *There was fire in the cockpit,* but I never did see it, and it was terribly hot. At about 100 feet I knew I wouldn't be able to make it to the field and I was just looking for some place where I could set it down. . . . I jumped back in the cockpit; naturally didn't have time to put my safety belt on. I took a good hold on the wheel and braced my knees against the pedestal and hauled it back until I thought we were in a stall . . . *I was ditching it blind and that's what I did.*"

CAPTAIN BROWN either was thrown through the cockpit windows when the plane skidded to a stop or dazedly climbed through them. He doesn't know, and probably never will.

Sifting the fuselage ashes CAB Safety Bureau inspectors found a lot of charred, melted, twisted parts, including—most fortunately—six metal studs, each about four inches long and three eighths of an inch thick. These were "lead-through" studs which conducted current from the engine-driven generators through the paper-thin metal wall of the fuselage, three studs to each side at a point where the wings join.

The studs were taken to the Bureau of Standards in Washington. Metallurgists and electrical engineers there were not told that Captain Brown believed the fire in the plane was "electrical" and that the smoke smelled like a cross between insulation and rubber. The government scientists put the studs through a complete analysis.

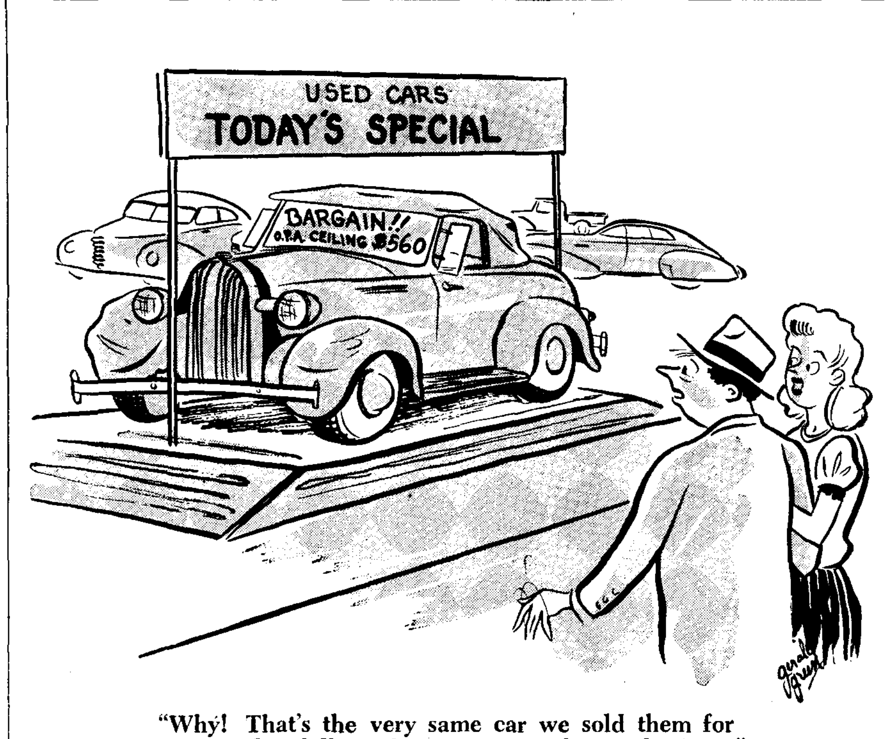
Then they went before the Safety Bureau accident board sitting in Reading and reported their conclusions and proof—the studs had been poorly designed; vibration over a long period had loosened the insulators that held them in place; one or more studs had slipped and touched the fuselage skin and there was positive evidence of arcing. Inflammable soundproofing material inside the fuselage was set afire. Smoke quickly worked its way up into the cabin and finally into the crew quarters. It also flowed out through the wing into the engine nacelle and was blown back by the propeller to leave an unquestionable impression on ground witnesses and on the TWA pilots flying above the Connie, that the No. 3 engine was afire.

Lockheed spent $2,000,000 testing the original Connie for bugs since it first flew on January 9, 1943. The Army Air Forces then took it over and in a grueling accelerated service test flew it for 200 *hours in 33 days, a new record for any type.* Neither of these tests, nor the millions of miles flown by all Connies in overseas service up to the day of the Reading accident, revealed the cancerous lead-through studs slowly eating away at the vitals of the ship.

From Captain Brown's evidence and the Bureau of Standard's analysis of the studs, Civil Aeronautics Board Safety Bureau inspectors were able to trace the cause of the crash to failure of the generator electrical circuit and its connections. Their over-all thorough investigation resulted in a general rearrangement of wiring and connections, hydraulic lines and fire and smoke detection and extinguishing equipment—all of which, in their original installation, had been approved by the Army Air Forces when they took over the Connies as troop-cargo carriers in the war days, and later by the C.A.A. when they were licensed to fly commercially.

Aerodynamically and structurally the Constellation is sound. It is free of wing and tail flutter and of wing and tail shedding. With the completion of the half-hundred interior changes emphasized as mandatory and precautionary by the Reading accident, the flashy airliner has the blessing of the pilots, the airlines, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Civil Aeronautics Administration. They all call it an "honest" airplane—a superlative tribute in aviation terminology.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Why! That's the very same car we sold them for twenty-five dollars when you were taken in the Army" GERALD GREEN

The Week's Work

Albert Q. Maisel

JAMES ABRESCH

TO THE extremely controversial subject of prepaid medicine (Battle of the Bedside, p. 24) Author Albert Q. Maisel brings a background of wide experience in controversial medical subjects.

For his articles on veterans hospitals and on mental hospitals, he has been variously condemned as a Communist, a Fascist, a liberal, a reactionary, a leftist, a rightist. He has been labeled "a tool of Fishbein" (Dr. Fishbein being the recognized spokesman for the American Medical Association) and a part of a conspiracy with the diametrically opposed newspaper organizations of Hearst and Marshall Field.

He himself says, "I am interested in the sociological aspects of medicine. I report what I find. . . ."

Lou Little

During the war, Maisel was a correspondent, concentrating on medical matters as they developed in the Pacific and European theaters. He wrote two books entitled Miracles of Military Medicine and The Wounded Get Back.

He is proud of the fact that his writings helped to whip up a storm in Congress concerning the management of veterans hospitals. He testified before the House Veterans Committee, headed by Rankin, concerning the abuses he had observed in these hospitals. Later, President Truman appointed General Bradley to head the Veterans Administration, with hospital reform first on the agenda.

Perhaps out of his love for controversy, Maisel is at the moment engaged in yet another pro-and-con pursuit. He is running for New York State senator on the Democratic ticket, in the Republican county of Westchester.

"I believe in the two-party system," he says, "and where we live, it is a one and one-quarter party system. My wife calls me 'Honorable' now because she knows she won't have a chance to do it after November."

AFTER Lou Little (1946 Football Forecast, p. 20) had had phenomenal success coaching football teams at small colleges, he was invited to coach the team at Columbia University. His friends advised against the move. Columbia was considered the coaches' graveyard. But Little took the job and the day he arrived made a speech to New York sports writers.

All he said was, "I did not come to Columbia to fail."

He was a terrific coach from the start—and he still is. Like most great sports figures, he is something of a personality on other counts. Anecdotes abound about his superstitions, his clothes (the best-dressed coach in America), his salary (the highest-paid coach in America).

If he hadn't been a southpaw, Little might not ever have become a coach. He enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania dental school—and had to leave when the professors explained that they didn't make dental equipment for left-handed dentists.

THE man behind the other half of the football spread on p. 21, Dick Dunkel, is, he says, a "fugitive huckster," who got tired of commuting and hence chucked the advertising and radio business in favor of living in the country all of the time, there carrying on his sports enterprise. The first football ratings appeared in 1929, and in 1935 Dunkel brought out his college basketball system. Dunkel ratings are widely read in high schools and colleges for comparison of the relative strength of teams, for national averages, and so on.

Dunkel believes that figures tell a more exact and sometimes more interesting story than words; that only through research and mathematics is it possible to paint a reasonably accurate picture of national sports.

He lives in a 22-room bungalow in Mountain Lakes, N. J., which is divided as follows: third floor, offices of the staff of eight workers; second floor, hangout of the family and visiting firemen; first floor, always overrun with kids, pals of his sons, Dick, 13, and Bob, 10.

In the preparation of this Collier's story, Dunkel says he is indebted to the swift co-operation of college publicity directors throughout the country, many of whom interrupted their vacations to give him the information he needed.

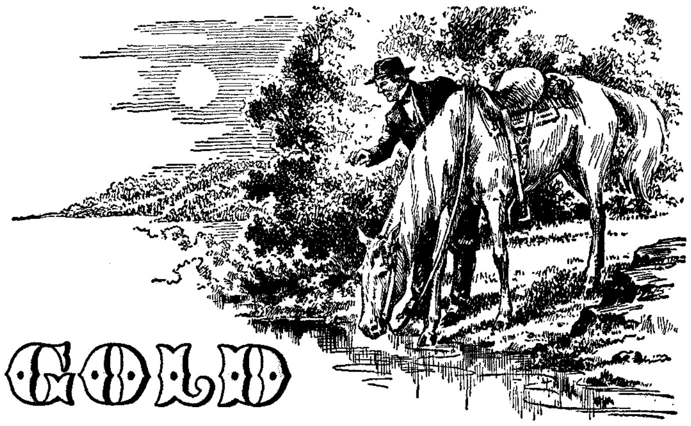
AUTHOR of Rio Roundelay (p. 98) Dorothy Roe Lewis acquired a journalism degree in her early youth and spent the next few years studiously concealing this fact from city editors who had no use for new-fangled methods of newspapering.

Newspaper editors then liked what they called "the fresh approach." Dorothy had it, all right, on her first New York newspaper assignment. She who had never seen a baseball game was told to cover the opening game of the world series.

"I described the goings-on the way I saw them," she says, "and after that was sent to describe other things about which I knew as much as I knew about baseball—Brooklyn ward politics, prize fights, chess matches. Since my ignorance covered a wide range of subjects, the opportunities were practically endless. I even wrote a Wall Street column."

Dorothy Roe Lewis

For several years now, to her continuing surprise, Dorothy has been top expert on women's interests at the Associated Press. Because, of course, she is an expert wife, mother, homemaker, party-giver, slip-cover producer, cook and all the rest of it. . . . A. P.



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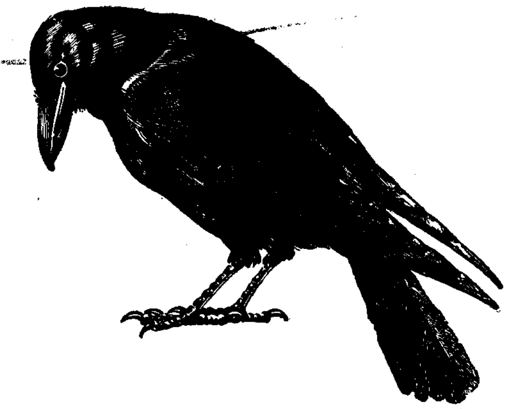

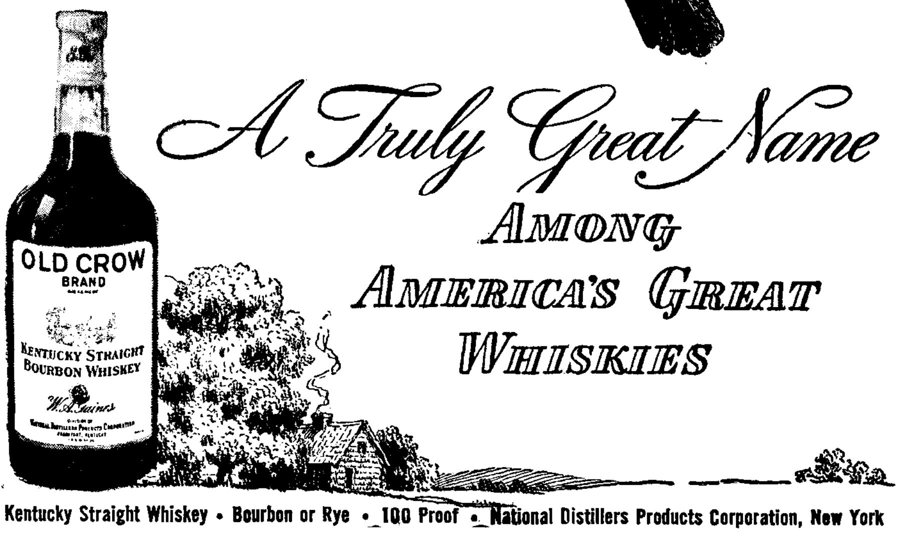

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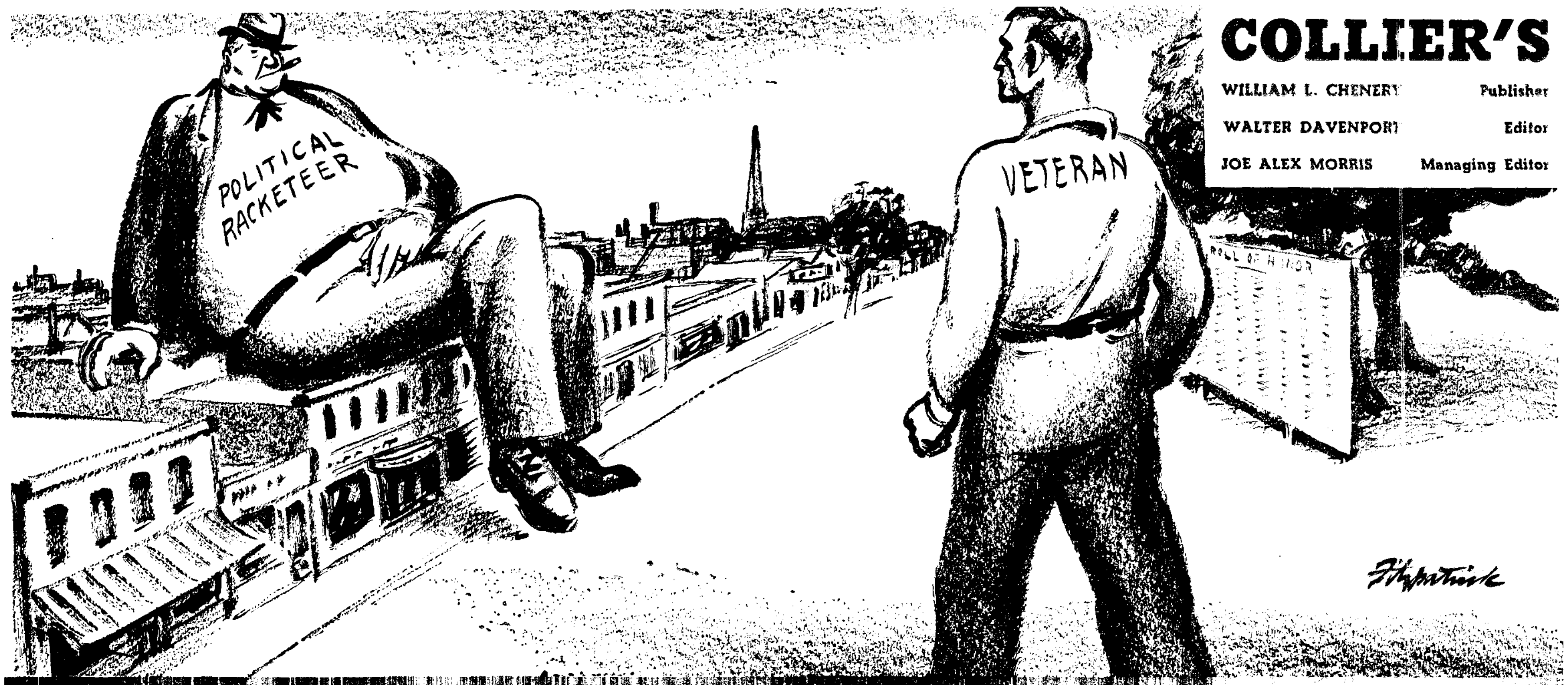

BOSSES BEWARE!

A COUPLE of portentous incidents have occurred of late in a couple of American towns—Athens, Tenn., and Central Falls, R. I.

In the Tennessee town, the local political machine, in power for 10 years, refused to let ex-G.I. observers watch the counting of ballots in a primary election. The G.I.s had put up an antimachine ticket.

Instead of taking this refusal meekly, the G.I.s rounded up an assortment of guns and a few homemade but effective bombs and stormed the jail, whither the incumbent sheriff had taken the ballots for counting in the presence of machine observers exclusively.

One thing led to another, for about six hours all told. The porch was bombed off the jailhouse. Eighteen persons were wounded. The observers and deputies inside the jail surrendered in terror. A lot of unmarked ballots were found in the debris.

A machine spokesman finally got up in public and admitted that the G.I.s' antimachine ticket had won.

In Central Falls, R. I., four young overseas veterans, who had joined the police force, became badly irked because the authorities permitted gambling to go on unchecked in the town, not even shooing low-paid young boys away from slot machines.

These four young veteran-coppers took it on themselves to crusade against this stuff as best they could, and in defiance of official persecution climaxing in their suspension from the police force. That led to mass meetings, protests and a small riot seriously involving the local political boss' son, who got mussed up at one of the mass meetings when he heckled the four young cops and attacked a cameraman. Gambling suddenly stopped in Central Falls, at least for the nonce.

We're far from applauding or endorsing any violence that grows out of any indignant veterans' acts anywhere. In some larger city—Seattle, for instance, or New Orleans or Pittsburgh—the consequences could be tragic, and on a big scale. Our advice to the boys would be to keep their shirts on just as long as they possibly can.

But we'd also like to see various politicians, employers, labor leaders, etc., all over the country, ponder very seriously these Tennessee and Rhode Island flare-ups by indignant veterans. The boys are home from the wars now, most of them. They are going to be a tremendous factor in American national and community life for 20 years or more. They learned a lot while they were fighting in North Africa, Italy, western Europe, the Pacific. Especially they seem to have learned their own collective power and potentialities.

Those of us who don't adjust our policies and outlooks to that enormous fact are just about certain to be sor-ree.

MONTY, JIMMY AND THE SOLDIERS

FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY, new chief of Britain's Imperial General Staff, came out recently for some heavy softening of the peacetime life of the British soldier.

Said Monty, in a press conference talk which must have skyrocketed the blood pressure of every remaining Colonel Blimp throughout the Empire:

> We want to abolish barracks and get down to bedrooms and sitting rooms. Messing should be on the same standard as a good civilian restaurant. . . . The trained soldier, when not required for duty, should be free to go where he pleases and return to his quarters when he pleases. . . . Why shouldn't a soldier read in bed if he wants to? I always do.

Changes of a similar nature are in the works for the United States Army, as a result of the deliberations of General Jimmy Doolittle's gripe board.

Both Monty's and Jimmy's recommended relaxations of Army peacetime routine are aimed primarily at attracting more volunteers into the services, what with the war over and the politicians' nerve oozing away when it comes to peacetime draft measures.

It's okay by us, with only one proviso. Certainly we have no wish to see soldiers irked unnecessarily by petty and useless restrictions on their liberties or insults to their dignity.

We do hope most earnestly, though, that no essential disciplines and regulations will go by the board along with nonessentials.

If there is a next war, and if in that next war the boys can't rise from their beds, throw aside their reading matter, and put up at least as good a fight as did their toughly trained World War II predecessors, it will be just too bad for our side.

AS WE WERE SAYING

SHORTLY before the 79th Congress adjourned, it passed the bulk of the legislation recommended by Senator Robert M. La Follette (Rep., Wis.) and Representative A. S. Mike Monroney (Dem., Okla.) for increasing Congressional efficiency and Congressional pay.

It was Representative Monroney, you'll probably remember, who received the Collier's 1946 award of $10,000 for distinguished services as a member of the House of Representatives. Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg (Rep., Mich.) received the 1946 Collier's Senate award of a similar sum.

The increased efficiency part of this legislation is a bit complicated and uninteresting to most people, though highly important. The pay increase is something anybody can understand.

It comes to 50 per cent over the $10,000 salaries paid to senators and representatives for the last 20 years or so. The new figure is $12,250 as taxable salary, plus a $2,500 nontaxable expense allowance.

Further, congressmen from now on, when they retire or the voters turn them out to grass, can benefit from fairly generous annuities under certain circumstances. Initial cost to the taxpayers will be about $3,000,000. After that, with the members of Congress paying the bulk of the premiums, the pensions will cost the taxpayers only about $200,000 a year.

These financial features were what held up the La Follette-Monroney Congressional reform legislation so long. Many members of Congress were afraid the voters would scream bloody murder if Congress should vote itself any financial easements whatever.

Large numbers of bystanders, ourselves included, felt otherwise, and repeatedly said so. It seemed to us that most Americans are smart enough to realize that you get only what you pay for in government, as in everything else, and that for years we hadn't been paying enough for our most important lawmaking body.

That hunch appears to have been eminently correct. A few people squawked automatically when Congress passed this legislation, but the great majority made no outcry. Press comment was generally favorable. It seems reasonably certain now that the Congressional pay "issue" will be a very dead duck indeed by next Election Day, November 5th. It also seems certain that more high-caliber men and women will be tempted to run for Congress henceforth than has been the case for some time past.

It's always pleasant to be able to say "I told you so," and we will now cut ourselves a modest slice of that pleasure.

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